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GALVESTON:

THE HORRORS OF A STRICKEN CITY.

PORTRAYING BY PEN AND PICTURE THE AWFUL CALAMITY THAT BEFELL THE QUEEN CITY ON THE GULF AND THE TERRIBLE SCENES THAT FOLLOWED THE DISASTER.

Including the Coming of the Storm, Its Force and Havoc, People Killed and Property Destroyed, Heroism of the Rescuers, Stories of the Survivors, The Rifle the Fate of the Ghouls, Storms Scientifically Considered, the Track of the Storm, World's Sympathy and Aid, Stories of Other Storms, Catastrophes That Are Memorable, Cities That Have Been Wrecked, Story of the City on the Gulf, Historical Sketch of the State, Lesson of the Storm, and the Future of Galveston.

By MURAT HALSTEAD,
AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH VIEWS OF THE CITY BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER THE DISASTER.

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION,
PUBLISHERS.

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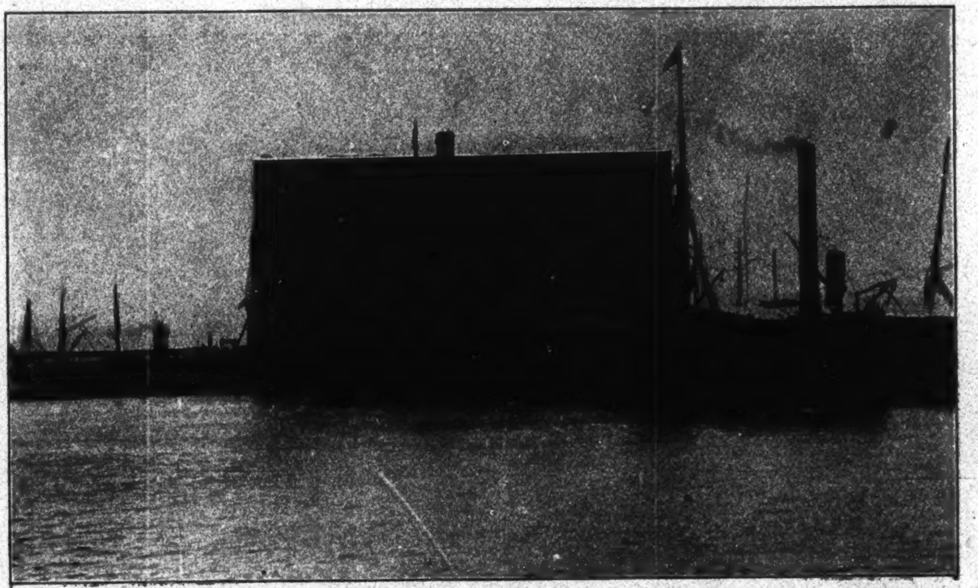
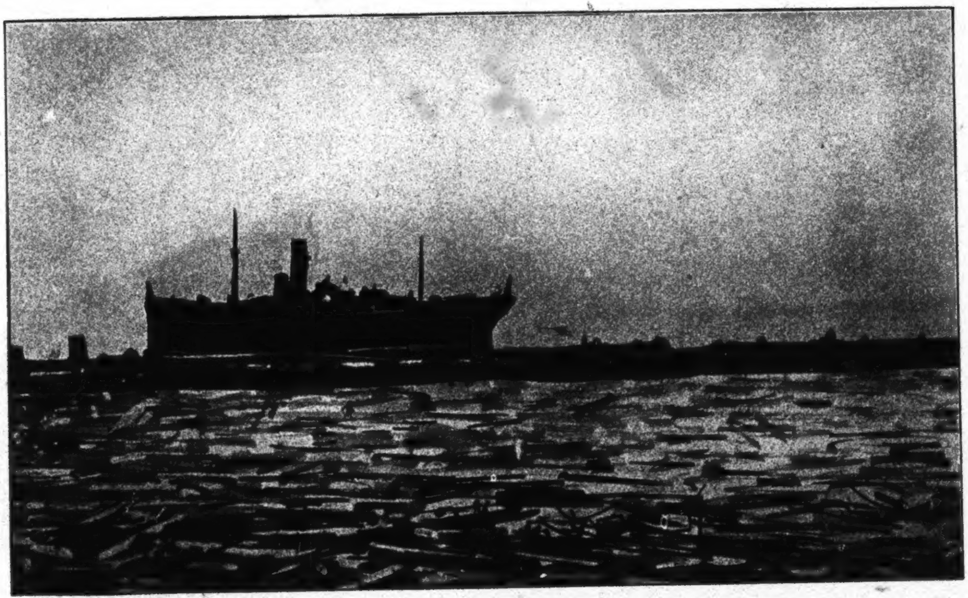


ELEVATOR, GALVESTON.



EFFECT OF STORM ON SHIPPING—BRITISH STEAMER AGROUND IN FRONT OF WRECKED WHARF.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Texas is the giant of the States; Galveston, the most important of her sea-ports. It has been pleasantly said of Texas, with a great deal of truth in the compliment, that the State is the France of America. Partially this comparison is due to the fact that the Gulf of Mexico has been aptly called the American Mediterranean. The port of France that corresponds in rank in that country to Galveston, Texas, is Marseilles. The tides in the Gulf of Mexico and in the Mediterranean Sea rise about to the same height, a few inches more or less than two feet. There is this very marked difference between the low flat shore of Texas and that of France, that for nearly fifty miles into the country from the Gulf Texas is remarkably level, while the coast and the Southern Provinces of France are rugged. The effect of the Alps, the Appenines and the Pyrennes and the Jura mountains upon the French climate is quite decided. Southern France has the advantage of the soft airs of the Mediterranean and the sunny slopes that lead up to the Alps. The Mediterranean is not visited by the terrible tempests that are characteristic of the Gulf of Mexico. The sea is rough, and there are prevailing winds in France that are severe, but that country does not seem to be in the path of tornadoes or hurricanes or the better known class of storms that we call cyclones. The width of the Gulf of Mexico from north to south is not far from that of the Mediterranean, and a superficial supposition would be that the excessive heats of Africa and the proximity of the Sahara Desert would be productive of violent winds gaining strength, increasing the sea on the way to Europe. It is possible that the southern mountains of the continent and of the islands of the Mediterranean guard the countries west of Italy from the destructive storms that are frequent and famous in North America.

The coast of Asia and the Sea of China, all the southwestern islands of the Pacific—the orient of Europe but our occident—including the Philippines and the Indian Ocean, are subject to typhoons that bear a close resemblance to the hurricanes, as the whirling storms are habitually called in the West Indies. Many remarkable escapes have been made by the ships of our Asiatic fleet and the transports that have carried our troops across the Pacific to the Philippines from the terrors of the typhoons, so that the storms that rage in our far west have in some degree lost their frightful reputation. It is, however, well known that the typhoon is formidable as our cyclone and not infrequently takes a direction parallel to the coast of Asia, and changes the course eastward across the Pacific, after the manner of the West India storm-winds on the Atlantic. The terrific tempest at Samoa, where several ships of war were wrecked, while Germany, England and ourselves were jointly interested in that group of islands, is familiar.

The great gales traveling from the East and the West Indies usually occur about the equinoxial times, the months especially distinguished in both oceans September and October. It is a matter of interest touching which there has often been conjecture and suggestions of special Divine Providence that though Columbus arrived in the West Indies in his frail little ships in the month of October, right in the hurricane season, and in the very region where they are most destructive, as for example the recent tremendously disastrous storm that swept over Porto Rico before reaching that island, careering across the waters where Columbus sailed on his first voyage, the great discoverer having placid weather, so that his letters about the beautiful waters and the shores that were so peaceful read like poems. But when he set out to return to Spain he encountered terrible tempests and nearly despaired of riding them out, wrote some account of what he had found and put it in a cake of beeswax enclosed in a keg to be committed as a forlorn hope of carrying the news to Europe of the discovery of America, if he should be lost on the voyage.

The history of Texas is one of great interest, full of dramatic situations, often of a startling character. During the early days of the knowledge of Texas by Europeans it was a contested land between the Spaniards from Cuba and Mexico and the French from Canada. On both sides they seem to have made long voyages in order to interfere with each other, but the romantic stories—authentic history, too—of their rivalries and stratagems and combats point to the fighting temper of the nations, and two hundred years elapsed before it was settled to what nation the northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico belonged. Indeed, there was a shifting of land titles between France and Spain that never was quite settled until Napoleon sold the French territory to Thomas Jefferson. There was a strong and well grounded claim that Texas should have been included in the Jefferson purchase, and the United

States had been the proprietors of the mouth of the Mississippi River only nine years when England undertook to possess, along with the mouth of the river, the city of New Orleans, and to make a commanding position of it, but conspicuously failed.

The history of Texas since it became to a considerable degree settled by Americans, who finally rebelled against Mexico and made good their rebellion by sanguinary victories, is full of wars and rumors of wars. The Mexicans were enabled to reinforce from the tribes of war-like Indians numerous and adventurous on the headwaters of the Texan Rivers. The most formidable tribe was the Comanches. The Indian troubles in Texas lasted longer and were more serious than in the case of any other State. After the annexation of Texas the great field of operations of the army of the United States was Texas. The wars with the Indians were severe and protracted struggles, so that there was ample occupation for our crack regiments to a great extent in defending the settlers who pushed forward with extraordinary hardihood and warred with the Comanches and their allies.

The history of the war of the States as it involved Texas is one of strange vicissitudes. The Texans generally gaining advantages and the Trans-Mississippi department was the last to become pacificated after Appomattox. The growth of Texas since the war in population and development of natural resources has been phenomenal. The rapidity of the growth of the city of Galveston in population and in commerce has been very striking, and rated by percentages not surpassed by many cities in the world. Once there was a great deal said of the character of the people of Texas, implying that they were most hardy and daring, and claimed an extraordinary share of belligerent rights and an unusual range of personal liberty to carry on war on personal account. It is only fair to say that these characteristics never were peculiar to any State or section of the United States, and that the general result has been that Texas is, in the larger sense of the word, Americanized, and is typically American with southwestern specialties, because the enormous increase of the population of the State has been drawn from all of the States in the Union, with the possible exception of those of the extreme northwest.

After the Revolutionary war the first State to receive the immigration of those who were seeking homes in new lands was Ohio, and that State can sustain the boast that she has the blood of all the original thirteen States. After the great war of the States and the sections there were two streams of emigration from the north and south westward—many northern people moving south, largely into Texas, many southern people going to the Missouri river regions. The Trans-Mississippi railroads divided and diffused these massive movements of humanity, and Texas more than any other State has had the good fortune of receiving immigrants from all the States east of the Mississippi. So extensive was this, that the increase of Texas carried the center of population for one decennial period across the Ohio river into Kentucky after it had been in Ohio for a generation. It is now in Indiana, only a few miles north of where it rested in Kentucky, moving slowly westward almost in a direct line, according to the census of ten years ago, but this center may soon reach and long stay in Southern Illinois, and when it crosses the Mississippi Texas will be populous as New York. This movement of the center of population testifies to the attraction of the immensity of Texas in territory to the current of humanity that flows to her continually, and so extensively that it was the belief of the Texans for a time they would surpass New York at the present census. Disappointed in that, they will not abandon their great expectations, for the State is so vast and so rich that it will sustain a population equal to that of France or Germany.

The dire calamity that has befallen the principal seaport of the State will have but a transitory influence in diverting her commerce. Galveston would not have existed if it had not been necessary for the State to have a seaport, and the spot chosen was the most eligible, though the prodigious forces of the Gulf tempests in destructive energy were underrated. The city has been overwhelmed and wrecked by the sea. It is an astounding and will be a memorable disaster, one of the catastrophes that find a permanent place in history, ranking among the most desolating and most destructive of the misfortunes of mankind. The city will rise from the waves of the American Mediterranean as Chicago arose from the ashes of her burning, and her resurrection will be one of the marvels illustrating the abounding capacity and the quenchless courage of the American people. Galveston will be, and deserves to be, as Chicago was, debtor to the world for the splendid generosity that moves mankind with the spirit of the progressing and ever still higher advance that marks the age. We shall see, as Byron saw when he stood on the Bridge of Sighs in Venice—

"I saw from out the wave vast structures rise,
As with the stroke of an enchanter's wand,"

and we may add that when "a thousand years their cloudy wings expand" the scene will not be one of dying glories, but of substantial splendors, built to stay and exceed the earlier achievements. Galveston will remember the hurricane as Lisbon recollects the earthquake and Chicago the fire.

MURAT HALSTEAD.

Chicago, Sept. 13, 1900.

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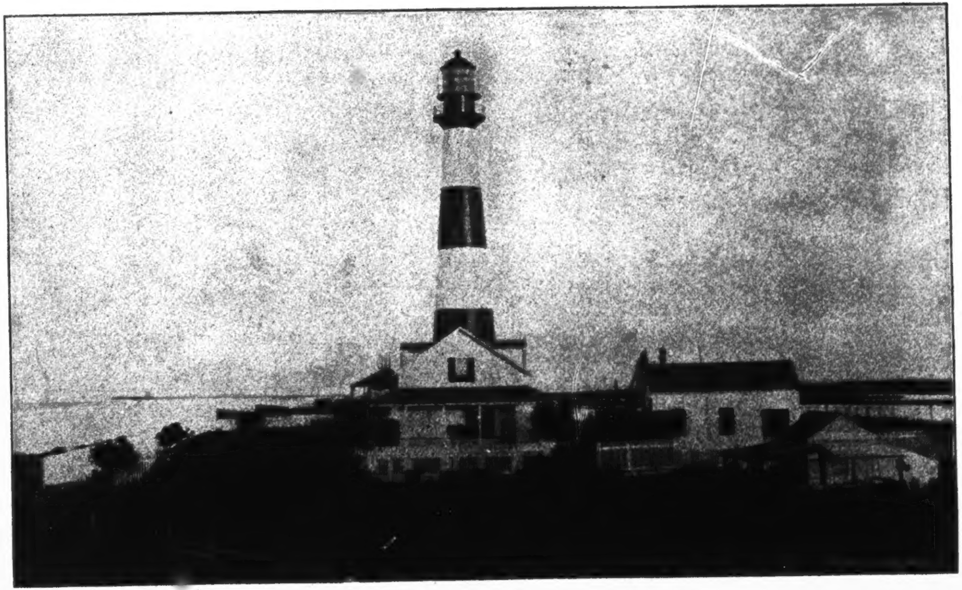
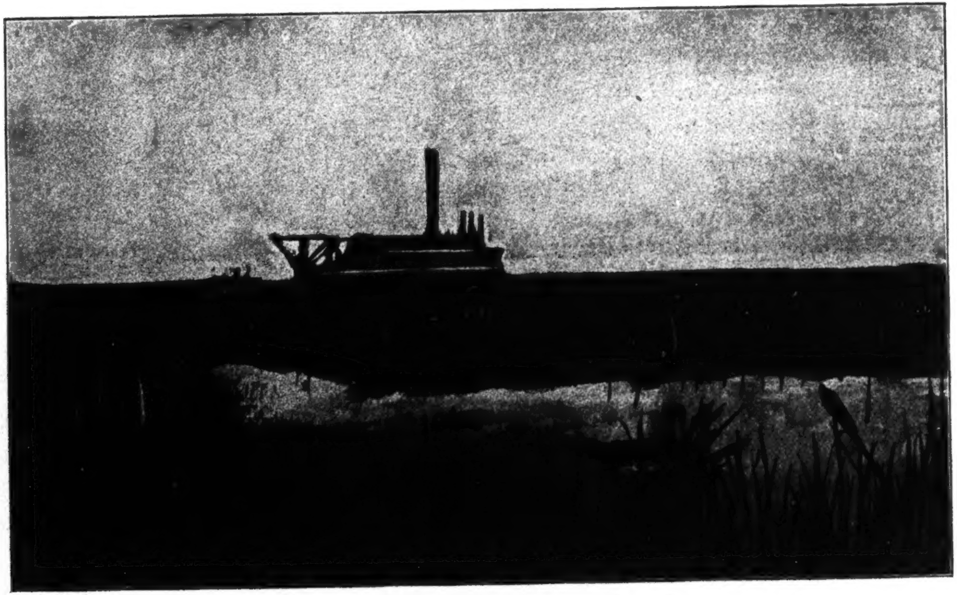


LIGHT HOUSE, GALVESTON HARBOR.



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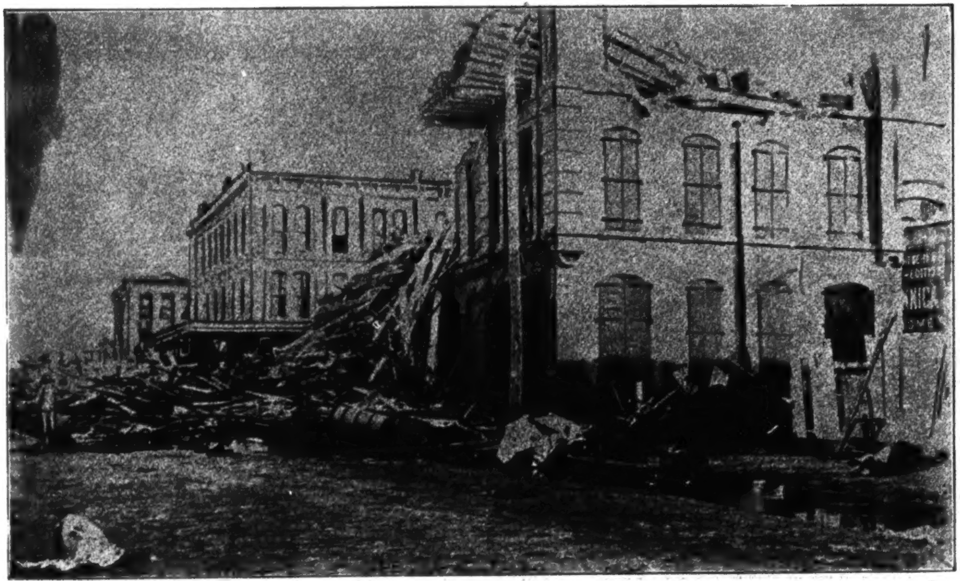
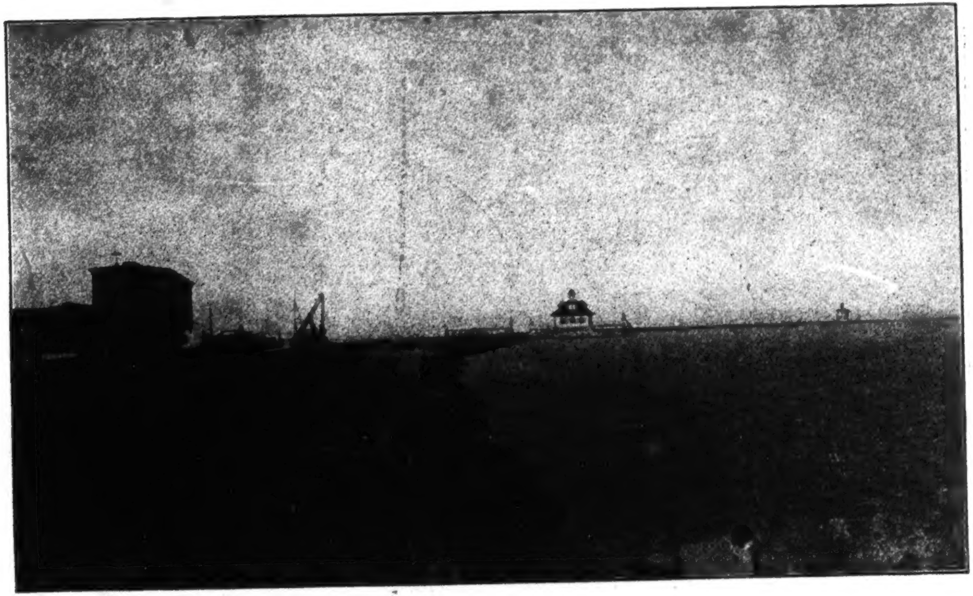


MASONIC BUILDING STANDING. THE ADJOINING BUILDING WAS COMPLETELY WRECKED.



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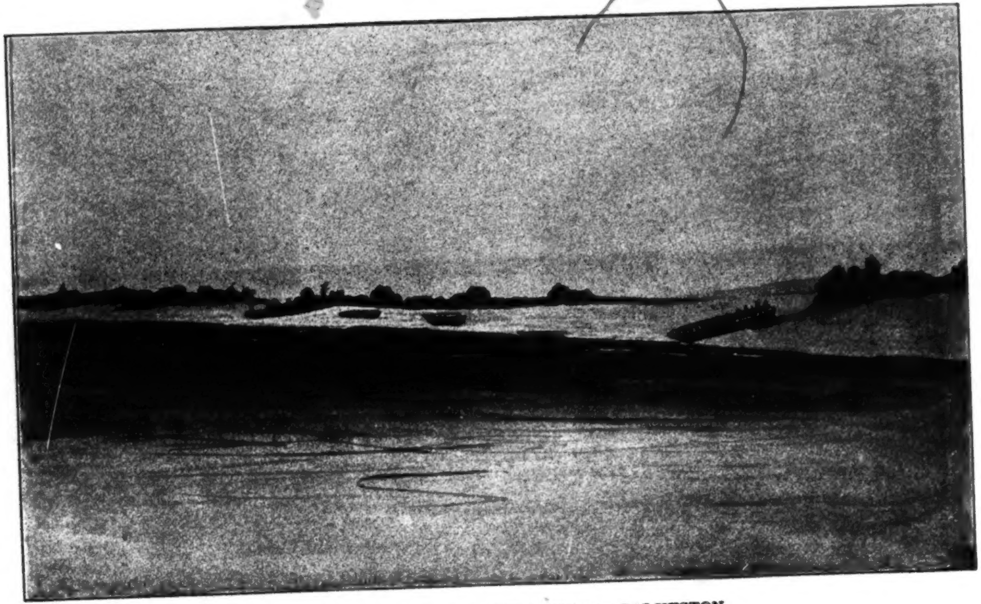

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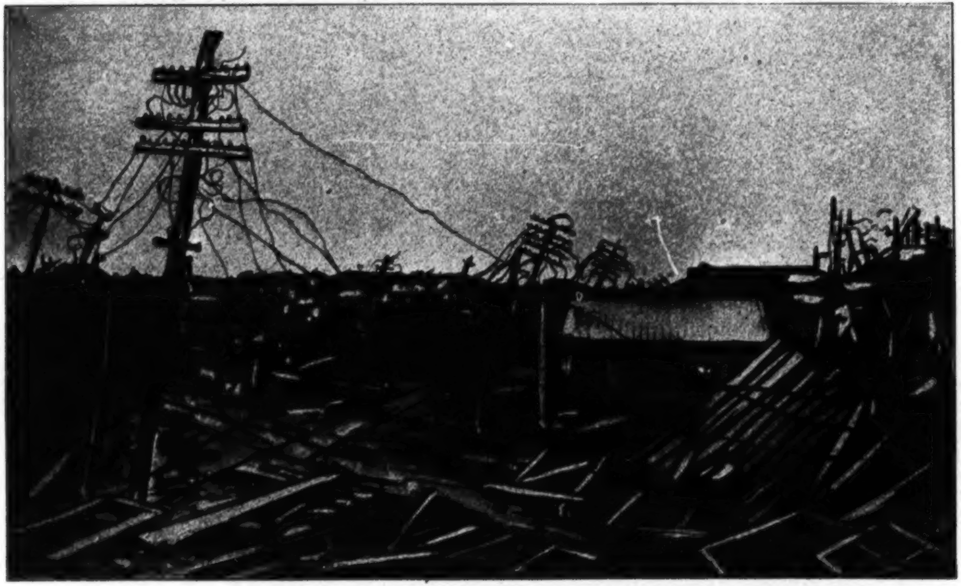

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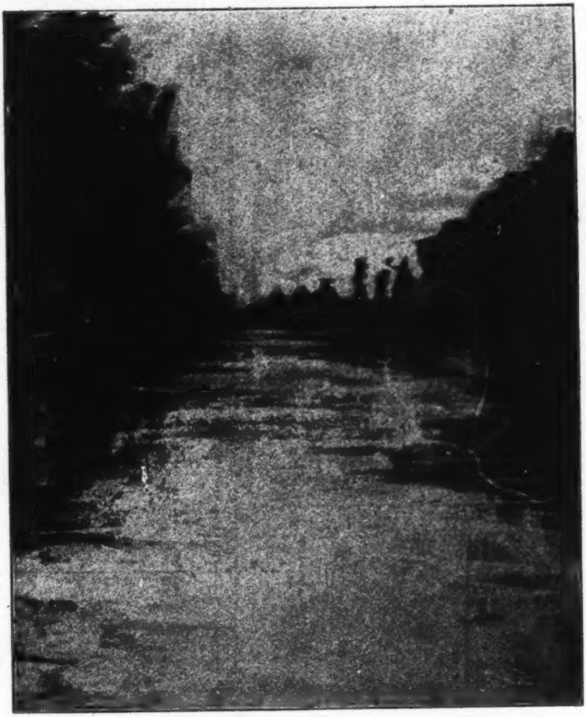

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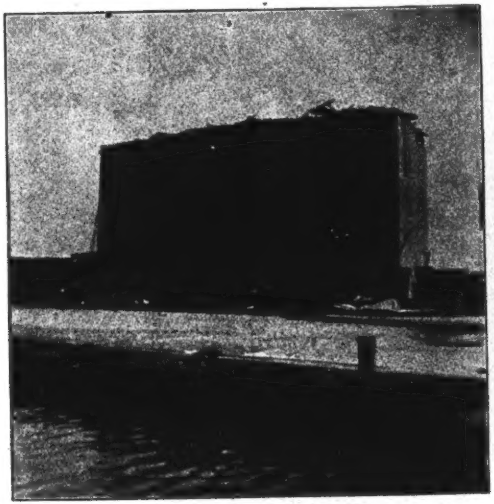

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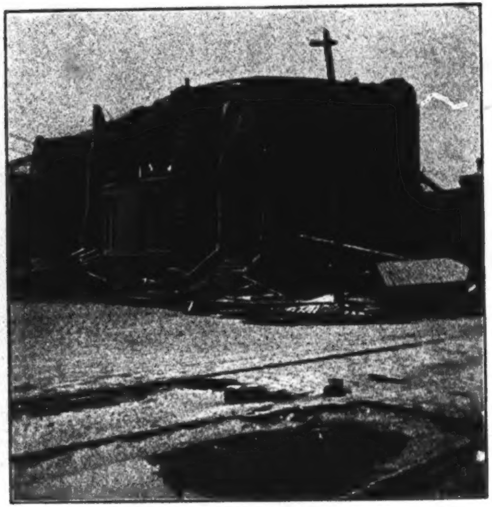

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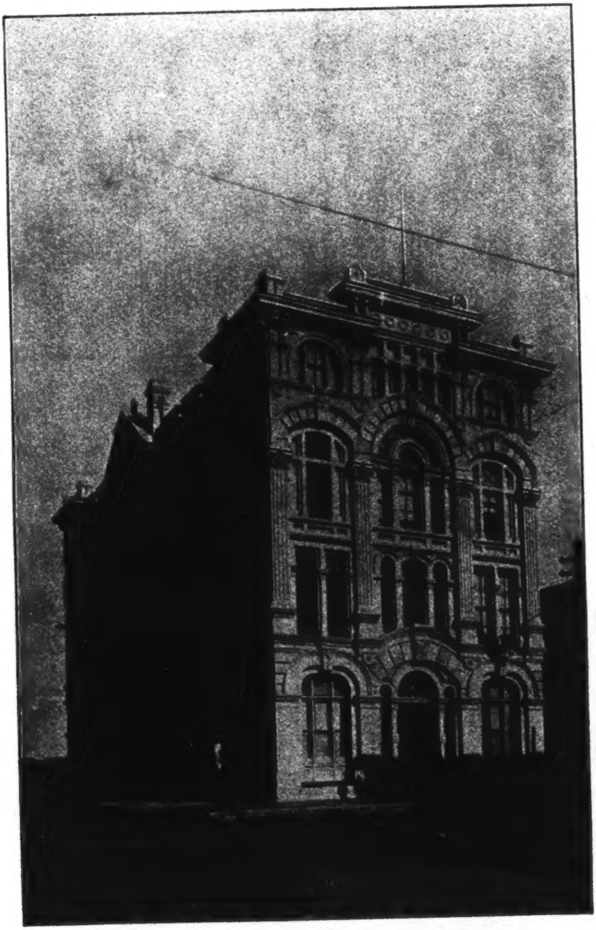

G. C. & S. F. R. R. GENERAL OFFICES, GALVESTON.

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WRECKED STREET RAILWAY POWER HOUSE.

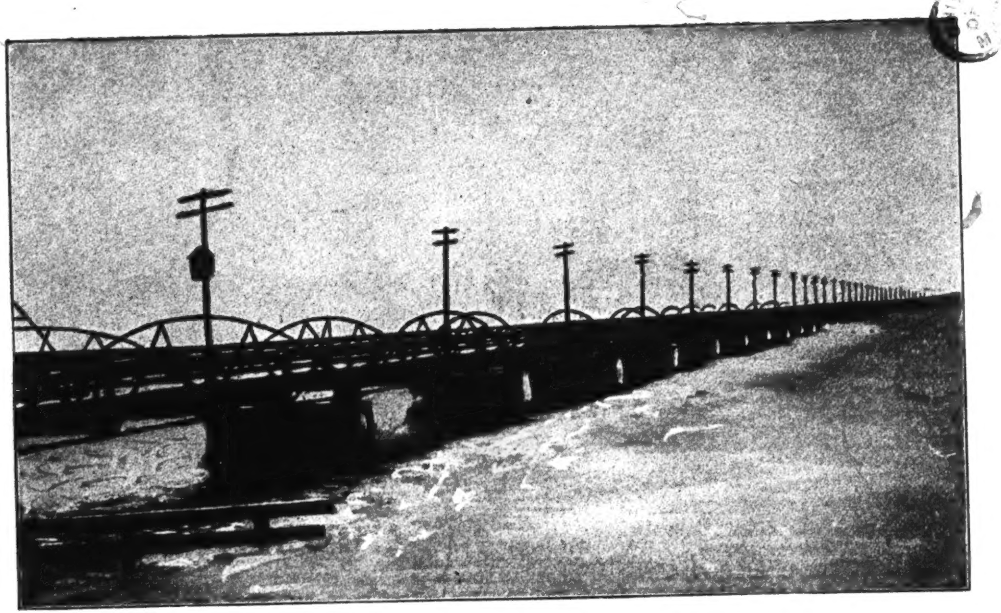
CHAPTER I.

THE CITY OF GALVESTON.

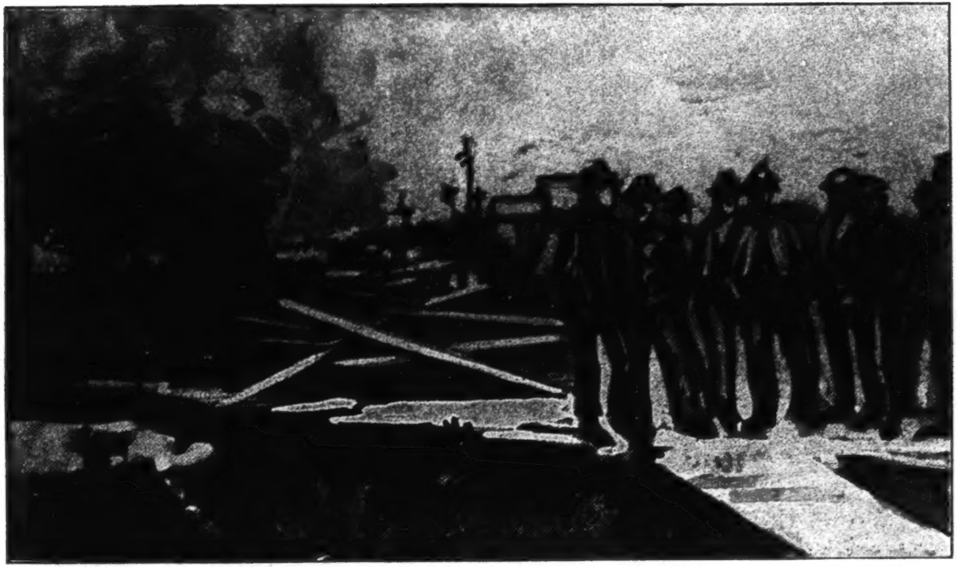
The city was named for Count Bernardo de Galvez, a Spanish soldier and statesman, born in Malaga in 1746, died in Mexico November 30, 1786. He served in France and in the Algerian expedition, rose to the rank of colonel, and was made Governor of Louisiana July 10, 1776. During the American revolution he gave the Americans aid for operations at a distance from Louisiana, on the frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania and on the northwest, but did not permit them to operate against any of the English posts near him. When Spain joined the war Galvez, in 1779, raised an army and took from the English Fort Manchac, Baton Rouge, and Fort Panmure at Natchez. In March, 1780, he took Mobile, and on March 8, 1781, he appeared before Pensacola with Solano's fleet, bearing an army of 5,000 men, and on May 10 compelled Gen. Campbell to surrender. He was created a count, and in 1784 appointed captain-general of Cuba, Louisiana and the two Floridas; but as his father's death, Matias de Galvez, in 1784, left his post vacant, he was made Viceroy of Mexico, retaining the captain-generalcy of Louisiana and Florida. He was so regardless of stiff official Spanish dignity that he gave offence to Spain, and his erection of the palace of Chapultepec excited suspicion and led to such vexatious annoyances that he fell sick and died. Another account says: Galvez y Gallardo, Bernardo: soldier and administrator: Born in Macharaviaga, Spain, July 23, 1745. He entered service as a cadet, and in 1778 went to Louisiana, where he became Governor in 1779. In June, 1785, he became Viceroy of Mexico, succeeding his father, Matias de Galvez. Died in Tacubaya, near Mexico, November 30, 1786.

Galveston is situated about 340 miles to the westward of the mouth of the South Pass of the Mississippi River, on the south side of the entrance into Galveston Bay, in 29° 18′ N. lat. and 94° 47′ long. west from Greenwich. It is the principal port and largest city in the State, is the seat of justice of Galveston county, and is located on the inner shore of Galveston Island, about two miles from its northeasterly point, known as Fort Point. The city, therefore, faces the main Texas shore, being separated from it by West Bay, lying between the island and the mainland. The principal portion of the county lies on the mainland fronting the two bays above named, its general surface, like that of the island, being low and level, and the soil sandy.

Galveston Island is a low sandy island, about 28 miles long and 1½ to 3½ miles wide, stretching along the coast of Texas in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction, and forming the gulf coast-line throughout its entire length. Its surface, which has an average height of 4 to 5 feet above tide level, is diversified by a number of fresh-water ponds, and intersected by several creeks and small bayous. The beach, on the gulf side, furnished a smooth and pleasant drive during low-water stage, and excellent surf-bathing.



SWEPT AWAY BY THE GREAT STORM. COST OVER HALF A MILLION.



DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD—BURIAL BY FIRE.

The harbor of Galveston has the reputation of being the best in the State, and the bay of the same name, including certain outlying portions of it known severally as East Bay, West Bay and Turtle Bay, covers an area of upwards of 450 square miles of tidal water. At the head of the bay, about 35 miles from the city in a northerly direction, it receives Trinity River, its largest tributary, while San Jacinto River and Buffalo Bayou enter it from the west 18 miles lower down.

The mean rise and fall of the tide at Galveston is 1 1-10 feet, but spring-tides occasionally rise more than three feet above and fall nearly two feet below the plane of mean low water, and fluctuations between much wider limits are not uncommon under the influence of heavy winds. During a storm which occurred in October, 1867, the water rose 6 6-10 feet above mean low-water stage, and in September, 1875, it rose in some portions of the bay 7 feet, and in others 9½ feet above the same level. Two years later there was a rise of 5 2-10 feet, produced by an on-shore wind which reached a maximum velocity of 60 miles per hour. The lowest tide of which we have any record fell 3 2-10 feet below mean low-water level, thus giving a difference of 12 7-10 feet between the highest and the lowest recorded tides.

A sand-bar, produced and maintained by the action of waves and currents, stretches across, bow-shaped, in front of the entrance into the bay, the harbor between Fort Point and Bolivar Point being about two miles.

The United States Government undertook the improvement of this entrance by means of two jetties, one starting from Fort Point and the other from Bolivar Point, having an aggregate length of about 7 miles.

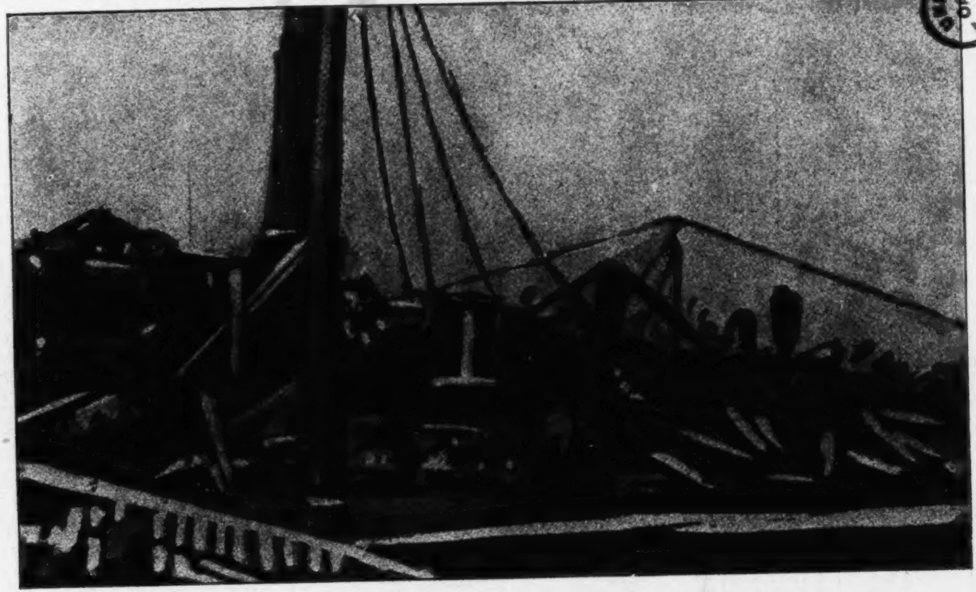
The peculiar mode of construction adopted for these works by the superintending engineer, Major C. W. Howell, United States Corps of Engineers, merits notice. The jetties are formed of large gabions, or basket work cylinders, plastered inside and out with hydraulic cement, so as to give a thickness of from 5 to 6 inches to the cylindrical wall. The gabions are either circular, with a diameter of 6 feet, or of an oval cross section, with diameters of 6 feet and 12 feet respectively. They are closed at the bottom, and are also provided with a tight-fitting wooden cover. After being sunk to their proper position in the work, on their ends, arranged in a single or double row, they are filled with sand pumped up from the bottom, and passed in through a hole left in the gabion cover. At first these gabions were placed directly on the bottom, but the action of the sea and currents caused so much underscour and settlement that a foundation of fascines formed into a matress and weighted with stones was resorted to.

Galveston was settled in 1837, with wide, straight streets, and public squares, parks and gardens. The streets running parallel to West Bay are known as avenues, and are designated by the letters of the alphabet, beginning at the bay, while those at right angles to the water are numbered. Special names are assigned to some of the streets. Avenue A, parallel and next to the wharf or channel front, is mostly occupied by wholesale houses. Next comes Avenue B, or "The Strand," and then Avenue C, or Mechanic street, both devoted largely to the wholesale business. Avenue D, or Market street, for a distance of seventeen squares, is occupied by retail stores, shops, restaurants, banks, hotels, etc. This is the main shopping street. Avenues E and F are of the same character. The

Postoffice and United States courthouse are at the intersection of Avenue F and Twentieth street, and the customhouse is near by. Avenue J, or Broadway, is regarded as the most desirable locality for residences. It is 150 feet wide, including an esplanade 36 feet wide through the middle, and a 16-foot sidewalk on either side. Bath avenue, at right angles to Broadway, is 120 feet wide. Fremont, or Twenty-third street, is the principal drive in the city, and is maintained as a shell road from the Strand to the Gulf beach. With the exceptions named the streets are 80 feet and the avenues 70 feet wide, including 16-feet sidewalks, and the blocks or squares are uniformly 260 feet wide and 300 feet long, with an alley 20 feet wide running lengthwise through the middle, along the rear of the lots. The portion of the city built over extends from about Sixth to Fortieth streets, and from Avenue A south to within two or three blocks of the Gulf beach. The streets are paved with blocks of heart cypress, avenues are shelled from between Tenth to Thirty-second streets, or thereabouts, with clam shells from 18 to 30 inches deep. Trees were planted very generally on the outer edge of the sidewalks, the oleander being the chief growth. It frequently attains a height of 20 to 25 feet, and grows rapidly from slips with great luxuriance, blooming the year round. The fig, orange, the black Hamburg and other kinds of grape, and many varieties of evergreen shrubbery thrive and flourish. Throughout the most thickly settled portions of the city the sidewalks are paved with either asphaltum, concrete, brick or German or English tiles. The business portion of the city is built up mostly with brick, and within certain defined fire limits the erection of wooden buildings is prohibited.

The county of Texas in which the city of Galveston is situated, including the island containing the city, has an area of 680 square miles, of which 274 square miles are water. The population in 1870 was 15,290, of whom 3,236 were colored. The main portion of the county occupies the western shore of Galveston Bay, and is separated from the island, lying in the Gulf of Mexico, by West Bay. Northeast of the island and separated from it by a channel one or two miles wide, is Bolivar peninsula, forming a part of the county, and lying between the Gulf and East Bay, an arm of Galveston Bay. The surface is generally level, and the soil sandy. The chief productions of the county in 1870 were 2,905 bushels of Indian corn, 16,205 of sweet potatoes, and 213 tons of hay. There were 390 horses, 717 milch cows, 6,140 other cattle, 586 sheep, and 719 swine on farms. The number of manufacturing establishments was 91, employing 533 hands; capital invested, $710,950; value of products, $1,214,814.

The chief city of Texas in population and commerce, the seat of justice of the county and port of entry is at the northeast extremity of Galveston island, at the mouth of the bay of the same name, the entrance of which is through the channel between the city and the southwest point of the peninsula of Bolivar, where a lighthouse has been erected, 180 miles east by southeast of Austin, and 290 miles west by south of New Orleans; latitude 29 degrees, 46 minutes west. Population in 1850 was 4,177; in 1860, 7,307; in 1870, 13,818, of whom 3,007 were colored, and 3,614 foreigners. The population at the beginning of 1874 was estimated by the local authorities at from 25,000 to 30,000. The island is about 28 miles long



ELECTRIC LIGHT POWER HOUSE—35 BURIED HERE IN RUINS.

UNIV. OF MICH.

GALVESTON BEACH HOTEL.

and 1½ to 3½ miles wide, intersected by many small bayous, diversified by several fresh-water ponds, and bordered throughout its whole length by a smooth hard beach, which forms a pleasant drive and promenade. The bay is an irregular indentation, branching out into various arms, and receiving Trinity and San Jacinto rivers and Buffalo bayou. It extends 35 miles north from the city to the mouth of Trinity river, and has a breadth of from 12 to 18 miles. The harbor is the best in the State, and has 13 feet of water over the bar at low tide. The city is provided with good wharves, and large storehouses adjoining them. The chief business is the shipping of cotton. The Southern Cotton Press Company owned 14 brick warehouses, each occupying 2½ acres, and the Texas Cotton Press Company 3 more brick warehouses, covering 7½ acres. In 1883, 170,711 bales were shipped to Great Britain, 6,100 to France, 32,584 to other European countries, 18,630 to New Orleans, 67,038 to New York, 18,756 to Boston, and 14,794 to other coastwise ports. The receipts of hides were 460,854, shipments, 459,582; receipts of wool, 3,873 bags, shipments, 3,760 bags. The value of pine lumber received was $624,000; cypress, $480,000; total, $1,104,000; head of cattle shipped, 50,699. The total value of shipments was $35,333,747, including cotton to the value of $32,423,806; of receipts, $29,811,831. The number of immigrants during the year was 44,614. The number of vessels belonging to the port was 257, with an aggregate tonnage of 23,462, including 198 sailing vessels of 13,813 tons, 35 steamers of 6,709 tons, and 24 barges of 2,900 tons; built during the year, 10 sailing vessels of 165 tons, and one barge of 57 tons. The Galveston, Houston and Henderson railroad connects the city with Houston and the diverging railroads, crossing West Bay on a bridge nearly two miles long. The depot and warehouses cover 20 acres. The Galveston Wharf railroad enabled the company to load its cars directly from the vessels. A canal 10 miles long opens an avenue for commerce to the Brazos river.

The business of Galveston was extremely depressed during the great war of the States, but when peace with union and honor came the commercial, manufacturing and maratime interests of the city took on new life, and before the recent disaster a general feeling of confidence prevailed, and the outlook for prosperity and stability was brighter than ever in the history of the city. It had a steady increase in population. The population (U. S. Census) in 1870, 15,290; in 1880, 29,118; Directory count, 1891, 56,000.

In 1890-1891, Galveston established a system of water works, the supply coming from artesian wells.

From August 1, 1888, to August 1, 1889, 75 steamers entered the harbor from foreign ports, and 192 entered from coastwise ports, while 80 cleared for foreign ports, and 174 for coastwise ports.

Ocean-going vessels which entered and cleared from this port for seven months, ending March 31, 1899, were as follows:

	No.	Tons.
Entered from foreign ports........	162	194,883
Entered from domestic ports.......	203	241,468
Cleared for foreign ports..........	176	246,613
Cleared for domestic ports.........	202	271,176
Total	743	954,140

Ocean-going vessels brought into and carried out of the port in twelve months, ending June 30, 1891 (May and June estimated to equal previous year), merchandise and products amounting in value to:

Imports, foreign and domestic	$ 87,000,000
Exports, foreign and domestic	84,000,000
Total value	$171,000,000

Imports consisted of miscellaneous merchandise, coal, etc., mainly from New York and other Atlantic ports, foreign imports being less than one-third of the total. Of the exports, cotton amounted to about $50,000,000.

Ten years ago it was estimated that the annual business of Galveston was very near $200,000,000, and there were over 300 factories. Add the output of manufactories and the total amount of business reached $250,000,000.

Mrs. Huston, an English lady, who was yachting in the Gulf of Mexico when Henry Clay was running for President in 1844, said of the prospects of the then independent State of Texas, writing at Galveston:

"In considering the state of commerce here, there is one truth plainly evident, that Texas will soon monopolize the whole of the Mexican trade. This has hitherto been conducted by trading parties from the United States, who after traversing the entire extent of the great western prairies, as far as the Rocky mountains, meet and transact their negotiations with the Mexican traders at Santa Fe. When it is considered that Santa Fe is only distant from Galveston five hundred miles, one may form some idea of the commercial advantages the Texans would possess over the Americans. The latter have, for years, found it worth their while to pay the enormous duties charged for the admission of English cotton goods into America. The merchandise has then been transported from Philadelphia or New York, upwards of four thousand miles to Santa Fe, and great part of this distance on the backs of beasts of burden. What a price the poor Mexicans must have paid for their purchases, to allow these enterprising traders a profit, and one good enough to satisfy a Yankee calculator."

It might naturally have been expected that these signs of the present, and visions of the future, would have aroused the Government to exertion; and induced them to take some measures in order to render the entrance of the harbor less dangerous. The city has an available wharf frontage on Galveston channel of over 60,000 feet. Its beach is said to be unsurpassed by any other on the American continent. It extends the whole length of the island east and west, and almost as smooth as a floor. Magnolia Grove Cemetery comprises 100 acres, and the City Cemetery 10 acres. Four railroads run into the city of Galveston. They are the Galveston, Houston & Henderson, the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe, the International and Great Northern, and the Aransas Pass,—the latter running into the city via the track of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe.

The people of Galveston have claimed and had ample reason to believe that their city is "the most attractive, coolest and healthiest city in the South. Constant Gulf breeze, unsurpassed surf bathing and thirty miles of beach for riding and driving, which is unequaled in the world."

The population of Galveston according to the census of 1900 was 37,798. In 1890 it was 29,100. There are two cities in Indiana in the same class as to population: Terre Haute, 36,673; South Bend, 35,999.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS OF GALVESTON—OFFICIAL.

Year ending		Exports.	
June 30—	Domestic.	Foreign.	Total.
1885	$12,678,433	$ 721	$12,679,154
1886	16,960,514	6,337	16,966,851
1887	18,899,665	3,223	18,902,888
1888	15,700,984	2,163	15,703,147
1889	15,525,180	51,012	15,576,192
1890	24,326,760	120,071	24,446,831
1891	33,678,399	93,606	33,772,005
1892	35,102,289	283,967	35,386,256
1893	37,328,611	147,883	37,476,494
1894	34,886,931	124,857	35,011,788
1895	41,758,408	128,243	41,886,651
1896	36,325,451	71,640	36,397,091
1897	58,147,593	50,581	58,198,174
1898	67,931,962	498,659	68,428,621
1899	78,420,904	55,777	78,476,681
1900			85,657,524

Year ending		Imports.		Duty
June 30—	Free.	Dutiable.	Total.	collected.
1885	$ 875,120	$282,250	$1,157,370	$144,413
1886	580,219	176,914	757,133	93,353
1887	381,537	323,772	705,309	148,929
1888	313,247	402,621	715,868	207,565
1889	404,002	318,654	722,656	126,139
1890	94,156	321,636	415,792	109,175
1891	251,223	396,798	648,021	144,379
1892	925,701	391,299	1,317,000	121,301
1893	554,757	308,695	863,452	109,826
1894	516,173	164,544	680,717	63,750
1895	194,935	174,640	369,575	64,839
1896	212,152	390,618	602,770	144,096
1897	474,381	304,720	779,101	113,578
1898	828,432	337,748	1,166,180	133,038
1899	2,494,079	427,287	2,921,366	152,693
1900	....	....	1,453,545	....

TONNAGE OF AMERICAN AND FOREIGN VESSELS ENTERED AND CLEARED AT GALVESTON, TEXAS.

	Entered. Tons.	Cleared. Tons.
1873	74,015	89,758
1874	127,708	148,887
1875	91,913	127,579
1876	88,536	105,753
1877	99,386	103,291
1878	72,611	82,298
1879	135,500	128,399
1880	117,972	99,007
1881	215,311	183,349
1882	141,743	115,579
1883	153,614	166,459
1884	124,094	134,941
1885	95,563	89,536
1886	124,192	129,628
1887	117,102	136,861
1888	103,446	118,118
1889	99,548	109,329
1890	173,473	170,102
1891	168,058	202,184
1892	241,198	267,971
1893	236,118	282,111
1894	247,030	280,562
1895	367,738	399,891
1896	292,726	312,231
1897	550,652	566,200
1898	760,087	811,215
1899	859,160	928.981

The quantity and value of domestic raw cotton exported from Galveston, Texas, for the past ten years was as follows: 1890, 241,259,606 lbs., valued at $22,820,784;

1891, 326,776,311 lbs., $32,567,703; 1892, 21,076,361 lbs., $32,771,628; 1893, 411,441,087 lbs., $33,712,076; 1894, 412,693,769 lbs., $31,145,360; 1895, 717,840,930 lbs., $38,949,296; 1896, 397,727,228 lbs., $31,739,423; 1897, 652,631,527 lbs., $47,486,467; 1898, 803,364,307 lbs., $46,714,156; 1899, 1,076,523,562 lbs., $57,670,423.

CHAPTER II.

THE GALES OF THE GULF.

A very quaint and interesting old book giving an account of early days in Galveston is "Texas and the Gulf of Mexico, or, Yachting in the New World," by Mrs. Houston, published by John Murray in London in 1844. The yacht wandered about the Gulf, appeared at New Orleans, and sailed to Galveston, encountering a gale on the way. One of the party gives this vivid story of it:

"The lightning was most vivid. The sky seemed to open, and to have changed its ordinary hues for a covering of flame,—while every moment, on this brilliant ground, the red zig-zag forks darted out their angry tongues of fire like some fierce and goaded animal. For hours I gazed on this most magnificent sight; I could not make up my mind to go below, though the rain began to pour in torrents. No one who has not witnessed a storm of thunder and lightning in tropical climates can form an idea of the mingled beauty and terror of the effect. For all the world I would not have missed the sight, terrific and awe-inspiring as it was.

"Towards night the tempest was at its height, and the sound of the contending elements, as if roaring for their prey, deadened the voice of man. Suddenly a noise more stunning than the rest struck upon the ear. It was the electric fluid against the mainmast; the sound it made was like that of two hands clapping, but five hundred times as loud. Our mast was only saved from destruction, and with it, doubtless, our lives, by the circumstance of the

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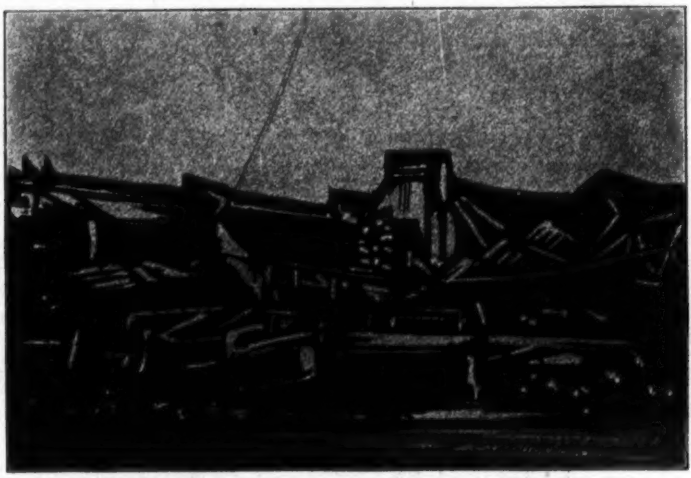
A VIEW OF THE EASTERN PART OF GALVESTON FROM THE GRAIN ELEVATOR. VIEW OF THE BATHERS IN THE SURF TAKEN FROM THE PIER OF THE PAGODA BATH CO.



WATER WORKS—25 BODIES HERE.

rigging being wet, and acting as a conductor, by which means the fluid was conveyed over the side into the sea. One of the most remarkable occurrences during the storm was one which affected my own person. At the same time that the mast was struck I felt a warm and most peculiar sensation down my hand, and immediately mentioned the circumstance. For many hours afterwards a deep red mark, about six inches in length and one in breadth, was plainly to be seen in the place where I had felt the heat, and what I should describe as almost pain. As I was standing in the direction in which the lightning passed, it is to be supposed that I received at the same time the slightest possible shock. The escape we all had from this worst of dangers was great and providential indeed. In a small vessel, once on fire, with a large quantity of gunpowder on board, our destruction must have been inevitable, had not the Power which had sustained us so long among the dangers of the deep stretched forth a hand of deliverance over us.

"During the night the gale continued with unabated fury. To sleep was impossible, and as I lay in my cot, rocked from side to side and longing for daylight, I heard a strange and unaccustomed sound outside my cabin door. On going out to ascertain from whence it proceeded, I found some flying-fish, which had come down the companion ladder with the wind and spray, flapping their delicate wings on the oil-cloth. It was a strange situation for flying-fish to find themselves in."

Mrs. Houston said of Galveston—this was sixty years ago:

"The harbor of Galveston, if properly buoyed, would be by no means a bad one. The entrance is perfectly safe for vessels drawing 10 feet of water, and there are times when ships drawing 12, and even 14 feet, may venture in. It is, without any question, the best harbor in the Gulf of Mexico, and there is no doubt that no other port than that of Galveston will ever be of any commercial importance in Texas. In the present state, however, of this neglected harbor no company, either in England or America, will insure vessels bound for the port of Galveston."

This intelligent lady wrote of the character of the Gulf storms:

"These northers being peculiar to the Gulf of Mexico, I must endeavor to describe them. They most frequently occur after a few days of damp, dull weather, and generally about once a fortnight. Their approach is known by a dark bank rising on the horizon, and gradually overspreading the heavens. The storm bursts forth with wonderful suddenness and tremendous violence, and generally lasts forty-eight hours; the wind after that period veers round to the east and southward, and the storm gradually abates. During the continuance of a norther the cold is intense, and the wind so penetrating it is almost impossible to keep oneself warm. The weather is generally clear, and frequently the northers are almost unaccompanied by rain. *The tremendous hurricane that occurred last September, as it was described to us, is calculated to give one the impression that on some future day the flourishing city of Galveston may be swept away by the overwhelming incursions of the sea.* On the occasion I have alluded to, such was the force of the winds and waves that many houses were turned topsy-turvy, and some were floated many hundred yards from their original position. The greater part of the island was also under water for many days, and boats were in request to go from one house to another. Such a storm as this, however, has never occurred before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and some fishermen who had been resident there more than twenty years asserted that their previous experience presented no parallel for such a destructive hurricane. A stronger argument in favor of the city never being entirely submerged is the fact that the accumulation of sand, which forms the island, continues increasing, while it is proved beyond doubt that the land is everywhere encroaching on the Gulf of Mexico. We saw an excellent old Spanish chart of the coast, which was made sixty or seventy years ago, and on comparing it with our own we found it on all important points remarkably accurate. The Island of Galveston, however, is there represented as much smaller than it is at present, and Pelican Island (a large sand bank in the middle of the bay) is entirely omitted.

"The best period for entering the harbor at Galveston is after a southerly wind has been blowing pretty fresh for some days, and is then succeeded by a norther. Advantage should be taken, at the very commencement of the gale, to pass the bar (as vessels may lay over the bar with a northerly wind) or otherwise, one may almost say, the whole of the available water is blown out of the bay, and thus the depth on the bar is perhaps reduced to less than nine feet. One of the evils arising from the hitherto unsettled state of the country seems to be that the people, instead of attending to their domestic affairs and agricultural pursuits, have occupied themselves, for want of better employment, in making a superabundance of laws and acts of congress.

"The cold wind seemed to have been still more severely felt here than it had been up the country, and one poor man had actually died from its effects. This dismal death, however, was not so much to be ascribed to the intensity of the frost as to the extreme keenness and strength of the wind. The crew were fortunately always prepared, by the sudden falling of the glass, for these national northers; but if it happened that I myself had neglected to consult this unerring guide, I have been quite astonished at their arrival. I have known a calm, as still as death; not a ripple on the water and not a murmur on the breeze; when suddenly a sailor has exclaimed, 'Here it comes!' and, in a moment, literally in the twinkling of an eye, the wind was roaring through the rigging, and the sea rising to a tremendous height:

"Remoter waves came rolling on to see
The strange transforming mystery.

"On my last day at Galveston I passed near the burying ground, and a sad sight indeed it was. I should not have been aware of its proximity had I not perceived a human skull under my horse's feet! On looking round I saw many similar relics, and hurried from the spot with a feeling of dismay and horror which it would be difficult to describe. The reason for this desecration of the dead is as follows: The sandy soil has so little depth that no sooner are the dead deposited in the ground than they are denuded of their light covering, and the sea, which washes the limits of the burial ground, claims its share of these neglected remains. The consequence is that the adjoining land is actually strewn by human bones in every direction.

VIEW OF THE DOCKS DURING COTTON SEASON. THESE TRAMP STEAMERS CARRY BETWEEN SEVEN AND TEN THOUSAND BALES OF COTTON EACH.

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WRECKAGE IN WEST END.

"I stood upon the place of graves!
There, where eternal ocean laves
The land bound shore. The wind's low moan
Through the long grass was heard alone;
Save when at intervals the sea
Rippled in mournful melody.
I was alone. Meet spot for thought!
In that deep solitude, where naught
Reminded me of life! Far off
The city's tumult, and the scoff
Of laughing crowds. They are forgot
Who lie in silence here, where not
A stone or mound is raised to show
Who are the dead that sleep below!
Whose are the bones that whitening lie
Sad relics of mortality,
Strew'd on the flowering herb, or prest
By heedless feet? a heartless jest
To some!—I look upon the sea!
Its waves are dancing in their glee
And sporting bright and merrily.
But mark! Whose is the brainless skull,
That, like the wreck's and useless hull
Of some once stately ship floats on
Buoyant in its emptiness? none,
None answer, and the lightsome wave
Sports with the outcast of the grave.
Now on the crescent foam it rides,
Now 'neath the dashing wave it hides;
And now it slowly onward glides,
Say, busy man! is this the end
Of all thy labor? To descend

Into a nameless grave; no tear
Shed on thy poor and lowly bier,
Forgotten in the busy strife
Of those who were thy friends in life.
What now thy country's cause to thee?
Thou reck'st not that she now is free.
Boldly thou strove in freedom's cause;
High (at the murmuring applause
Of wondering nations) beat thy heart;
Now low, and hush'd, and still, and part
Of that dear earth thou bleds't to free—
A lesson to posterity!"

A few years ago Lippincott's Magazine contained a chapter about Florida storms, containing many rare and curious, among them that when a gulf hurricane is abroad, look out for another, for there will be a No. 2, if not in three days, in three weeks. There was a storm September 29, 1896, that crossed Florida, killing 100 people, making thousands homeless, and destroying 4,000,000 acres of timber. It was like what the storm of 1880 might have been with all the force in its three hundred miles of width narrowed to forty miles; and it stands unrivaled in concentration of fury. In the storm of 1880 the wind did not blow continuously, but came in gusts, like heavy, irregular breathing. It would roar and howl for two or three minutes, snapping off great pine trees and bending others to the earth; then, with sudden cessation, it would be perfectly still, as if gathering breath for harder effort, and in another instant could be heard coming again like the rush and rumble of a hundred railroad trains.

Lippincott's gives this superb sketch of the gulf as the home of great gales, and states their peculiarities with a masterly touch:

"The sea itself, wholly intertropical, is warm and bright and famous for its gorgeous sunsets. Emerald isles in irregular chain hem its northern and eastern bounds, and from near the center the beautiful mountains of Jamaica rise, decked with orange, coffee and pimento groves. But in its depths lie mysteries. As over it great storms form, under it awful earthquakes have origin. The first come north, striking Florida occasionally; the latter go south, shocking the Venezuelans frequently. The city of Caracas was shaken down by one in 1812, burying ten thousand people in half a minute. Of the two, Floridians prefer hurricanes.

"Ocean-currents may have something, possibly a great deal, to do with the creation of storms; at all events, there seems to be some affinity between them. The Great Equatorial Current, coming from the Gulf of Guinea or thereabouts, rushes across the Atlantic and into the Caribbean Sea, forcing out a strong current by way of the Yucatan Channel into the Gulf of Mexico. There, taking the name of 'Gulf Stream,' it flows around, growing hotter and stronger, until it sweeps down and out through the Florida straits at a speed of five miles an hour. Thence it rushes along the Atlantic seaboard to the banks of Newfoundland, and from there crosses the Atlantic, modifying the climate of Northern Europe.

"According to our information, hurricanes form most frequently near the Leeward Islands in the Caribbean Sea, and in the beginning go west, impelled by what seems to be a natural tendency. Young men, the Star of Empire, the Trade Winds, the equatorial currents, all go west, and no doubt the Gulf Stream would if it could; possibly it can when the Darien or Nicaraguan canal has been cut—a contingency well worth considering when we come to sever North and South America.

"Starting west, then, instead of forcing a passage through the dense forests of Central America, the young hurricane rides on the breast of the Gulf Stream into the Gulf of Mexico. There it sometimes cuts loose from the current, turns west again, and gets lost in the wilds of Texas. But more often it stays with the Gulf Stream, follows it down through the Florida straits, and goes howling up the Atlantic coast. Occasionally instead of this tortuous course, one will take a short cut across North Florida, and join the Gulf Stream somewhere beyond Charleston, Norfolk or Hatteras.

"They have two motions, progressive and whirling. It is the whirl, which may be at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, that gets away with things. The forward or progressive motion may go slow or fast, making the blow long or short in duration without in any way affecting its violence. The whirl may be twenty-five or five hundred miles in diameter, and be hours or days in passing a given point, as the progressive movement is slow or fast. In the Northern hemisphere the whirl is always from right to left; that is, from east to west, growing in rapidity as the center is approached, until in the very center there is a core or axle of perfectly calm air, around which the great storm wheel turns.

"There is no pyrotechnical accompaniment, no brilliant flashing of lightning, no booming of heaven's artillery. There is just a rush and roar, while dark clouds, low and

SHIPS AT FOOT OF 18TH STREET. THESE SHIPS WERE DRIVEN THROUGH WHARF.

UNIV. OF MICH.

ONE OF THE SMALL JETTIES ON EAST BEACH.

wet, pour down an ocean. Fifty-six inches of water fell in one Florida storm.

"Whirling as they do from right to left, storms passing east of Florida blow from the northeast; on the other side they come from the southwest."

The storm that smote Galveston gathered September 1, latitude 15 south, longitude 70 west, or some calculate that it was 67 west latitude, or south of Porto Rico, and the movement was slowly west and slightly north. September 4 it was apparently central south of Cuba, in latitude 22 north, longitude 81 west. The pressure then began to fall, and heavy tropical rains began in the West Indies. On that day the direction of the storm changed to a more northerly course, gathering force as it went.

Lafcadio Hearn, the romantic author, has written a story of a storm—"Chita"—for the Harpers, that opens:

"A little more than forty years ago there came out of the wonderful abysses of the Gulf of Mexico a storm. Far in the south it had begun, a steady, grateful breeze that blew coolness on the gem-blue swells, that drove the ships along with merry sounds and made the sea-world most beautiful." The first notice of the unusual was "one great noon, when the blue abyss of day seemed to yawn over the world more deeply than ever before, a sudden change touched the quicksilver smoothness of the waters—the swaying shadow of a vast motion. First the whole sea-circle appeared to rise up bodily at the sky; the horizon-curve lifted to a straight line; the line darkened and approached—a monstrous wrinkle, an immeasurable fold of green water, moving swift as a cloud-shadow." And then the wind "blew in enormous sighs, dying away at regular intervals as if pausing to draw breath. All night it blew; and in each pause could be heard the answering moan of the rising surf—as if the rhythm of the sea molded itself after the rhythm of the air— as if the waving of the water responded precisely to the waving of the wind—a billow for every puff, a surge for every sigh."

The gale grew, and "faster and faster overhead flew the tatters of torn cloud. The gray morning of the 9th wanly lighted a surf that appalled the best swimmers; the sea was one wild agony of foam, the gale was rending off the heads of the waves and veiling the horizon with a fog of salt spray. Shadowless and gray the day remained; there were mad bursts of lashing rain. Evening brought with it a sinister apparition, looming through a cloud-rent in the west—a scarlet sun in a green sky. His sanguine disk, appallingly magnified, seemed barred like the body of a belted planet. A moment, and the crimson spectre vanished; and the moonless night came.

"Then the wind grew weird. It ceased being a breath; it became a voice moaning across the world—hooting—uttering nightmare sounds—Whoo! whoo! whoo! and with each stupendous owl-cry the mooing of the waters seemed to deapen, more and more abysmally, through all the hours of darkness. From the northwest the breakers of the bay began to roll high over the sandy slope, into the salines; the village bayou broadened to a bellowing flood. So the tumult swelled and the turmoil heightened until morning—a morning of gray gloom and whistling rain. Rain of bursting clouds and rain of wind-blown brine from the great spuming agony of the sea."

Into this awful scenery the author introduces a ship and dancing party, and intense human interest.

The local office of the United States weather bureau received the first message in regard to this storm 4 p. m., September 4. It was then moving northward over Cuba. Each day thereafter until the West India hurricane struck Galveston bulletins were posted by the United States weather bureau officials giving the progressive movement of the disturbance. On the 6th the tropical storm had moved up over southern Florida, thence it changed its course and moved westward in the gulf and was central off the Louisiana coast on the morning of the 7th, when northwest storm warnings were ordered up for Galveston. On the morning of the 8th the storm had increased in energy and was still moving westward and at 10:10 a. m. the northwest storm warnings were changed to northeast. Then was when the entire island was in apparent danger. The telephone at the United States weather bureau office was busy until the wires went down; many could not get the use of telephone on account of line being busy and people came to the office in droves inquiring about the weather. About the following information was given to all alike: "The tropical storm is now in the gulf south or southeast of us; the winds will shift to the northeast, east and probably to the southeast by morning, increasing in energy. If you live in low parts of city move to high grounds." Prepare for the worst, which is yet to come, were the only consoling words of the weather bureau officials from morning until night, when no information could be given out. The local forecast official and one observer were out taking tide observations about 4 a. m. of the 7th. One observer stayed at the office through the entire storm. Another left after he had sent the last telegram which could be gotten off, it being filed at Houston over the telephone wires about 4 p. m. Over half the city was covered with tide water by 3 p. m. One of the observers left for home at about 4 p. m., after he had done all he could, as telephone wires were then going down. The entire city was then covered with water from one to five feet deep. On his way home he saw hundreds of people and he informed all he could that the worst was yet to come, and people who could not hear his voice on account of being quite a distance off he motioned for them to go to town.

The lowest barometer by observation was 28.53 inches at 8:10 p. m., but the barometer went slightly lower than this, according to the barograph. The tide at about 8 p. m. stood from six to fifteen feet deep throughout the city, with the wind blowing slightly over a hundred miles an hour. The highest wind velocity by the anemometer was ninety-six miles from the northeast at 5:15 p. m., and the extreme velocity was a hundred miles at about this time. The anemometer blew down at this time and the wind was higher later, when it shifted to the east and southeast, when the observer estimates that it blew a gale of between 110 and 120 miles. There was an apparent tidal wave of from four to six feet about 8 p. m., when the wind shifted to the east and southeast that carried off many houses which had stood the tide up to that time.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORM IN THE STRICKEN CITY.

The first heard of the storm that overwhelmed the city of Galveston was in the central south of the island of San Domingo, and it was ten days reaching Oklahomo. The weather bureau says, accompanying the official weather map of the hurricane north, that it would have struck the Carolina coast and passed north if it had not been for a "low" area over Ohio, including the part of West Virginia next Ohio, and the southwest corner of Pennsylvania. In other and official terms, "this storm was a deviation from the normal which would have curved backward." If it had not been for the "deviation from the normal," owing to the Ohio depression, Galveston would have escaped. The disturbance, first detected September 1, struck Galveston September 8, and was another week in disappearing, showing in its course over the Great Lakes to St. Johns destructive energy.

However, there are differences of opinion about the origin of the storm. Dr. J. H. Fry, an observer of the weather for fifteen years, has a theory that the storm which visited Galveston originated in the vicinity of Port Eads, and was not the hurricane which was reported on the Florida coast. On that day a storm was reported moving in a westerly direction from Key West. It moved up the Atlantic coast. The Mallory steamer Comal ran into it, and reported a great number of wrecks. The supposition that this was the same storm that reached Galveston by doubling back on its tracks, he thinks, is a mistake. The first knowledge of the Galveston storm was the report of a wind velocity of forty-eight miles an hour at Port Eads on Saturday evening, September 8, and the full fury was not expended at Galveston until the next day. High winds were also reported at Pass Christian. The Port Eads storm, Dr. Fry thinks, was a distinct storm from that of Florida, and was confined to the gulf.

There are two theories about the cause of the center of the storm, one that it crossed Florida and the other that after crossing Cuba, through the province of Havana, it did not touch the continent until reaching Galveston.

Soon after the news was on the world of wires that the city of Galveston was suffering severely from a Gulf storm, and as other towns reported the astounding and desolating force of the gale, Galveston became a silent city. No communication of any kind being received for a long day and night, the most authoritative and urgent messages were sent as far as the wires would carry them, and the tempest was crashing through the cities of Texas, northward bound. But the city built on the sand by the sea was entirely cut off. There was intense anxiety, and the midnight watchers heard that the coastward bridges were all gone and a messenger had succeeded in crossing the bay in a schooner. He gave out a story that seemed beyond belief and exaggerated out of the resemblance to truth, but the true tale of half the horrors had not been told. When the extent of the disaster was approximately known it was certain that the desolation wrought included the destruction of thousands of lives and millions of property, making the disaster one of the most awful in the records of memorable calamities, illustrating the appalling forces of nature, the tremendous possibilities of the atmosphere that is the breath of life, and the envelope of the planet we inhabit.

For a time, as the hurricane swept northward, there was a vast area filled with apprehension, for the fact that Galveston seemed to have been swallowed by the Gulf was carried before all the wires were swept away, and the gale as it advanced extinguished intelligence of its own progress, and millions awaited the worst that might happen, while the stricken could at best only themselves obey the injunction, "Peace, be still," for there was nothing to do for the bravest but to be composed and wait. This dispatch gives an idea of the deadly work of the hurricane and its horror and mystery:

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 9.—The office of the Western Union Telegraph Company in this city is besieged with thousands of inquiries as to the extent and result of the terrible storm that cut off Galveston, Texas, from communication with the rest of the world. Rumors of the most direful nature come from that part of Texas, some of them even intimating that Galveston has been entirely wrecked and that the bay is covered with the dead bodies of its residents.

For weeks the fate of the young men was not known. It is remarkable that there were so many telegraphers missing, but it is a part of their training of duty to hold their positions, and they stay where their work is done as long as there is a possibility of usefulness, whether assailed by flood or fire.

Mr. Nixon, superintendent of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railroad, of which Galveston is a terminal, who was in Chicago when the hurricane's death-shade swept the south, and after he heard the outline facts of the ruin wrought, said:

"The first vessel to leave Galveston after the storm contained a delegation to inform the outside world of the catastrophe and to ask for help. It consisted of Lieutenants J. J. Delaney, E. G. Cox, E. L. Porch and two newspaper correspondents. Their boat was the steam yacht Pherabe, owned by Colonel W. L. Moody, and the crew was made up of volunteers, Lawrence V. Elder, superintendent of the Galveston cotton mills, acting as engineer, and all hands being stokers. The trip across the bay was one of the most tempestuous imaginable. The engineer declined to take the boat any further than Texas City, declaring that she could not live in such a sea."

Mr. Nixon's telegrams referred mainly to the havoc wrought on his road. These contained news that the last passenger train left Galveston Saturday morning on the Santa Fe system. Since then traffic had been entirely stopped. Mr. Nixon was greatly worried that nothing had been heard from passenger train No. 5, which was due in Galveston on Saturday night at 9 o'clock. It was last reported at a small station forty miles north on the mainland, and nothing had been heard from it. He thought it possible that his train was caught by the hurricane and was wrecked, either on the mainland near the gulf or on the bridge.

This incident strikingly shows the startling chances railroad men were led to take in so broad a sweep of overwhelming destruction. Mr. Nixon said while waiting for news that he did not believe that the business portion of the city suffered much, because most of the big blocks are new, of brick and stone, and of the most modern architecture.

"I cannot understand that no more accurate news has been received from Galveston. Even if all the railway

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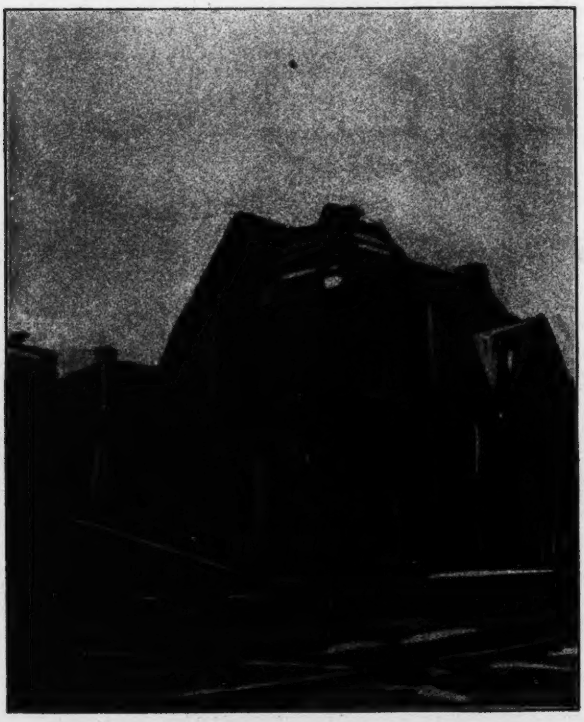
CHICAGO RELIEF TRAIN.



RUINS OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

and telegraphic communication between Galveston Island and the mainland has been interrupted, we have a cable under the bay which runs to Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico. There should be no difficulty in obtaining a full account of events."

He could not see that it was possible the disaster was so crushing. The gulf cable was all right, but the house ashore was destroyed and the city wrecked by wind and flooded. Sunday night the Chicago Chronicle had this intelligible account of the storm that gathered on the deep and its characteristic course and phenomena: "Telegraphic communication with Galveston, Corpus Christi, Palestine, Fort Worth and Amarilla, the five other observation stations in the storm-swept section of the State, is out of question, as the heavy winds have leveled the wires and played havoc with telegraph instruments. The wind at Abilene was blowing from a northwesterly direction, while the breezes swept over Vicksburg, Miss., at a twenty-six mile rate. This, according to the weather observers, tends to prove that the storm center has moved inland from off the gulf coast."

All that could be said Monday morning was that the storm had been slowly gathering force in the West Indies for several days, and not until it had assumed the dignity of a veritable West Indian hurricane did it venture north in the direction of the Gulf of Mexico. Its course had been extraordinary and, in light of past events, the weather bureau authorities were at a loss to account for its strange behavior.

Instead of sweeping across the Caribbean Sea and into the coast of Florida, then taking its course up the Atlantic coast, as all its predecessors have done, the hurricane cut out a path for itself. It did not swing off the Florida coast on its way to the northeast, but drove directly across the full length of the Gulf of Mexico, striking with full force the coast of Texas.

The great majority of the tropical storms in the past have struck the Florida coast and then lost themselves in the Atlantic Ocean; others have kept their course on up the coast, but the present storm did not follow the beaten paths.

The force of the hurricane was abating, however. The weather authorities believed that its strength was spent and that within the next day or so reports would begin to come in over the repaired telegraph wires. The direction and mildness of the winds at places near to the path of the storm indicated that the worst was over and that the hurricane was losing intensity.

Richard Spillane, a well-known newspaper man of Galveston, reached Houston September 10, after terrible experiences, and gave this account of the Galveston disaster:

"One of the most awful tragedies of modern times has visited Galveston. The city is in ruins, and the dead will number probably 10,000. I am just from the city, having been commissioned by the Mayor and citizens' committee to get in touch with the outside world and appeal for help. Houston was the nearest point at which working telegraph instruments could be found, the wires, as well as nearly all the buildings between here and the Gulf of Mexico, being wrecked. When I left Galveston, shortly before noon yesterday, the people were organizing for the prompt burial of the dead, distribution of food, and all necessary work after a period of disaster.

"The wreck of Galveston was brought about by a tempest so terrible that no words can adequately describe its intensity, and by a flood which turned the city into a raging sea. The weather-bureau records show that the wind attained a velocity of eighty-four miles an hour, when the measuring instruments blew away, so it is impossible to tell what was the maximum.

"The storm began at 2 o'clock Saturday morning. Previous to that a great storm had been raging in the gulf and the tide was very high. The wind at first came from the north, and was in direct opposition to the force from the gulf. While the storm in the gulf piled the water upon the beach side of the city, the north wind piled the water from the bay on to the bay part of the city.

"About noon it became evident that the city was going to be visited with disaster. Hundreds of residences along the beach front were hurriedly abandoned, the families fleeing to dwellings in higher portions of the city. Every home was opened to the refugees, black or white. The winds were rising constantly and it rained torrents. The wind was so fierce that the rain cut like a knife.

"By 3 o'clock the waters of the gulf and bay met, and by dark the entire city was submerged. The flooding of the electric-light plant and the gas plants left the city in darkness. To go into the streets was to court death. The wind was then at cyclonic velocity, roofs, cisterns, portions of buildings, telegraph poles and walls were falling and the noise of the winds and the crashing of the buildings was terrifying in the extreme. The wind and waters rose steadily from dark until 1:45 o'clock Sunday morning. During all this time the people of Galveston were like rats in traps. The highest portion of the city was four to five feet under water, while in the great majority of cases the streets were submerged to a depth of ten feet. To leave a house was to drown. To remain was to court death in the wreckage.

"Such a night of agony has seldom been equaled. Without apparent reason the waters suddenly began to subside at 1:45 a. m. Within twenty minutes they had gone down two feet, and before daylight the streets were practically freed of the flood waters. In the meantime the wind had veered to the southeast. Very few, if any, buildings escaped injury. There is hardly a habitable dry house in the city. When the people who had escaped death went out at daylight to view the work of the tempest and the floods they saw the most horrible sights imaginable. In the three blocks from Avenue N to Avenue P, in Tremont street, I saw eight bodies. Four corpses were in one yard. The whole of the business front for three blocks in from the gulf was stripped of every vestige of habitation, the dwellings, the great bathing establishments, the Olympia and every structure having been either carried out to sea or its ruins piled in a pyramid far into the town, according to the vagaries of the tempest."

An Associated Press dispatch of September 10 said: The city of Galveston is wrapped in sackcloth and ashes. She sits beside her unnumbered dead and refuses to be comforted. Her sorrow and suffering are beyond description. Her grief is unspeakable.

Friday and Saturday, happy, buoyant with a bright and prosperous season opening auspiciously; last night stricken down and crushed by a misfortune that seldom befalls any community and her inexpressible anguish appeals for help to bury her beloved dead, feed her stricken

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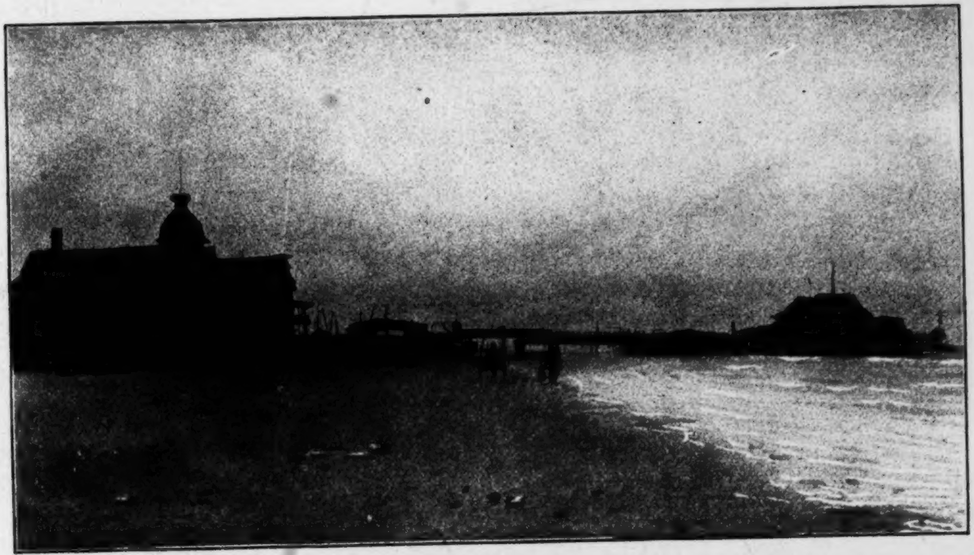
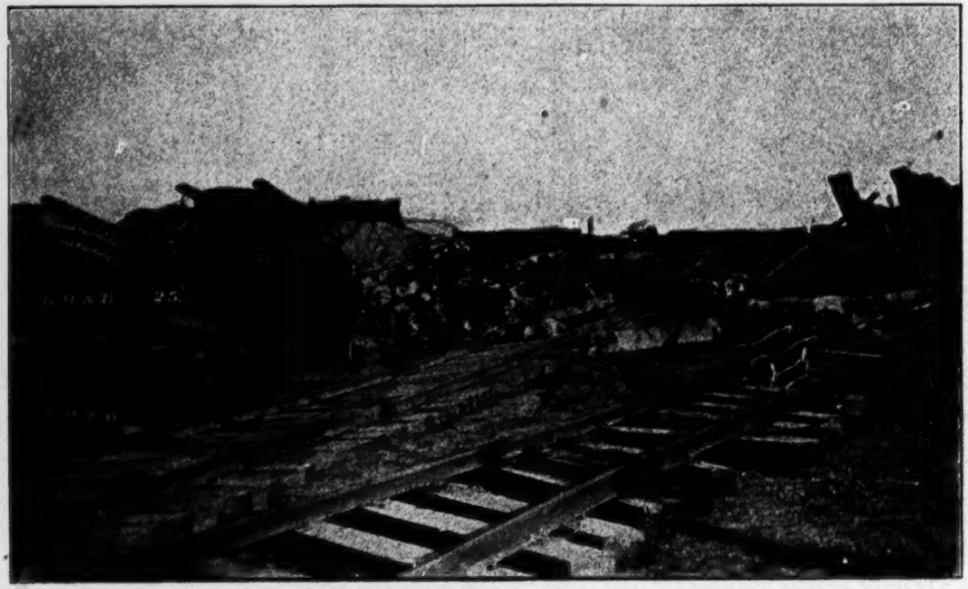


GALVESTON BEACH, LOOKING EAST.



VIRGINIA POINT WRECKAGE, SHOWING CHARACTER OF DEBRIS ALONG SHORE.

and hungry and afford temporary relief for those who, almost in the twinkling of an eye, lost homes, loved ones and the savings of a lifetime.

The city is dark, desolate and dreary. A pall has fallen over the living. They meet, clasp hands tearfully, gaze into each other's eyes and pass on. It is pitiful and pathetic beyond expression.

The terrific cyclone that produced such a distressing disaster was predicted by the United States Weather Bureau to strike Galveston Friday night and created much apprehension, but the night passed without the prediction being verified. The conditions, however, were ominous, the danger signal was displayed on the flagstaff of the weather bureau, and shipping was warned. The southeastern sky was somber, the gulf beat high on the beach with that dismal thunder roar that presages trouble, while the air had that stillness that betokens a storm. From out the north, in the middle watches of the night, the wind began to come in spiteful puffs, fitful at first, but increased in volume as the day dawned. By 10 o'clock Saturday morning it was almost a gale; at noon it had increased in velocity and was driving the rain, whipping the pools and tearing things up in a lively manner, yet no serious apprehension was felt by residents remote from the encroachments of the gulf. Residents near the beach were aroused to the danger that threatened their homes. Stupendous waves began to send their waters far inland, and the people began a hasty exit to secure places in the city. Two gigantic forces were at work.

The gulf force drove the waves high upon the beach and the gale from the northeast pitched the waters against and over the wharves, choking the sewers and flooding the city from that quarter. The streets rapidly began to fill with water; communication became difficult and the helpless people were caught between two powerful elements, while the winds howled and rapidly increased in velocity.

Business suddenly came to a standstill, car traffic was impossible and all those that had homes and could reach them, either by conveyance or otherwise, hastily left their places of business and offered fabulous prices for any kind of a vehicle that would carry them to their loved ones. Railroad communication was cut off soon after noon, the track being washed out; wire facilities completely failed at 3 o'clock and Galveston was isolated from the world. The wind momentarily increased in velocity, while the waters rapidly rose and the night drew on with dreaded apprehension depicted in the face of every one. Already hundreds and thousands were bravely struggling with their families against the mad waves and fierce winds for places of refuge.

The public school buildings, court house, hotels, in fact, any place that offered apparently a safe refuge from the elements, became crowded to their utmost. Darkness settled on the city like a pall, while the wind shrieked with frightful velocity and the rain fell in torrents. Two minutes of 6:30 p. m., just before the anemometer blew away, the gale had reached the frightful velocity of 100 miles an hour. Buildings that had hitherto stood, tumbled and crashed, carrying death and destruction to hundreds. Roofs whistled through the air, windows were driven in with a crash or shattered by flying slate. Telegraph, telephone and electric-light poles, with their masses of wires, were snapped off like pipe stems. The streets became a mass of wires; water communications were broken, making water and food impossible to obtain.

What velocity the wind attained after the anemometer blew off is purely a matter of speculation. The heavy detonation of falling buildings and the piercing cries for help broke the air and the roar of the elements. Dead bodies floated in the streets. All this made a night that will never be obliterated from the memories of the searchers.

The lowest point touched by the barometer in the press correspondent's office, which was filled with frightened men and women, was 28.04½. This was about 7:30 p. m. It then began to rise very slowly and by 10 p. m. had reached 28.09, the wind gradually subsiding, and by midnight the storm had passed.

The water, which had reached a depth of eight feet on the Strand at 10 o'clock p. m., began to ebb and ran out very rapidly, and by 5 a. m. the crown of the street was free of water. Thus passed the most frightful and destructive storm which ever devastated the coast of Texas in the memory of man.

The city was filled at night with bereft, destitute and homeless, while a visit to the temporary morgue shows, by the fitful glare of lanterns and candles, stretched rigid in death, hundreds of all ages, nationalities and conditions. Whole families are side by side, from the father and mother to the innocent babe. Men on the verge of despair are searching for their loved ones amid the slime and waters in the streets, in alleys, by-ways and under the debris of their recently happy homes. Mothers, daughters and sons are also engaged in the grewsome search for lost dear ones, while others are bordering on the verge of insanity over the appalling bereavement that has suddenly come upon them.

Samuel A. Nolley, telegraph operator, despite all his efforts to save them, lost his wife and three children and does not know where their bodies are. When speaking of the matter he trembled like an aspen leaf. Leon J. Lackey is another telegraph operator whose wife and two children and two sisters are lying in the morgue to-night. The only member remaining of the family is Eva Lackey, who was saved by remaining in the telegraph building.

Captain Peete's house was crushed in by another falling upon it, and he lost his wife and six children.

Jesse W. Toothacker, contractor and builder, lost wife and daughter.

Joe B. Aguillo, chairman of the County Democratic Executive Committee, with two children, was drowned.

Richard M. Peck, city engineer, drowned in an effort to save his family.

And so the list could be continued. The city beach in the southwestern part of the city was under ten feet of water, and the barracks, located there, are destroyed, the soldiers having a miraculous escape from drowning. Many substantial residences in the western and southwestern part of the city were destroyed, and the death list there large. A heavy mortality list was reported among residents down the island and adjacent to the coast on the mainland, as both were deeply flooded and the houses were to a great extent insecure.

The heaviest losers by the storm will be the Galveston Wharf Company, the Southern Pacific Railway and Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railway Company, and the Texas Lone Star Flouring Company. It will be days before anything like an approximation of the loss of life and property can be had. The loss in the first will be frightful and the second enormous.

On September 11 news from the same source was: The telegraph offices are in a plight. The wires were down in every direction Sunday morning. There was only one wire out of Houston Saturday night, and that was in use by the Associated Press. It went down at 2:30 o'clock.

Gangs of men were put out by both the Postal and the Western Union Sunday afternoon, and the two companies now have a force of fully 400 men at work straightening up poles and stringing wires. Sunday night the Western Union had three wires out by way of Dallas and St. Louis. Ten thousand people tried to get telegrams out to Galveston, and expressed themselves in various ways when they found they could not. Monday night the conditions had improved as to wires, and both companies could move business north and west, but not east or south. A number of Galveston newspaper men came up here on a tug in the morning, and each of them had from twenty to 200 messages in his pockets from people in Galveston to those on the outside. Later a tug came up, and this brought more than 2,000 messages. It looked as if half the United States were trying to send messages into Houston, and as quick as a wire was reported in shape it was "quaded," and men were put to work getting messages out and receiving them.

The correspondents of outside newspapers were piling matter up and at midnight the Postal refused to receive any more "special." The Western Union continued to handle them, subject to delay. At 4 o'clock this morning some of them were still hanging on the hooks.

At both offices extra clerks have been put on until there is no room for them to work more. The messages continue to pile up and some correspondents are already filing matter to be got out to-night. The wires are being put into position with remarkable quickness and it is probable that "specials" will be handled out to-night with greater ease.

Every person arriving from Galveston brings messages to friends and relatives from those unable to get away. Some of the messages are glad tidings, for they tell that the senders are alive, but many of them tell of death.

The official news came slowly and more than confirmed the wildest and most alarming first dispatches. Professor Willis Moore, chief of the weather bureau, said September 10 that the West Indies storm which developed into a hurricane after reaching the United States was central in Oklahoma on that day and was rapidly losing its destructive character, the wind at Oklahoma City being reported as blowing at thirty miles an hour. It probably will pass into history as one of the most disastrous as well as peculiar storms on record.

On the same day Chief Moore received the following telegram from G. L. Vaughan, manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Houston, Tex.:

> First news from Galveston just received by train, which could get no closer to the bay shore than six miles, where prairie was strewn with debris and dead bodies. About 200 corpses counted from train. Large steamer stranded two miles inland. Nothing could be seen of Galveston. Loss of life and property undoubtedly most appalling. Weather clear and bright here, with gentle southeast winds. G. L. VAUGHAN.

"I fear," said Chief Moore, "that we have not yet begun to get any idea of the loss of life, not only at Galveston, but along the gulf coast generally."

The first loss of life reported at Galveston was that at Rietter's restaurant, on the Strand, where three of the most prominent citizens of the town lost their lives and where many others were maimed and imprisoned. The dead were Stanley G. Spencer, Charles Kellner and Richard Lord. These three were sitting at a table on the first floor, making light of the danger, jocularly telling each other that they would stay in the city. Suddenly the roof caved in above them and came down with a crash into the saloon, killing all of them. Those in the lower part of the building escaped with their lives in a miraculous manner. The falling roof and flooring were caught on the bar, the people standing near it dodging and resting under the debris. It required several hours of hard work to get them out. The negro waiter, who was sent for a doctor, was drowned at the corner of Strand and Twenty-first street and his body was found a short time after.

On Avenue M several women were imprisoned in a residence by the water and debris. They were rescued by a party headed by Captain M. Theriot. Several of them were badly hurt, but they are still living.

Coming back to Tremont street, and going out to Avenue P by climbing over the piles of lumber which had once been residences, four bodies were observed in one yard and seven in one room in another place, while as many as sixty bodies were to be seen lying singly and in groups in the space of one block.

Notable among the sufferers was Pat O'Keefe, who has for years kept a popular resort on the beach, and who is known to every visitor to Galveston. As the old man came trudging along he was bemoaning the loss of his wife and everything he had on earth. Where his resort stood on the beach facing the gulf there is not a vestige of building to be seen. The great bathing pavilion known as the Pagoda, the big pleasure resort known as the Olympia, and Murdoch's bathhouse are all swept away into the gulf. There were few bodies on the beach. They had been swept into the gulf or driven up into the rubbish by the waves. Only half a dozen of them were in sight from the site where the workers were.

The rain began to pour down in torrents and the party went back down Tremont street toward the city. The misery of the poor people, all mangled and hurt, pressing to the city for medical attention was greatly augmented by this rain. Stopping at a small grocery store to avoid the rain, the party found it packed with injured. The provisions in the store had been ruined and there was nothing for the numerous customers who came hungry and tired. The place was a hospital, no longer a store.

Farther down the street a restaurant, which had been submerged by water, was serving out soggy crackers and cheese to the hungry crowd. That was all that was left. They were soaked full of water and the people who were fortunate enough to get those sandwiches were hungry and made no complaint.

At 11:30 Sunday morning the water had receded from the higher portions of the city, but the streets near the bay front still contained from two and one-half to three feet of water. The station building had been selected as a place of refuge by a large number of people. All windows in the building and a portion of the wall at the top were blown in and the occupants expected every moment to be their last. But escape was impossible, for about the building the water must have been fully twelve feet deep. A couple of small shanties were floating about, but there was no means of making a raft or getting a boat.

So far as can be learned up to 10 o'clock on the night of September 11, approximately 800 bodies had been picked up in what can properly be termed the Galveston storm belt. Seven hundred of these bodies were gathered up by railroad relief forces operating along the coast for a distance of about twenty miles above and below Virginia Point. These bodies were reported divided between Alvin, Texas City, Seabrook, Dickinson, Virginia Point, Hitchcock and on up toward Houston. Bulletins received in Dallas railroad headquarters stated that advance workers of relief parties penetrated across the bay to Galveston Island and sent couriers back to the mainland.

These couriers reported that sixty dead bodies were found in one block on Tremont street and that 600 corpses were at one place in the city and 400 in another. They stated that the situation in Galveston as far as they had been able to go was terrible beyond description. The town appeared to be one vast pile of wreckage, except in isolated spots, where morgues and hospitals were improvised. Many of the persons who were injured in the hurricane were dying for lack of care and for want of fresh water. They stated that fresh water and medicines were needed at once or the survivors of the storm would perish.

The statement was also made that there was little food fit to eat, that everything was soaked with salt sea water and that starvation threatened the storm victims who were fortunate enough to escape alive. There was also danger of looting, and Adjutant-General Scurry, who arrived on the island by boat from Houston, called on the militia companies of the state for men to do patrol duty. It was understood that the island was to be placed under martial law temporarily until order could be brought out of chaos.

The situation in Galveston September 12 was that all attempts at burying the dead had been abandoned and bodies were being disposed of in the swiftest manner possible. Scores of them were burned and hundreds were taken out to sea and thrown overboard. The safety of the living was the paramount question and nothing that would tend to prevent an outbreak of an awful pestilence was being neglected. It was found that large numbers of the bodies which had been previously thrown into the bay were washed back upon the shore and the situation was thus rendered worse than before they were first taken in the barges and thrown into the water. It will never be known how many lost their lives.

Efforts were made to pick up the dead bodies that floated in with the tide, having once been cast into the sea. This was awful work, and few men were found with sufficiently strong nerves to last at it more than thirty minutes at a time.

All of the bodies were badly decomposed, swollen to enormous proportions, and of so dark a hue that it was impossible to tell except by the hair, when any hair was visible, whether the corpses were those of white people or of negroes.

Determined efforts by local authorities and military were bringing about a semblance of order, although the situation continued most discouraging. The work of disposing of the dead progressed slowly, even with every available man and horse engaged in hauling the bodies to the gulf.

Mayor Jones repeated his assertion that the number of victims would reach 5,000, and many estimates were as high as 10,000.

It was learned that of seventy telegraph operators employed by both companies in the city only three escaped death in the flood.

The stench from the decomposing human corpses and carcasses of animals, as well as from the slime and filth left in the streets by the receding waters, made the work among the dead a fearful task. The men handling the bodies were changed every few hours, and many were overcome while engaged in the grewsome task.

The poisoned air reaped a harvest of death, scores of those injured or made sick by the effects of the storm succumbing as a result. Every effort was made to get the women and children away from the town before a general epidemic should break out.

Boat loads of lime and other disinfectants were brought in and used where most needed. The lack of horses was a serious feature of the situation, as better progress could have been made in carting off the dead had more animals to draw carts been available.

All attempts to identify the dead were abandoned. The majority of the bodies were decomposed beyond recognition, so, except when some article in the pockets gave the name, the body was thrown into the gulf unrecorded.

Fifty men caught robbing the dead were killed. It was believed summary execution would put a stop to the practice. The robbers had become bold, cutting off the fingers and ears of the dead women to obtain jewels. One man arrested had in his pockets twenty-three fingers hacked from bodies, on each of which was a valuable ring.

A special session of the Legislature was asked to provide funds for the destitute. Contributions were coming in rapidly, it being reported that over $100,000 already was in the hands of the committees.

Quartermaster Baxter's report to headquarters at Washington advised the abandoning of all government works at Galveston. He said, in his opinion, Galveston was destroyed beyond its ability to recover. This did not dishearten local business men, however, for they declared the city will be rebuilt in spite of its losses.

The sightseers and those who did not come to help were refused admittance to Galveston, as there already were too many persons there for the meager supply of food, and half of those in the city were shelterless. The water supply had not been restored.

A new census was suggested as a means of learning the actual loss in life and property. In no other way can anything like an accurate estimate of the casualties be made.

Relief committees from the interior of the State commenced to arrive, and as usual they were much too large in numbers and, to a certain extent, in the way of the people of Galveston and an impediment to the prompt relief which they themselves were so desirous of offering. Some of the relief expeditions had committees large enough to consume 10 per cent of the provisions which they brought. The relief sent from Beaumont, Tex., arrived on the 12th and was distributed as fast as possible. It consisted of two carloads of ice and provisions, and came by way of Port Arthur. The great trouble seemed to be that those people who were in greatest need, through no fault of those in charge of the distribution, were the last to receive the aid. Many of them were so badly maimed and wounded that they were unable to apply to the relief committees, and the committees were so overwhelmed by direct applications that they were unable to send out messengers.

The wounded everywhere needed the attention of physicians, and despite every effort it was feared a number would die because of the sheer physical impossibility to afford them the aid necessary to save their lives. Every man in Galveston able to walk and work was engaged in the work of relief with all the energy of which he was capable. But, despite their utmost endeavors, they could not keep up with the increase of the miserable conditions which surrounded them. Water could be obtained by able-bodied men, but with great difficulty. Dr. Wallace Shaw, of Houston, who was busily engaged in the relief work, said there were 200 people at St. Mary's Infirmary without water. They had been making coffee of salt water and using that as their only beverage.

Sharp and painful contrasts in human nature were brought out by the duties which devolved upon stricken Galveston. John Sealy, of Hutchings, Sealy & Co., is the richest young man in the South. Safford Wheeler is his associate, a clubman, and a favorite in society. These two men were among those who put lime and other disinfectants upon themselves, went into the morgue, and worked for hours in the most dangerous task of all—the handling of the corpses. It was work from which the stoutest hearted shrank. These young men volunteered for it.

The people of Galveston as a whole dealt heroically with their great emergency. Exceptions were not made. Some exercise of force was deemed necessary in the hours of confusion which followed the awakening. The city has a considerable element of negroes. When the citizens organized for the burial of the dead some of the negroes held back and refused to help. "We want you," a white man said to a negro. "I don't have to work," was the reply. A shot rang out. A little later the lesson was repeated. After that everybody, when called upon, took up the duty assigned to him.

At a meeting of the relief committee reports were received from the various wards. The chairman called for armed men to assist in getting labor to bury the dead and clear the wreckage, and arrangements were made to supply this demand. There were plenty of volunteers for this service, but an insufficiency of arms. The committee rejected a proposition of trying to pay for work, letting the laborers secure their own rations. It was decided to go ahead impressing men into service, if necessary, issuing orders for rations only to those who worked or were unable to work.

People told of getting out of their houses just in the nick of time. They told of seeing people struck by flying timbers and crushed to death before their eyes. One man was cut off from the members of his family just as he thought he had them rescued, and saw them sink beneath the water on the other side of a barrier. He turned in and helped to rescue others who were in peril. One woman carried her five months' old babe in her arms from her house only to see a beam strike the child on the head, killing it instantly. She suffered a broken leg and bruised body. Eighteen persons were caught in the Grothger grocery store, and it is presumed that all were lost, as many have been reported dead who were known to have been in the building, which was swept away entirely. The firemen buried eight persons south of Avenue O. The graves were marked with pieces of garments worn by the persons.

Will Love, a printer on the Houston Post, who formerly lived in Galveston, swam the bay on Monday to reach his family, whom he found to be alive in Galveston. He swam from pier to pier on the railroad bridges and at each he rested.

In the Bolivar lighthouse, which stands 130 feet high on Bolivar Point, across the bay from Galveston, about 125 persons sought refuge from the storm on Saturday evening. Many were those whose homes had been swept away by the hurricane and others were residents of Galveston who had come to the bay shore in their endeavors to reach Galveston and their families. Among the latter was County Road Superintendent Kelso. Mr. Kelso stated, when he reached Galveston on Monday afternoon, that the 100 or more refugees spent an awful night in the lighthouse on Saturday night. The supply of fresh water was soon exhausted and an effort was made to secure water by catching the rain water in buckets suspended at the top of the lighthouse. The experiment was a success in a way, but it demonstrated a remarkable incident to the force of the wind. The bucket was soon filled with water, but it was salty and could not be used. Several attempts finally resulted in a fresh water supply to quench the thirst of the excited refugees. The salt water spray was shot skyward over 130 feet, and mingled with the rain water that fell into the buckets.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DREADFUL BURDEN OF THE DEAD.

In Galveston, two days after the hurricane struck the city, the bright moonlight enabled the rescuing party to continue by night their work of relieving the injured and recovering the bodies of the dead. No reliable estimate as to the number of killed and drowned could be made. Estimates of the missing range all the way from 1,500 to 10,000 persons in Galveston alone. Many bodies were carried out to sea by the receding waters, never to be recovered.

While the search along the devastated mainland, which was swept by the waters of the bay for a distance of six miles inland, was kept up, it will never be known how many were lost, owing to the fact that there is such a large territory of shore line and storm-swept country to be gone over. All night long searching parties walked the shore in search for dead bodies and many were recovered, but not identified.

September 11 a dispatch was sent from Galveston, via Houston, containing this shocking information:

Ten ghouls—eight negroes and two whites—were caught after robbing bodies. Their pockets were filled with fingers and ears, cut from corpses. These pieces of flesh bore rings and jewels. The negroes were shot down.

In all about fifty ghouls, despoilers of the dead, have been shot down, and a negro who attacked a woman has been killed. Martial law reigns here. Fiends who, like

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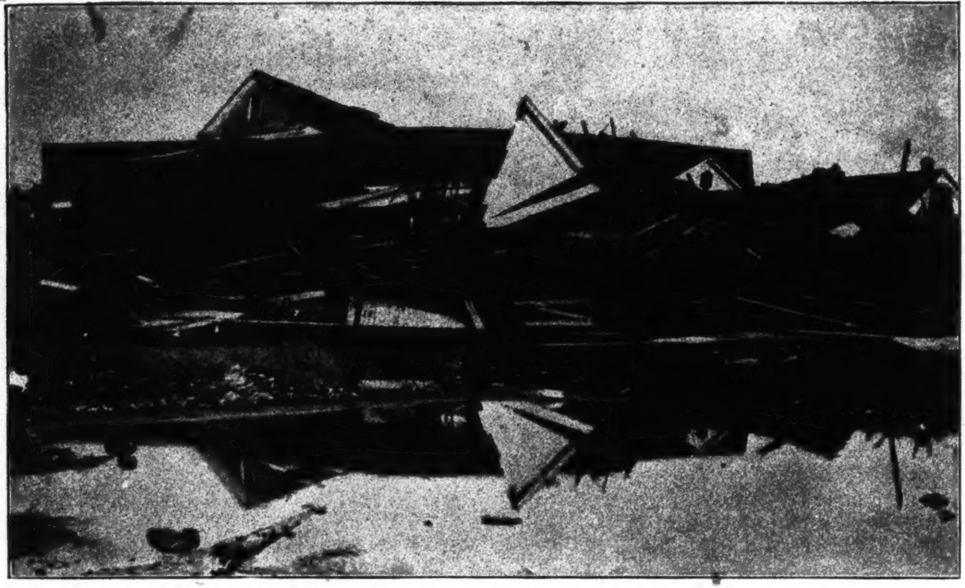
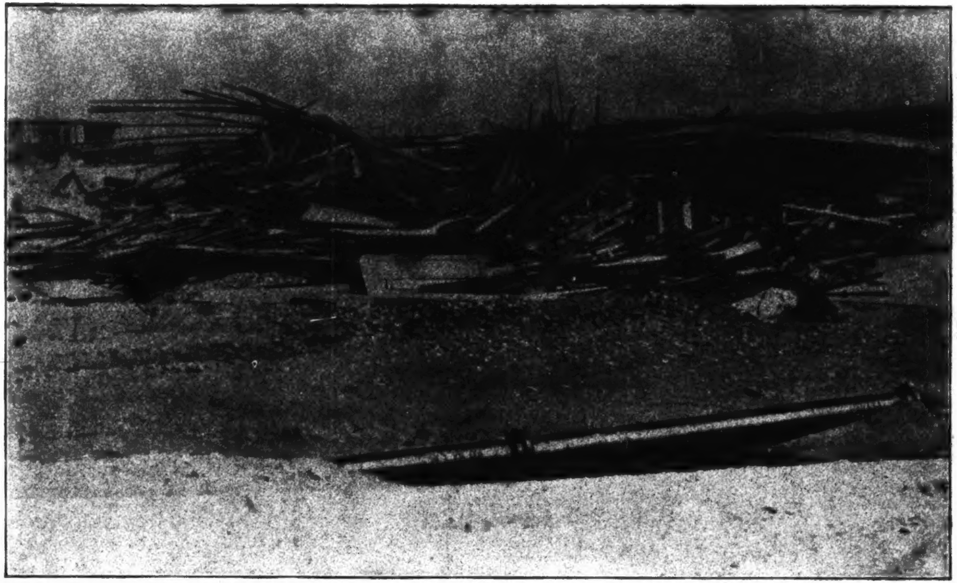


WRECKAGE AT SIXTEENTH AND M STREETS.



VIEW FROM BEACH.

buzzards, thrive at such times as this, are shown no mercy; are given no trial. The orders are to shoot them down and these orders are obeyed.

A horde of negro rowdies attacked a squad of soldiers guarding St. Mary's Hospital Monday night. Hundreds of shots were fired and sixteen negroes were killed. Every hour during the night other shootings of negro thieves were reported at headquarters. Tuesday morning a negro attacked a white woman and murdered her in the most cold-blooded manner. The soldiers caught him and blew his head off. Reports of many similar cases have reached headquarters. The public is used to terrible crimes. It is almost unmoved by these reports.

Eight marauders caught looting the bodies and wrecking stores Tuesday night were killed by the soldiers. The pillagers have become bold, cutting off fingers to secure diamond rings.

September 12th this was dispatched from the scene of horror:

The ghouls were holding an orgie over the dead. The majority of these men were negroes, but there were also whites, who took part in the desecration of the dead. Some of them were natives and some had been allowed to go over from the mainland under the guise of "relief" work. Not only did they rob the dead, but they mutilated bodies in order to secure their ghoulish booty. A party of ten negroes was returning from a looting expedition. They had stripped corpses of all valuables, and the pockets of some of the looters were fairly bulging out with fingers of the dead, which had been cut off because they were so swollen the rings could not be removed. Incensed at this desecration and mutilation of the dead the looters were shot down and it has been determined that all found in the act of robbing the dead shall be summarily shot.

During the robbing of the dead not only were fingers cut off, but ears were stripped from the head in order to secure jewels of value. A few government troops who survived have been assisting in patroling the city. Private citizens have also endeavored to prevent the robbing of the dead and on several occasions have killed the offenders. It is said that at one time eight were killed and at another time four. Among the many incidents Sunday night was the besieging of the squad guarding St. Mary's Hospital. They were surrounded by a horde of armed negro thieves. Several hundred shots were exchanged. Sergeant Camp killed four negroes with his rifle, and about ten or twelve were killed by the squad. Every hour during the night a fresh negro shooting was reported at headquarters. It became evident yesterday that burying the dead would have to be abandoned. The heat was so intense that bodies decomposed before they could be taken from the debris.

Torches instead of shovels became the order, and wherever bodies could be seen in ruins the ruins were lighted and the flames licked up the dead.

One hundred people at present are at this point, some waiting for transportation over to Galveston, some for day to break so as to permit of the burial of corpses, of which there are many scattered up and down the beach and all over the prairie for a radius of ten miles. Others are waiting for a first chance to get as far away as possible from this terrible scene. Men who will work are very scarce. Those willing have a desire to boss, which does not facilitate matters in the least. An organized force of considerable proportion should be sent here at once.

Thieves have been robbing the bodies as they come ashore. One man was caught last night and will be taken to Galveston to-day. When searched a baby's finger was found with a ring on it. He afterwards gave the hiding place of articles and money and much jewelry was found. A cry of "lynch him" met with little favor; enough death is here.

From lamp-posts dangle the bullet-riddled bodies of fiends who rifled the bodies of the storm's dead. On P street lies a row of bodies of whites and negroes, shot while robbing the dead of money and valuables. Mayor Fayling's committee of vigilantes caught the fiends at work. They were stood up on the curbstone and executed. There the bodies lie, festering in the hot sun, for there are no provisions for burying this class of dead.

One negro was caught cutting the ring finger from the body of a young girl near St. Mary's Hospital. He was strung up to the steps of a broken telephone pole by a rope. The six men in a squad of vigilantes pumped him full of Winchester bullets. On Virginia Beach, across from Galveston, where the bodies of the storm's victims went ashore, is the harvest field of the ghouls. Whatever is of value is taken. There is nobody to stay the awful work of vandalism, as the authorities have all they can do over in the city. There are two hundred of these bodies washed up on the beach. Some are naked and these are despoiled of whatever valuables they have in the shape of rings. No effort is made to take the jewelry off, the fingers are cut and the rings slipped off the stumps. There is no color line in this work of desecration. The white fiend works alongside of his black brother.

Fever is appearing among the survivors and the medical staff is unable to cope with it. What little water there is is polluted with disease germs and the pestilence is spreading. Nothing can stop it but the arrival of doctors and supplies.

Parents are warned to keep away from the dead wagons in which their children have been tumbled, and long barreled rifles back up the warning. This is done in a Christian spirit and not to be brutal. The safety of the 35,000 living necessitates this course, for the hot sun is already breeding disease and pestilence from the hundreds of decaying bodies. The city is a vast charnel house. The dead wagons hurry from place to place, filling with the awful cargo and then speed away to the docks, where the bodies are dumped into scows and towed out into the Gulf. The waters of the Gulf float the bodies for a few minutes, then swallow them up. There are no services, no prayers, no tears—just a "splash," "splash," as the corpses are thrown to their last resting place. Then the funeral cortege of scows returns to the docks for another load.

The Winchesters quell the resentment which rises in the breasts of heart-broken relatives as other bodies are chucked into the dead wagons. It is all done by the order of Mayor Jones, who said: "The living must be protected from pestilence."

It is a harvest for ghouls. In the ruins of stores and houses are thousands of dollars' worth of goods which can be carried away by the individual. These human vultures loot when they can and the staring eyes of the dead have no terrors for them.

A business man of excellent standing and intelligence told a newspaper man on the boat to Galveston, Wednesday after the disaster, that the banks paid out sums of $25 only. He had been in and out several times and was on the relief committees. He had no reason to tell an untruth, nor did he have the intent to tell one. Yet his statement was without basis. The banks of Galveston had paid depositors in full if they wanted the money. So with hundreds of thousands of stories. The disposition to jump at conclusions, to repeat rumors as facts, is a common failing. So enormous was the calamity that no story of escape or tale of horror seemed impossible.

When the newspaper men reached the city the thing was too vast to attempt the investigation of each story, the features of each wrecked building and every separate happening of ten thousand happenings. They were forced to use their judgment about whatever man was ready to tell. Indeed, every prolix person they interviewed was a loss of time. They asked hurried questions, they did not have time to compare one man's story with another's. The result was that the buildings were reported wrecked which were unharmed. Persons were said to be dead who were saved. Shooting affrays that never happened were accepted as truthful. Supplementing this exaggeration by men of high degree, by officials, by militia officers and the reports of persons who believed neighbors were dead because they had not seen them, came the constitutional liar. The calamity at Galveston was the turning loose of this liar; he burst his chains, as it is said the devil will do in the last days, and for several days ran riot in the stricken city.

Yet the most fantastic efforts of the spinners of yarns could not beat the truth. It was simply a lying about details while the general facts were almost beyond exaggeration except by a Houston hotel clerk, who repeated to anxious inquirers on Wednesday night in monotonous tone this information:

"Galveston is wiped out; 14,000 people were killed. Nobody can go there. The survivors are being huddled on the mainland. All must leave day after to-morrow; the city will be burned up."

Curiously enough the stories of horror are the chief delight of the exaggerators. He did not tell joyfully that everybody in a cyclone building had been saved, but that they were all buried in the ruins and that a little black dog, the only survivor, howled over the mass of wreckage. One man went about the worst places and babbled to the soldiers, so they said, that he was a war correspondent by profession who happened to stop in Galveston on private business, saw the storm, had formed a corps of fourteen reporters and was cabling 49,000 words to the London Times, and had already compiled a list of 14,000 identified. It is most probable that this liar told the soldiers that he was cabling 19,000 words and had a list of 9,000 names of the killed.

When it came to the stories of ghouls robbing the dead the favorite yarn was that a well dressed stranger had been caught with a valise full of fingers with rings on them, and that a negro had been seen tearing off fingers. In each instance a soldier with unerring aim shot the wretch to death. These stories were believed by all who repeated them. Nobody ever found the soldiers in question.

At the same time men did loot, and looters were shot, but the real stories of how, or when, were lost in the stupendous background of death and destruction. Illustrating the human weakness for exaggeration, the man who insisted that the dead numbered 20,000 was the very man who asserted that in three years Galveston would have 100,000 inhabitants, through the quickening effect of calamity.

Six days after the desolation came this news: The burial of the dead goes steadily on. All the corpses in the open, along the shores or near the wreckage, have been sunk in the gulf or burned in the streets. The labor of clearing away the debris in search of bodies began at Thirtieth street and avenue O, one of the worst wrecked parts of town. Two hundred men were put to work, and in thirty minutes fifty corpses were found within a space thirty yards square. Whole families lay dead piled in indescribable confusion.

Old and young, crushed by the falling timbers, were one by one dragged from debris six to twenty feet deep. Aged fathers were clinging to more robust forms; children clinging to mothers' skirts; young girls with their arms around brothers; mothers clasping babes to their bosoms. These were the melancholy sights seen by those digging among the ruins. In dozens and scores the bodies were turned up by pick and shovel, rake and ax. Away to the left the wreckage stretched two miles to Seventh street; to the right, a mile to Fortieth street down town.

Popular sentiment insists that the west end be burned, but the military authorities have hesitated to give the order.

Six days have wrought surprising changes in conditions at Galveston. Each day has been a chapter in itself. Sunday was paralysis. On Monday came the beginning of realization. Tuesday might be called the crisis period. And the crisis was passed safely. What has been accomplished since the turning point on Tuesday is amazing. It is almost as incredible as some of the effects of this visitation are without precedent.

On Sunday the people did little but go about dazed and bewildered, gathering a few hundred of the bodies which were in their way. On Monday the born leaders who are usually not discovered in a community until some great emergency arises began to forge in front. They were not men from one rank in point of wealth or intelligence. They came from all classes. For example, there was Hughes, the 'longshoreman.

On Monday after the disaster came this message:

"All Galveston is now at work and the contributions which we are receiving from the sympathizing nation are going to pay for the most urgent work the storm imposed on us."

Bodies which lay exposed in the streets and which were necessary to remove somewhere lest they be stepped on were carried into a temporary morgue until 500 lay in rows on the floor. Then a problem in mortality, such as no other American community ever faced, was presented. Pestilence, which stalked forth by Monday, seemed about to take possession of what the storm had left. Immediate disposition of those bodies was absolutely necessary to save the living. Then it was that Lowe and McVittie and Sealy and the others, who by common impulse had come together to deal with the problem, found Hughes. The 'longshoreman took up the most grewsome task ever seen away from a battlefield. He had to have helpers. Some volunteered, others were pressed into the service at the point of the bayonet. Whisky by the bucketful was carried to these men and they were drenched with it. The stimulant was kept at hand and applied continuously. Only in this way was it possible for the stoutest hearted to work in such surroundings. Under the directions of Hughes these hundreds of bodies already collected and others brought from the central part of the city—those which were quickest found—were loaded on to an ocean barge and taken far off into the gulf to be cast into the sea.

A Chronicle letter from the stricken city, dated September 17, said:

"A systematic effort has begun to obtain the names of the dead, so that the information can be used for legal purposes and for life insurance and settlements. Charles E. Doherty is stationed at the headquarters of the central relief committee to receive and file sworn statements in the absence of the usual coroner's certificate.

"A census is being taken by wards to obtain some approximate idea of the total death list. Partial figures from eleven out of twelve wards, allowing four persons to a family, make the number of victims 15,000. This is regarded as the outside estimate. The destruction in the twelfth ward is appalling. Of 547 houses but twenty-eight are left standing.

"The work of clearing the streets of the accumulated debris is proceeding rapidly, although a wide area remains untouched. Eight thousand men are wielding pick and shovel. Included in this number are several hundred Chinese who have volunteered their services. Many whites and negroes who came into the city as sightseers before strict regulations were put in force have been compelled to work at the point of the bayonet. Bodies are being unearthed constantly and it is estimated that at least 2,500 victims still lie beneath the ruins. Fully a month must elapse before the city can be cleaned. The city, especially in the business district, is beginning to look like itself again.

"Horse cars are in operation in the business part of the city and the electric line and water service have been partially resumed. The progress being made under the circumstances is little short of remarkable. It must not be by any means understood that the remaining portion of the city has been put in anything like its normal condition, but so very great a change has been wrought, so much order and system now prevail where formerly chaos reigned, that Galveston and the people who have been giving her such noble assistance have good reason to be satisfied with what has been accomplished in the face of such fearful odds. And, according to statements made by General Scurry, Mayor Jones, Alderman Perry and others, there is equally good reason to believe that the progress of the work during the next week or so will be even more satisfactory."

CHAPTER V.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE TIME OF TERROR.

The experience of Miss Alice Pixley of Elgin, who was in Galveston when the city was wrecked, is most interesting. She was visiting Miss Lulu George, who lived in Thirty-fifth street, between N street and N and One-half street. "The storm started early on Saturday morning," said Miss Pixley, "and by 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon it had become furious. We left the house where I was visiting and went to a frame house of two stories and a basement at the corner of Thirty-fifth and N streets. In order to get there I had to be carried through the water by a man named Youngblood, who later learned that his brother and his brother's wife and child had been lost.

"We stayed in the basement of this house until the water became too high, it having risen five feet in an hour. Then we went to the second floor and stayed there until Sunday morning, when we returned to the other house through five feet of water. Mr. Darley, who was six feet tall, carried me on his shoulders, my feet being in the water. I have since learned that Mr. Darley lost his father, mother and sister.

"The scenes of desolation were awful. For three miles, in a district which had been thickly settled, not a house was standing except one or two. Masses of timbers were piled up everywhere, and hundreds of dead bodies were to be seen.

"On Monday morning the water was only two feet deep and we walked to town to get something to eat. The same utter desolation existed everywhere. If we met any one and asked how they were they would cry out: 'We have lost everything.'

"We walked down to the beach on Tuesday, and south of avenue P dead bodies were piled up everywhere. We counted over 200 lying on the beach as we walked along. We left for Houston on the boat on Thursday morning and arrived there at 7:35 in the evening. I immediately took a Santa Fe train for home."

Up to the time Miss Pixley left Galveston 2,800 bodies had been buried in the Gulf with weights fastened to them.

Angela's Ursuline Convent and Academy proved a haven of refuge for nearly 1,000 homeless and storm driven unfortunates.

The convent, with its many buildings, colleges, etc., occupies four blocks, extending from avenue N to avenue O, and Rosenburg avenue to Twenty-seventh street. The grounds were surrounded by a ten-foot brick wall, that had withstood the severest storms in Galveston's history up to the occurrence of the recent hurricane. This wall is now a crumbled mass of brick, with the exception of a few small sections, which stand like marking pillars to show where the property line should be.

No one was refused admittance to the convent on the night of the storm. Negroes and whites were taken in without question, and the asylum was thrown open to all who sought its protecting wings. The sisters went among the sufferers, whispering words of cheer, offering what scant clothing could be found in the place, and calmly admonishing the terror-stricken refugees to have faith in God.

The hundred or more negroes grew wild, however, as the storm raged, and they shouted and sang until the nerves of the other refugees were shattered and a panic was imminent. Mother Superior Joseph rang the chapel bell and when quiet had been restored she told the negroes it was neither the time nor place for such scenes. If they wanted to pray, she said, they should do so from their hearts, and God would hear their petitions above the roar of the hurricane.

The negroes listened attentively, and when Mother Superior Joseph asked who of them wished to be baptized or resign themselves to God nearly every one asked that the sacrament be administered.

The excitement had been caused by the fall of the north wall of that section of the building in which the negroes had sought refuge.

The academy was to have opened for the fall session on Tuesday, and forty-two scholars from all parts of the State had arrived at the convent. There were forty nuns in the convent.

When the refugees began to reach the convent, and ask for protection an attempt was made to keep a register of their names. This register reached nearly a hundred names, and then the storm-driven citizens began to arrive in crowds of twenty and thirty, and there was no time to ask their names. Some were taken in through windows and some were dragged through five feet of water into the basement, which had been abandoned on account of the invasion of the flood. Others were rescued by ropes from treetops or snatched from roofs and other wreckage, as it was hurled in the rushing torrent through the convent grounds.

Four babies came into the world while their mothers were being cared for by the nuns. No one expected to live to see the light of day, and it was decided that the little ones should not leave the world they had just entered without baptism, and the sisters administered the rite.

Mrs. William Henry Heideman was one of the mothers, and her babe was christened William Henry. Mrs. Heideman had been separated from her family when their home went down. She was carried away on the roof of the cottage. The roof struck some obstruction, and Mrs. Heideman was thrown off.

The poor woman was tossed by the flood upon a trunk, and, clinging to this frail support, she was thrown against the convent walls and was pulled into the building. The little babe was born a few hours later.

While the sisters and other women were caring for the mother and child a young brother of Mrs. Heideman battled with the wind and waters while clinging to a limb of a tree just outside the convent. He heard the cry of a child nearby. Reaching out with one hand, he caught hold of the dress of a little child, who cried out, "Me simming" not realizing its peril. The child was Mrs. Heideman's little son.

A rescuing party sent out from the convent in response to cries for help found the young man and his nephew and carried them safely to the convent.

Mr. and Mrs. James Irwin were swept from their home, at Twenty-fourth street and avenue P One-half, and became separated.

Mr. Irwin was rescued and taken to the convent. His only covering was an old corn sack, which one of the workmen about the convent gave him. The only dry garment to be found in the convent was a nun's garb. Mr. Irwin put this on, and during the long hours of the night went about the building doing what he could to assist his fellow-sufferers.

It was in the convent that Dr. Judson B. Palmer, general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, found a refuge. His home, in avenue P One-half, in which were seventeen persons, was destroyed, and all except three of the inmates lost their lives. Dr. Palmer was carried on the drift to the convent and was hauled in through a window. He was badly hurt, and now lies in the home of a friend, having lost his wife and only child.

On Sunday after the storm Galveston was stupefied. Men were wanted, of course, to stand guard, to protect property and bury the dead. And such a turning loose as there was of officious persons who would rather be bosses than eat.

The women of Galveston engaged in a work which was perhaps without precedent in relief effort. They made many little bags into which they placed two or three lumps of camphor. The bags had strings by which they could be fastened at the head so that they rested on the lip just under the nose. They were to be worn by the men engaged in the search for and cremation of bodies.

It was proposed to all people whose houses were standing that whenever they located a corpse or carcass in their vicinity the position be indicated by a flag of some kind. On the beach and the western part of the city there were 100 or more pyres where human bodies and the carcasses of dead animals were disposed of by fire. Separate pyres were designated for human bodies and animal carcasses, and the work progressed rapidly.

Ninety-five per cent of the bodies recovered were naked. The storm stripped the victims of all vestige of clothing or articles that might lead to identification. Another remarkable fact, which showed the force of the storm in packing the wreckage and debris in high mounds, was seen in the amount of water held by the wreckage. Six days of sunshine and seven nights of cool Gulf breezes failed to draw the water held by the wreckage which, jammed into water-tight ridges, formed tanks to hold the salt water which inundated the city. While the ground all around these ridges was dry and hard, the removal of the top ridge disclosed several feet of water.

A correspondent tells the News:

"It is easy to see, as awful as the calamity has been, a few hours' delay would have more than doubled the loss in human lives. A cheap rate of excursion was on and twelve hours' delay would have landed 10,000 excursionists in Galveston with little experience to battle with the condition which swept so many into eternity. Another lesson should be impressed upon the minds of people everywhere —not to be over-confident of their security, for those who little reck may in the years to come be succored by the magnanimity of a redeemed and restored Galveston."

The following story of one man's experience and that of his family on the fateful night in Galveston is a wonderful picture of the scene:

"Galveston, Sept. 18.—To the News: Allow me to hand you my experience during the recent storm, and I certainly feel very fortunate to be alive to tell the tale. It was about 3:30. I was pacing up and down the hall of my home on 2008 Avenue P, with my wife and boy, 6 years old, and a Mrs. Tom Shepherd and her young baby,

MECHANIC STREET—THE FIRST TO BE CLEARED. OVER 600 BODIES REMOVED.

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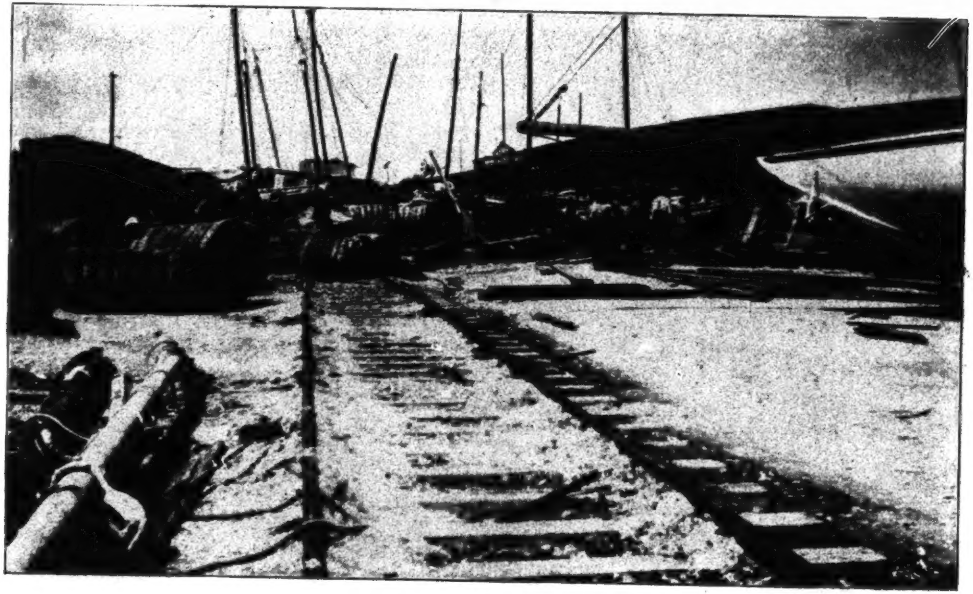


WRECKAGE AT THE COTTON PIERS.

on a visit to us from Cedar Bayou. As I heard the roof cracking from the falling bricks, I looked up and saw the rain was soaking the ceiling paper. A thousand thoughts passed through my mind, for I saw the danger that had surrounded us and knew as I looked towards the gulf that if the storm kept up its fury my home would soon go to pieces and we would all perish beneath it. About 5 o'clock the rain came flooding in through the ceiling all over the house, in every room. The only chance of saving our lives now was to desert the place and take our chances on the drifting wreckage which was piling up afloat under my front gallery, with the water about 14 feet deep I had no time to lose. It was getting furious. I told my wife and Mrs. Shepherd to stand ready for me to place them on the floating debris. As I opened my front door we were all nearly swept off our feet by the water which came rushing in. As I opened the door the sight before me was fearful. Sticking up, pointing in every direction, were the floating timbers. I got the women and children safely seated, and climbing up myself we floated off with the drifting wreck. After a severe struggle three of us came out alive. I spied a big door floating and we all got on it. As I stood up to look over the pile which surrounded us I was struck with a piece of slate on the face, cutting my right cheek wide open. The blood poured from the wound. Very soon I sank down exhausted and faint from the loss of blood. With this gash laid open to the heavy wind and rain I felt my end was near. I said good-bye to my wife and boy and begged them not to give up, but try and live the storm through. I knew nothing for some time after this, when I found enough strength to raise my head. I had to think for a moment when I saw my wife, who was crying most bitterly. I felt new courage, but when my wife told me poor Mrs. Shepherd and her baby had gone, I began to think it would soon be all over with us, but I said no; I must not give up. From then on we made a desperate struggle to save our lives. We could hardly see anything for the blinding rain. As we were being driven on, God only knows where, a piece of timber struck my wife and fractured her shoulder, but even though both of us were crippled, we were determined then not to give up. After being tossed from one place to another we finally drifted under a window of a house and seeing we did not float from this spot, the house looking solid, I got in the window and found myself in a room with the furniture floating around. After getting my wife and boy in, cold, wet and exhausted, we heard voices, and my wife called aloud for help. A gentleman came to the door of the room we were in, and after seeing our condition he guided us up into the attic and did everything possible to make us feel safe and comfortable. The water had now gone down. It was 5 o'clock. I take great pleasure in extending my sincere thanks to this gentleman, Mr. Jim Compton, Twenty-fourth and Avenue O, who gave us shelter from the storm and helped to save my little boy from dying of cold. I feel very grateful to both him and his family, and even though we have lost our home, clothes and everything else, I feel fortunate to be alive, and thank God I saved my wife and boy. J. G. Smith."

The terrible destruction of the enraged gulf, encouraged by the fatal hurricane, did not confine its path to the city of the living, but invaded the cities of the dead on the island. No respecter of persons, places or things of the memories sacred to the living, the waves of death and winds of destruction tore the dead from their graves and the overground vaults which marked the last resting place of all that was mortal of those who had gone before.

The six cemeteries of Galveston present heart-bleeding pictures of the astounding and ghoulish work of the storm. Graves were robbed of their dead and vaults built of stone, concrete and iron were crushed, crumbled and scattered about the white cities. Metal caskets containing the mortal remains of precious ones were swept from their tombs and fed to the greedy sea.

Lake View and the new Catholic cemeteries suffered the greatest in the destruction of vaults, some of which were magnificent structures built to stand for ages. These burying grounds were near the beach and were the first to engage the gulf and storm gods in their furious work. Only three vaults withstood the storm in these two cemeteries.

In all of the cemeteries tombstones and monuments, many of them having withstood the storms of many years, were swept from their foundations; some were demolished, others broken and some even carried a distance of 100 feet. In fact, the tombstones in each of the cemeteries are sorry wrecks.

Of all the metal caskets with their sacred dead that were disentombed but three have been reported found. Two were found yesterday and identified. Others, it is expected, will be heard from later. The metallic caskets fell easy prey to the raging gulf in its wild race after once released from the tombs, as the metallic boxes float readily. Many of them are covered with wood and to the casual eye resemble wooden caskets.

In some instances old graves were washed out and the peaceful rest of the dead disturbed. The graves were robbed and the dead cast to the sea. One vault, where nine members of a family had been laid to rest, was found open, and but three caskets remained.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CARNIVALS OF CRIME WHEN CITIES ARE DESTROYED

It will remain forever as a startling study of human nature that ravaging hordes of criminals infested the smouldering ruins of Chicago, just as the same class appeared like beasts of prey when the waves yielded possession of the havoc made at Galveston. We quote the historian:

"The genus thief was meantime plying busily his nimble art of picking pockets, and the genus shark, in human form, was equally busy taking advantage of the desperate straits of the homeless people by charging exorbitant sums for carrying saved goods and baggage, or conveying persons to places of shelter and safety. The sharkish teamsters and baggage-carriers fought among themselves over sought-for plunder and prizes as starving hyenas might be expected to fight over a choice carcass, or as buzzards with whetted appetites might wrangle over carrion. These quarreling and fighting rascals made the air smell of hell-fire by the impious oaths and shocking imprecations they yelled out through their clinched teeth. Weeping women clung to unhelping and helpless men; and little children, many of them the sons and daughters of wealth and refinement, but most of them in dirt and rags, screamed and moaned and petitioned in the agony of terror and broken-heartedness."

Another writer, telling of the frenzy of criminality in the city of Chicago during the fire, says:

"I could see up Dearborn street as far as the Portland block, and it was full of people all the distance, swaying and surging under the reign of fire. Around on Lake street the tumult was worse. Here for the first time I beheld scenes of violence that made my blood boil. In front of Shay's magnificent dry goods store a man loaded a store truck with silks in defiance of the employes of the place. When he had piled all he could on the truck, some one with a revolver shouted to him not to drive away or he would fire at him, to which he replied, 'Fire, and be damned!' and the man put the pistol in his pocket again. Just east of this store there was at least a ton of fancy goods thrown into the street, over which people and vehicles passed with utter indifference until they took fire. I saw, myself, a ragamuffin on the Clark street bridge, who had been killed by a marble slab thrown from a window, with white kid gloves on his hands, and whose pockets were stuffed with gold-plated sleeve-buttons, and on that same bridge I saw a woman leading a goat that was big with young, by one arm, while under the other she carried a piece of silk.

"Lake street was rich with treasure, and hordes of thieves forced their way into the stores and flung out the merchandise to their fellows in the street, who received it without disguise and fought over it openly. I went through the street to Wabash avenue, and here the thoroughfare was utterly choked with all manner of goods and people. Everybody who had been forced from the other end of the town by the advancing flames had brought some article with them, and, as further progress was delayed, if not completely stopped by the river—the bridges of which were also choked—most of them, in their panic, abandoned their burdens, so that the street and sidewalks presented the most astonishing wreck. Valuable oil-paintings, books, pet animals, musical instruments, toys, mirrors, and bedding were trampled under foot. Added to this, the goods from the stores had been hauled out and had taken fire, and the crowd, breaking into a liquor establishment, were yelling with the fury of demons, as they brandished champagne and brandy bottles. The brutality and horror of the scene made it sickening. A fellow standing on a piano declared that the fire was the friend of the poor man. He wanted everybody to help themselves to the best liquor he could get, and continued to yell from the piano until some one, as drunk as himself, flung a bottle at him and knocked him off. In this chaos were hundreds of children, wailing and crying for their parents. One little girl, in particular, I saw, whose golden hair was loose down her back and caught fire. She ran screaming past me, and somebody threw a glass of liquor upon her, which flared up and covered her with a blue flame."

The Chicago Times-Herald says of the criminality that appears in association with disaster:

The worst specimens of human nature are seen at their wickedest in cities just after some terrible calamity has befallen, as in Galveston. Innocent people involved in the calamity, but who still live, are for the time not themselves, and some go mad or are made helpless in their despair. Criminal people are as much affected in their minds, but instead of themselves being overcome and rendered inactive by terror, they are then more active and desperate than before—they become in very fact, probably, insane criminals. At Galveston this peculiar indulgence in criminality, in the presence of the awful, was marked as it never was before in this country, and many citizens are reminded by it of criminal occurrences here while the city was in smoking ruins in 1871.

Criminals here labored, in one way, under a disadvantage for the reason that the track of the great fire was too hot for them. They could not possibly begin their work of plunder immediately after the fire had passed, but after the ruins had taken a few days for partial cooling those bent on highway robbery possessed every advantage. The burned streets were mostly impassable to teams, and foot passengers did not easily find their way along them. Robbers, who were possible assassins, lurked amid the heaps of stones and bricks of fallen buildings for easy prey. Some hold-up case was reported every hour and rumors of assassinations were rife, though mostly unfounded. Panic seized on the people. There was the same kind of mental distress felt here that agonized the people of Galveston. There was less cause for it in Chicago than there was in the awfully stricken Gulf city, but still there was cause. Men, and women, too, who had business were obliged to go to and from the burnt district, many times taking, as they supposed, their lives in their hands. Hundreds of collapsed stores still had unburnt goods buried in the ruins, and a thousand safes, all thought to contain treasure, had not been opened since their closing the night before the fire, and criminals by digging down to them might perhaps work in security. Guards in most cases were placed over the safes by the proprietors, but some of these were attacked by robbers, or so constant rumor had it, and so the revived newspapers printed it. Yes, there was cause enough for panic fear of criminals in Chicago after the great fire of 1871.

The happening which, more than any other, alarmed the timid among the inhabitants was the opening of the prison cells in the courthouse and letting the criminals of all degrees—some murderers—loose into the streets. Captain Hickey was in charge of the police quarters at the time; the same Captain Hickey who was afterward chief of police, and who died only recently. His account of what occurred there in that awful time was that the fire had communicated with the roof and dome several times, only to be extinguished. Finally it caught such a hold that the tower had to be abandoned. The great bell, which had been clanging fitfully all night, kept up an incessant rattle, the machinery having been set by the keeper as he descended. The buildings on all sides were in flames and the streets filled with ruins of fallen walls. The prisoners in the county jail, almost suffocated with smoke, ran to the doors of their cells and shook the iron bars with the strength of frenzy, uttering fearful yells and imprecations as a horrid fear that they were to be burned alive possessed them. Seeing that there was no hope of saving the building the captain ordered the cells to be unlocked, and in a moment the released prisoners, all bareheaded, many barefooted, rushed into the street yelling like demons. But they were not many seconds without clothing. A large truck loaded with ready-made clothing was passing at the time, and in an instant the ex-prisoners swarmed upon it, emptied it of its contents and fled to remote alleys and dark passages, where they disguised themselves as well-to-do citizens.

Even when the owners of goods succeeded in hiring expressmen to convey them to a place of safety there was no certainty that they would be hauled far, though as high as $50 a load was paid for the service. The wagons were followed by howling crowds, who snatched the goods and made away with them. In a number of instances the thieves got possession of the wagons and drove off with rich loads of dry goods, jewelry or other merchandise to out-of-the-way places. This was but a beginning and was in the early part of Sunday night. Before daybreak the thieving horror had culminated in scenes of daring robbery. A few hours earlier the thieves had seemed to try to evade observation to some extent, but now, as the terrors aggregated into an intensity of misery, the thieves of all grades dropped all pretense at concealment and plied their calling boldly. They would storm into stores, smash away at the safes, and, if, as happily was most always the case, they failed to effect an opening, they would turn their attention to securing all of value from the stock that they could possibly carry away; when other thieves would slouch in after further booty. The promise of a share in the spoils gave them the assistance of some express drivers, who stood with wagons at the doors of stores and waited as composedly for a load of stolen property to be piled in as if they were honestly receiving goods from the rear of stores where they might be employed daily. The wagons, once heaped up with the loads, were driven pell-mell through the city and out into the country. Remonstrances on the part of the owners availed nothing. They were obliged to stand quietly aside and see their establishments cleaned out by the thieves and then laid in ashes by the flames. The instances of robbery were not confined to the sacking of stores. Burglars would raid into private dwellings that lay in the track of the coming destruction and snatch from cupboard, bureau, trunk or mantel anything of value. Interference was useless. The scoundrels hunted in squads, were inflamed with drink and flourished deadly weapons. In some instances women and children and even men were stopped as they were bearing from their homes objects of especial worth and the articles torn from their grasp by unresisted gangs.

The wickedest actions of the wicked took place just after the extinguishment of the great fire. They would have a renewal of it and cases of incendiarism were frequent. Men, women, and even children, carried the incendiary torch. Not one was shot, but many were arrested. Several of these were women. A boy was detected by a fireman in the setting fire to a building in Thirty-second street, and immediately shot dead. A negro watchman shot and killed a man who was firing a house in State street below Twenty-second street. A woman was taken in the act and threatened with instant hanging, but she was let go. Two men were caught while attempting to fire a Jesuit church on the west side, and both were shot on the spot. Half a dozen more incendiaries were killed in that section of the city. On Fourth avenue, near to Fourteenth street, a man was discovered in the basement of a house with a torch in his hand, and, alarm being given, he escaped into the street and ran for his life. A crowd followed him, and, coming near, stoned him to death. The spirit of outlawry continued for several days and was only arrested by the coming to the city of an increase to the military. General P. H. Sheridan had but a small force at his headquarters, but that he caused to be used to good advantage. He lent a squad to the postmaster of the day, who required it to defend the improvised postoffice in Eighteenth street. But more troops were needed, and so the Fifth infantry at Leavenworth, commanded by Colonel Nelson A. Miles, was ordered hither by the commander of the department. Upon their arrival there was great joy among all the good people of the city.

It should be added that during all this time of trouble and panic fear Mayor Mason and all who were in authority as city officers did their whole duty toward preserving the peace.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TERRIBLE NEED OF THE SURVIVORS.

Two days were required for full realization of the proportions and pitiful awful horrors of the Galveston terror. Hopes that the first stories of the death of thousands of persons and the destruction of thousands of houses faded out, and the world was aghast, and from all quarters came aid by wire and railroad as far as they would carry information and transportation. Money was received, relief trains were hurried for Galveston, for there was famine there, no water, no light at night, and the thousands of dead were so fearful a mass that pestilence was threatened at the same time; a swarm of criminals descended upon the enormous wreck and there were many demoralized who appeared to think the end of the world was at hand, and robberies and nameless outrages made up a surpassing horror. The nation was aroused. September 10 the following telegrams passed between the White House and Texas:

"Houston, Texas.—William McKinley, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.: I have been deputized by the Mayor and citizens' committee of Galveston to inform you that the city of Galveston is in ruins and certainly many hundreds, if not thousands, are dead. The tragedy is one of the most frightful in recent times. Help must be given by the State and Nation or the suffering will be appalling. Food, clothing and money will be needed at once. The whole south side of the city for three blocks in front of the gulf is swept clear of every building; the whole wharf front is a wreck and but few houses in the city are really habitable. The water supply is cut off and the food stock damaged by salt water. All bridges are washed away and stranded steamers litter the bay. When I left this morning the search for bodies had begun. Corpses were everywhere. Tempest blew eighty-four miles an hour and then carried government instruments away; at same time waters of gulf were over the whole city, having risen twelve feet. Water has now subsided and the survivors are left helpless among the wreckage, cut off from the world except by boat. RICHARD SPILLANE."

"Washington, D. C.—The Hon. J. D. Sayers, Governor of Texas, Austin, Tex.: The reports of the great calamity which has befallen Galveston and other points on the coast of Texas excite my profound sympathy for the sufferers, as they will stir the hearts of the whole country. Whatever help it is possible to give shall be gladly extended. Have directed the Secretary of War to supply rations and tents upon your request. WILLIAM McKINLEY."

"Austin, Tex.—The President, Washington, D. C.: Very many thanks for your telegram. Your action will be greatly appreciated and gratefully remembered by the people of Texas. I have this day requested the Secretary of War to forward rations and tents to Galveston.

"JOSEPH D. SAYERS,
"Governor of Texas."

President McKinley's telegram to Gov. Sayers was sent also to the Mayor of Galveston.

Miss Clara Barton issued the following appeal:

"The National Red Cross at Washington, D. C., is appealed to on all sides for help, and for the privilege to help in the terrible disaster which has befallen southern and central Texas. It remembers the floods of Ohio and Mississippi, of Johnstown and of Port Royal, with their thousands of dead and months of suffering and needed relief, and turns confidently to the people of the United States, whose sympathy has never failed to help provide the relief that is asked of it now. Nineteen years of experience on nearly as many fields renders the obligations of the Red Cross all the greater. The people have long learned its work, and it must again open its accustomed avenues for their charities. It does not beseech them to give, for their sympathies are as deep and their humanity as great as its own, but it pledges to them faithful, old-time Red Cross relief work among the stricken victims of these terrible fields of suffering and death. He gives twice who gives quickly.

"Contributions may be wired or sent by mail to our treasurer, William J. Flather, assistant cashier of the Riggs National bank, Washington, D. C.; also to the local Red Cross committees of the Red Cross India famine fund at 156 Fifth avenue, New York city, and the Louisiana Red Cross Society of New Orleans, both of which will report all donations for immediate acknowledgment by us.

"CLARA BARTON,
"President American National Red Cross."

The following statement of conditions at Galveston and appeal for aid was issued by the local relief committee:

"Galveston, Tex., Sept. 11.—A conservative estimate of the loss of life is that it will reach 3,000. At least 5,000 families are shelterless and wholly destitute. The entire remainder of the population is suffering in greater or less degree. Not a single church, school or charitable institution, of which Galveston had so many, is left intact. Not a building escaped damage and half the whole number were entirely obliterated. There is immediate need for food, clothing and household goods of all kinds. If nearby cities will open asylums for women and children the situation will be greatly relieved. Coast cities should send us water as well as provisions, including kerosene oil, gasoline and candles.

"W. C. JONES, Mayor.
"M. LASKER,
"President Island City Savings Bank.
"J. D. SKINNER,
"President Cotton Exchange.
"C. H. McMASTER,
"For Chamber of Commerce.
"R. G. LOWE,
"Manager Galveston News.
"CLARENCE OWSLEY,
"Manager Galveston Tribune."

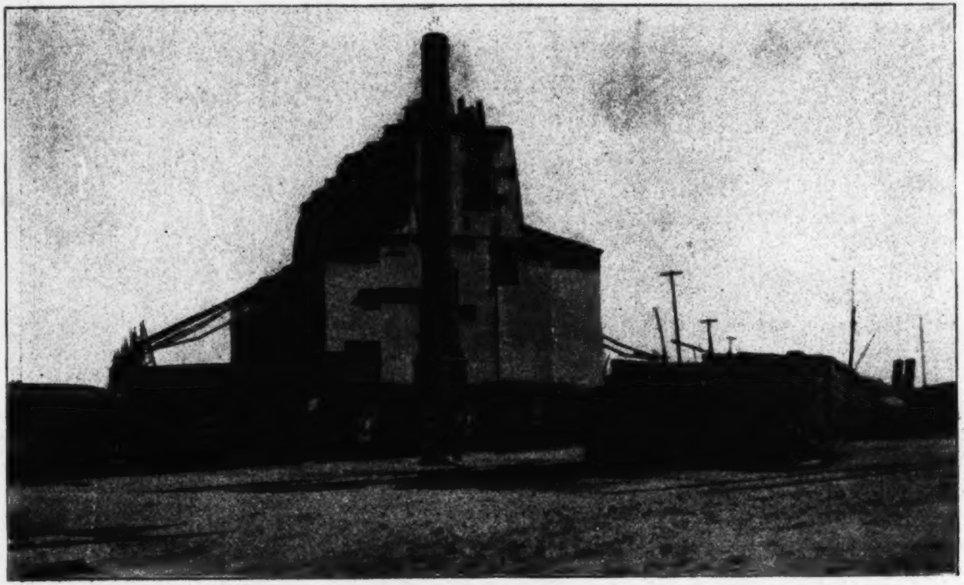
The Mayor of Chicago issued a proclamation in answer to an appeal from the Mayor of Houston:

"Chicago, Sept. 10, 1900.—To the Citizens of the City of Chicago: I am in receipt of a telegram from the Mayor of Houston, Tex., as follows: 'Galveston cut off from all communication. Great suffering and loss of life known to exist there; damage beyond description. Aid should be sent to Houston, which is the nearest base of supplies and for furnishing help. Have good organization effected.'

"From this telegram it is apparent that the sufferers of the recent windstorm which proved so disastrous to life

FIFTEENTH STREET AND TREMONT.

UNIV. OF MICH.



SHOWING WRECKS OF RAILROAD TRACKS AND CARS.

and property in Galveston and other Texas towns are in need of immediate assistance, and I would request that all citizens respond as liberally and promptly as possible to the call for relief.

"All contributions sent to this office will be forwarded by me to the relief committee at Houston, Tex.

"CARTER H. HARRISON, Mayor."

Governor Sayers of Texas applied to the War Department for 10,000 tents and 50,000 rations for immediate use for the sufferers from Saturday's storm. Acting Secretary Meiklejohn issued an order granting the request.

The Mayor of Houston, Texas, made this appeal:

"Our sister city of Galveston has been visited by a frightful hurricane, and is still cut off from all rail and wire communication with the outside world. Refugees bring alarming reports of great loss of life and property. The newspapers will give extended accounts of this awful calamity which place it among the most disastrous of modern times. The people of many towns and villages are now in sore distress, and as further reports come in the death list grows and the damage to property increases. The stock is killed and the crops are ruined. We urgently ask your liberal and immediate assistance. Houston was in the track of the storm, but will take care of her injured and help those more seriously affected. Contributions sent to either of the undersigned will be gratefully received and judiciously expended.

"S. H. BRASHEAR,
"Mayor.

"B. A. REISNER,
"Chairman Relief Committee."

Archbishop Feehan forwarded $1,000 to the relief fund, and issued the following notice to all pastors in his diocese:

"Rev. and Dear Sir: An appalling calamity has happened in Galveston, Texas; one that appeals to the sympathy and charity of all the people. Will you kindly have a collection made at the masses in your church on Sunday, 16th inst., in aid of this great distress. The returns should be sent to the Chancellor without delay, as the needs are pressing. I remain, Rev. and Dear Sir, yours faithfully in Christ, P. A. FEEHAN,

"Archbishop of Chicago.

"F. J. BARRY, Chancellor."

The Mayor of New York sent the following telegram to Mayor Brashear of Houston, Texas:

"Hon. S. E. Brashear, Mayor, Houston, Tex.: In response to your telegram I have issued a call to the people of the city of New York to contribute to the relief of those afflicted by the disaster at Galveston. Please express to the Mayor of Galveston the profound sympathy of the people of New York for the people of Galveston in this hour of their distress. ROBERT A. VAN WYCK,

"Mayor."

Cablegrams were exchanged by Emperor William of Germany and President McKinley, the Emperor's message being as follows:

Stettin, Sept. 13, 1900.—President of the United States of America, Washington: I wish to convey to your excellency the expression of my deep felt sympathy with the misfortune that has befallen the town and harbor of Galveston and many other ports of the coast, and I mourn with you and the people of the United States over the terrible loss of life and property caused by the hurricane, but the magnitude of the disaster is equaled by the indomitable spirit of the citizens of the new world, who, in their long and continued struggle with the adverse forces of nature, have proved themselves to be victorious. I sincerely hope that Galveston will rise again to new prosperity. WILLIAM I. R.

The President's reply was:

Executive Mansion, Sept. 14, 1900.—His Imperial and Royal Majesty, Wilhelm II., Stettin, Germany: Your majesty's message of condolence and sympathy is very grateful to the American government and people and in their name as well as on behalf of the many thousands who have suffered bereavement and irreparable loss in the Galveston disaster I thank you most earnestly.

WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

It was a week after the storm that the people of Galveston seemed to realize their troubles. A most touching account of this was written by the correspondent of the Kansas City Star. We quote:

"When death comes into a man's home he feels awed and subdued. He bows his head, the tears flow silently, or he goes dry-eyed and decently about the duties of the hour of affliction. He publishes a death notice, sends telegrams to his relatives, selects a coffin, names the pall bearers, comforts the other members of the family and tries to control himself as he listens to the burial service and follows the hearse to the cemetery to see the earth heaped upon the coffin.

"On the way back he still feels chastened. The sounds of the streets, the streaming sunset, all seem to be outside of the inner world of his thoughts. Days, blank days, pass over him. Then comes a moment when he wakes from sleep by the sunshine of broad daylight flooding his chamber. He is confused for a moment. He remembers his loss and thinks: Have I just awakened from a bad dream? He goes to the window and looks out. The day is beautiful, and peaceful and quiet. The noises of traffic are stilled, although the sun is far up in the heavens.

"The man realizes that, wearied to his very heart and soul, he has slept twelve or fourteen hours. He sees a group going to church. The children in smart white frocks, the old people carrying Bibles and hymn-books. It is Sunday. A wave of desolation sweeps over him. Gone; gone never to come back. Then the man realizes that the loved face, the smile, are no more. The man feels the fountain of his tears give way. He flings himself face downward upon the bed and the family treads softly outside as they hear his sobs through the quiet house.

"So it was with Galveston. It had looked death in the face. The curtain of the forms of well-ordered life had been torn away from the weakness and the corruption of the human flesh. Galveston had seen the death agony and had looked into the grave after the burial. It had seen death, yet it had borne itself with fortitude, had tried to perform the duties of the hour of affliction calmly and had looked dry-eyed upon the dull red fires on the beach that burst up every hour or so and diminished only to blaze up again. Galveston had tried to appear composed and brave.

"Sunday in Galveston was beautiful. The sky was unspeakably serene and smiling. The air was mild and gentle. Galveston had deeply and profoundly slept and awoke with a start. It looked out of the window upon what it remembered as a beautiful city with impressive institutions and homes set amid Chinaberry and salt cedar and live oak and cottonwood trees and shrubbery of oleander. But the scene Galveston looked upon on Sunday morning was one of chaos. Shattered buildings, gaping walls, fallen trees, lying brown and dead, amid masses of timbers, as if a maelstrom had twisted them together. All this Galveston saw in the streaming sunshine and then came the realization. Face to face with death is awesome, seeing what this human flesh is like after the spark is both awesome and horrible.

"The saying 'she was beautiful in death' was shown to be a mockery, a delusion, a mere saying, for beauty lasts only a few hours after death, except through the efforts of art. This was both awesome and horrible, but it was not sorrow. That is another emotion.

"To realize what has happened, after it is over, is sorrow, and at Galveston many wept. To-day the people are heart-broken.

"Religious services were held in some of the churches that remained and in private houses. But the people could not bear it. The hymns stopped for weeping. The sound of praise made them turn about and put their hands to their faces and go away. At Grace Episcopal church, at Thirty-sixth street and Avenue L, the people came to the church door and paused. Then walked on.

"The most pitiful thing in Galveston was the distress of persons who were fairly well off, but did not have money in the bank, and whose homes and sources of income are gone. An example was that of an official of Galveston county, a big, brawny man who went about tearfully trying to sell the tombstone of his child to get enough money to clothe his family and send them out of the city. This man had put all his money into a fine home, except $3,000 for an elegant monument over the grave of a child who died some years ago. He put the heavy monument over the child's tomb so that it could not be washed away. The soil of Galveston does not permit digging more than four feet. Then there is salt water. This man was bitter in soul. He would not go to the ward relief stations and stand in line with negroes for rations. His home was destroyed and his wife and children were without clothes fit for going out. He went about offering the monument in the cemetery for sale, but in vain. The poor have all the food and ice they can use, but those who were not poor are suffering.

"While the stores of Galveston were open and the restaurants did business soon after the storm, there was great difficulty to get anyone to do any special work, such as print a sign or some cards. It was still harder to hire anybody by the day. The small boy had lost his interest in pieces of money that would otherwise have caused his eyes to bulge out. Employes of various stores did their regular work or cleaned the stores of wreck and water or strewed goods in the street, but to get boys to post placards or distribute dodgers was seemingly hopeless. The correspondent for the Star had to print the signs himself to announce that registration of names of survivors from Kansas City territory had been opened, and then had to tack them up about the wrecked town.

"An advertisement was placed in the Galveston News as soon as the paper felt like accepting business. The Galveston Tribune, an afternoon paper, was reduced to the size of a four-page handbill, but kindly printed the Star's advertisement, which read:

" 'Names of survivors, originally or recently from Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Indian territory or Arkansas will be wired at once for publication in the Kansas City Star if registered at the Tremont hotel cigar stand.'

" 'If we lived in New York we can't register?' asked a woman wistfully, gazing at the sign. 'Can't a poor old Louisianan, who has lost all but his life, sign the register?' asked another."

CHAPTER VIII.

INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT TERROR.

A letter that tells the story of the Galveston stroke of fate was that of Miss Nellie Carey, a stenographer in Galveston, whose parents reside at 5408 Lake avenue, Chicago. She had just returned to her Galveston situation when the storm struck the city. She wrote at Galvestion, Wednesday, September 12, to her parents:

"Have not had a minute to write and cannot collect my thoughts to tell you of the horrible disaster down here. Thousands of dead in the streets—the gulf and bay strewn with dead bodies. The whole island demolished. Not a drop of water—food scarce. If help does not reach us soon there will be great starvation for everybody.

"The dead are not being identified at all—they throw them on drays and take them to barges, where they are loaded like cordwood, and taken out to sea to be cast into the waves, now peaceful, which were so hungry for them in their anger.

"I was at the wharf this morning for a short time and saw three barges loaded with their grewsome freight. The bodies are frightful, every one nearly nude. God alone knows who they are.

"The bay is full of dead cattle and horses, together with human corpses, blistering in the hot sun. It will be impossible to remove the dead from the debris for weeks—the whole island is frightful. I saw thirty-eight bodies taken from one house. Every one is striving to get the bodies buried for fear of the plague.

"I never expected to get out alive, but thank God, not one of us was killed. We were driven back to the stairs, and up, stair by stair, by the great waves. The wind was blowing over a hundred miles an hour, and the rain fell in torrents. Never shall I forget the sight as darkness settled upon us. I thought of you, papa and mamma, and prayed that you might be comforted. Our roof is now gone, the walls have fallen around us, but we still have a floor and —— I can't tell you, it is too horrible.

"I was nearly drowned getting home from the office at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Whitman is almost crazy and is in a dangerous condition. I have lost everything; am now wearing clothes borrowed from those who were more fortunate. The stench is terrible.

"Thousands of horses and cattle without owners are in the most pitiable condition imaginable; not a drop of water for them to drink since Saturday morning. And the people—I wonder that everybody is not mad at the horrors. No account can exaggerate it. It is absolutely necessary that everybody in the United States do what they can. .

"Nearly all our help at Clarke & Courts are drowned —Mr. Hansinger, his whole family, our other bookkeeper and a number of the girls. The town is under martial law to protect it from the mob. Last night a negro was arrested with ten fingers in his pockets, with valuable rings on them. Mr. Fayling, at our house, is in command of the protective force. They have had to shoot many to keep the horrible ghouls in control. Eddie Rogers is next in command, and is doing noble work. I have done what I could to help the dying and wounded.

"We were on the highest point of ground in Galveston.

That is all that saved us. For blocks and blocks, reaching into miles, not a house remains; not a building but is completely demolished—houses just torn board from board and piled up. I have climbed over wreckage forty feet high in the streets to get to places. I think we were more fortunate than any one else in town. I think not one was killed, though our escape was narrow. With the exception of Mrs. Whitman all were calm, though I reckon everybody quaked inside—I know I did.

"Thursday.—Am well. Had something to eat this morning, and a little rainwater. Coffee is plenty, but water scarce. To-day the flesh slips off the bodies as they take hold to drag them from the ruins. They are piling them in great heaps now and burning them. The horrors multiply. I have seen men shot down in the streets by the soldiers. The stench is untold. Last night the awful smell kept us awake although we were utterly exhausted. It fills your throat and mouth, and makes your head ache so.

"The horrible experiences it will take years to tell and more than a lifetime to forget. If you could be here you would feel that your anxiety was nothing. It is so pitiable to see husbands, with a look of despair in their eyes, searching for their wives and children; wives for their loved ones; and, most pitiable of all, the comparatively few children—although they are enough, God knows, to be left orphans and homeless—looking into every one's face with frightened, appealing eyes. It is heartrending.

"Now I am much better off. I am safe, so please don't worry. I hope to hear from you soon.

"Best love and kisses to both, from

"NELLIE."

We quote notes from a stricken city from the Kansas City Star, saying:

"The accounts of the catastrophe at Galveston, written in the midst of the wreck, were like photographs which failed to develop.

" 'Boys, I can't write this thing!' said one of a group of newspaper writers at Galveston.

" 'My mind is benumbed,' said another. 'I have miserably failed to tell the story.'

" 'I expect to be dismissed by wire,' exclaimed a third.

"These men were not joking. They were all skillful, experienced newspaper men, who had hastened to the scene of catastrophe to describe what they saw to the waiting world. But when they saw what had happened they felt their utter inability to write an adequate picture of it. The stupefaction of many thousands of persons seemed to be infectious. There were thousands of narrow escapes, thousands of deeds of heroism, thousands of instances of helping others and thousands of pitiful deaths, but all belonged to the one element of tempest, flood, darkness, death. The newspaper men floundered in an endless ocean of material."

There were conflicting stories and theories about the disaster. One of them was that the wind from the north had driven the waters of the gulf out to sea. It was said that a man could wade across the bayou at Houston on Saturday. This tortuous bayou permits traffic in light draft boats and barges between Houston and Galveston. It is called, simply, the Bayou.

For years the people of Galveston have schooled themselves to believe that the day when a great tempest blew seaward a long time, driving out the tide, and then, suddenly letting the waters go, would never come. There was also a theory that the position of Galveston prevented it from ever being seized in the teeth of a West Indian hurricane, blowing the waters inland in a great wave.

Storms have come and the waters have covered the town and Galveston still stood. A man in the flush of health and strength knows that he must die, some day, but this knowledge does not worry him. He enjoys life. Just so, Galveston was not worried. Although it knew that the gulf was treacherous, it enjoyed life, for Galveston was rich and beautiful. If the combination of the elements ever came it might be centuries hence, and then Galveston, a great metropolis, would be protected by a sea wall, one of the wonders of the world.

But, as some men worry beforehand about their time to die, so some built against the danger. One very rich man who loved to live near the beach and see the faraway dip of the undulating, glistening waters of the treacherous gulf, the sail on the horizon and the breaker that rolled to and fro forever, built against the evil day. He erected a terrace of masonry and earth and put his home on the top and built a strong wall around it all and the people called his home "The Fort." But it was too near the beach. When the gulf leaped it blotted out the rich man's citadel and the poor man's cottage.

The Gulf of Mexico has been likened to the sleeping tiger. A better simile would be that of a tame tiger that glistens in the sunlight, that blinks in a friendly way and purrs along the frail shore. But when the tiger grows restless and draws back into the cage he is getting ready to leap.

Galveston was rich and beautiful. Earth had been brought even from the West Indies and strange trees and shrubs had been trained to grow on what was a barren sand island years ago. The Garden Verein, a club house in a bower of tropical foliage, was where youth and beauty assembled in the evenings, where the music had the under note of the murmur of the gulf and where the breezes of the sea cooled the brow of the dancers.

Galveston was remarkable, too, for the many schools, asylums and hospitals reared by its wealthy citizens and called by their names. These apparently massive as well as stately structures gave an air of security to the city. They were an evidence of confidence, wealth, goodness and peace. These great stone and brick structures contrasted quaintly with the light wooden dwellings of the city.

The town was distinctly American in its appearance, yet semi-tropical in its architecture. The houses stood upon slender brick piers or wooden pins, but the lattice work and the beautiful plants hid this suggestion of a preparation for flood. The people said this was to keep the houses cool. As a matter of fact, never, within the memory of man, had Galveston island been engulfed—there had been inundations, but they were nothing. Galveston differentiated between inundation and wave. Inundation might come—the wave was another thing.

When the weight of the atmosphere does not hold up the thin column of mercury there is danger ahead. The heavier atmosphere, backed up somewhere, must inevitably rush into the area of lighter air. Would the great wind sweep around and drive the waters out and then roll them back? The people said to each other that it would not.

The gale of Saturday morning became a howling tempest at 1 o'clock. While the hurricane was tearing the town to pieces, while roofs were swept off and verandas were torn away and walls cracked, the awful question arose if it was the time when, in the course of centuries, the tiger would leap?

Schooled for years to decry fear of the great catastrophe, hundreds of men remained in the business part of the city and did not go home to their families. Others, most anxious about their goods, remained to protect them from the water. Thus it came to pass that some men who went home to their families were lost in their homes, while others, who remained to look after their worldly goods, were saved.

The people of Galveston were all acquainted with certain higher ground, which a stranger cannot see, for the whole place looks as flat as a table. In the early afternoon on Saturday files of men, women and children were seen making their way to the "ridges," as they called the ground a few feet higher than the general level of the island. They were taken in by those who lived there until many houses contained thirty to fifty persons. Some went in carriages and some rode in the one-mule trucks which are a feature of the cotton regions. These trucks are heavy frames set on two wheels. The driver stands up, holding to an upright pin set in the frame, or sits down sideways close to the shafts. The people stood up, holding to the pins and to each other. All the way from one foot to three feet of water covered the streets at this time. It ran through the streets like mill races. Debris flew about in the air, telegraph and telephone poles crashed down and the slates from slate roofs whistled by with a menace as great as a bombardment. Big wooden cisterns, which stood on pins, were blown off and rolled through the streets, the people dodged these great, rolling objects. The trees had no tap roots and were uprooted in every direction. Still thousands said to thousands: "Let us be glad we are not in the West, where they have cyclones."

The side of Galveston toward Galveston Bay contained the wharves, railway yards and the business district. The side of Galveston toward the Gulf of Mexico was a pretty residence district called the Beach side. Along towards dusk the people who lived on the gulf side of Galveston, that is to say, in the residence district along the beach, were engulfed by a great wave. It was exactly the same thing as an ordinary wave rolling upon the shore, only of awful and devastating magnitude. In a short time the water rose twenty feet high. Those who had fled to the business district, or as much as six or eight blocks away from the beach, were chiefly endangered by the wind, not by the water, which was not deep enough there to drown an uninjured man. But those who remained on the beach side, within four blocks of the gulf in the East end, and a much greater distance in the West end, had little show for their lives. They had believed against doubt until too late. At this awful moment, as black darkness descended, and the houses began to rise and tip and float in the swelling tide, the people emerged, to swim for their lives. The stronger could seize timbers and try to float to safety, but, burdened with the weaker, they sought to use pieces of frame houses, roofs and floating sections of flooring as rafts, tying themselves together with ropes and sheets.

The houses were nearly all frame, many of them large two-story buildings of ornamental architecture. The great waves swept one against the other and over the other.

The entire beach front district was pushed back, house against house. Meeting this resistance, the waters spun around in whirlpools. Hundreds of victims were caught between the houses and crushed and drowned. Hundreds of yards the waters pushed the wrecks of houses until a great wall formed, twenty to thirty feet high, and rested against houses that stood. Several hundred yards of houses were compressed, twisted, pounded into a breakwater 100 feet thick. The labor of thousands of men for many days could not have built a structure so strong and compact. It was stouter than masonry, for it could not crack or crumble.

But this great bulwark saved the rest of the city. The gulf sought its level and the people who were in [illegible] saved districts—saved by the destruction of the beach district—said to each other: "See, the waters recede. I knew that Galveston could not be engulfed!"

Sunday morning, after the storm, the people who lived emerged from their places of shelter and found the city shattered in every direction. The wind had torn the main part of the town like the hurricane tore St. Louis, like the great hurricanes have torn other towns and cities. Worn out by the terror and the hard work to keep windows and doors fastened and the water out of their houses, many persons in the more fortunate neighborhoods pottered about without knowledge of the calamity that had stricken Galveston. Some did not know for twenty-four hours.

Men who had remained in the business district until the storm grew too great to venture homewards—as happens in cities when great storms rage—upon setting out in the morning were horror struck, first by the destruction done by the wind, then by the sight of naked dead upon

CHILDREN'S WARD OF RELIEF CORPS.

WOMAN'S WARD OF RELIEF CORPS.

the streets. Pallid with dread and numb with remorse because they had not gone home at any hazard, they rushed over the rubbish toward their homes, only to find them gone, or with great relief to greet their dazed families.

In the main part of the city buildings had been unroofed, walls had fallen, houses had blown bodily many feet, but the sea-water had not done damage except to stocks of goods near the floor, or to household furniture in houses that had fallen from their pins. The rain through the broken roofs and walls had done the drenching.

But when the explorers neared the beach front they came to a great wall of wreckage. Those explorers who pushed through the wreck laden streets, the slimy streets, to the beach, were unprepared for what they saw. They climbed upon the wall of debris and beheld a sight that stunned them. Beyond, where they were accustomed to see avenues and homes, was nothing but a bleak, level desert, with here and there a little pile of bricks, and, here and there, regular lines of dead and leafless shrubbery.

Beyond that were the breakers of the gulf and the swelling, undulating dip of waters, tossing and leaping in the last throes of their wild work.

In a week the relief expeditions with surgeons and nurses, which had been sent to Galveston from New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, became so numerous that they had to drum up patients. On last Tuesday's boat from Galveston to the railway connection with Houston at Texas City two robust and red cheeked nurses and two doctors buzzed about a sick woman on a stretcher, evidently quite proud that they had a real patient.

One expedition with a complete hospital outfit, was refused admission to Galveston and was established at Houston.

"O, we are getting quite a number of people, now," said the surgeon in charge cheerily.

For a day or two he had been afraid that there were not enough sick and injured to go around and his fears were happily at rest, for he had rather the best of the others in the competition.

When the surgeons and nurses were sent it was believed that they were needed. If they had not started with such a flourish of trumpets they could have quietly folded their tents and gone home, but the great publicity given to their going would not permit this. They simply had to stay and make a fight to do good.

The first that came were well received. Then, as the young doctors in white duck, and the trim, red cheeked nurses in smart professional costumes, began to pour into Houston and Galveston, the local people changed their attitude. They regarded them as notoriety seekers and the local physicians complained that the young doctors had come to grab the good surgical cases for the experience. So much did this feeling grow that when Miss Clara Barton's party arrived at Texas City, opposite Galveston, they had to remain there all night, for aught the authorities at Galveston would do to bring them over that night. The aged heroine of the Red Cross was cheerful, although she had to spend the damp night in a musty day coach and the men of her party slept out on the wet prairie on car cushions.

These stories were told by a casual group of three men who paused a moment to discuss the disaster:

A white man floated along on a raft with two negro children, whom he had picked up, and handed them through a window. The raft tipped as he tried to climb in himself and he fell in the water. He reappeared, clinging to the house, but was evidently hurt and dazed. One of the men in the house descended, holding to a sheet, and brought the man to the window and he was rescued, but the rescuer, in turn, lost his hold and was swept under the house and drowned.

A man who lived in the West end suburbs in a big house swam out to the barn to release his horse, two cows and a calf, and give them a chance for life. The horse came out immediately and swam after the man to the back steps, which held, and walked right into the kitchen. The two cows and the calf followed directly after the horse into the kitchen.

A family horse not only came into the house when the door was opened, but, as the water rose, went up the stairs to the second story, where, at last accounts, he was still lodged, afraid to come down.

Another man said his cow managed to get upon the veranda. During the storm the veranda gave way, except one section about eighteen inches wide, whereon the cow contrived to stand all night and was found there, ten feet above the ground, in the morning.

Many people turned their horses and cows loose on the streets and they turned up all right afterwards. One of the pitiful sights was dogs wandering about over the wreckage, looking for their homes which had been swept away. A man picked up three dogs from the wreckage. They gladly changed from the rafts they stood upon to the raft whereon there was a man.

The estimated cost of the aid extended was $40,000 a day, the great bulk of the aid going to the 4,000 men at work cleaning up the wreckage, digging for bodies and cleaning the streets—through them to their families. No able-bodied laboring man was allowed to escape the work, whether he needed aid or not, though most of them did. The business men who were in position to resume were allowed to attend to their stores, and their clerical forces were not interfered with. After eight days the debris-hunting and street-cleaning were put upon a cash basis, the wages being $1.50. Time was kept from the beginning, though the records are not complete, and it is the expectation, if the money which comes in from outside is adequate, that the men be paid for the full time they worked. This applies to those who had to be made to work at the point of a bayonet as well as those who volunteered their services. This was not given in cash, but in the form of orders for tools for mechanics, lumber for those who have homes they wish to repair, etc. Practically every able-bodied man was made to work, and unless he worked he got no supplies. The first few days wages consisted entirely of rations, given according to the number and needs of the laborer's family, regardless of the amount of work he accomplished.

The work of distribution was conducted systematically and with an apparent minimum of imposition and fraud. There was a central committee, of which W. A. McVitie, a prominent business man, was chairman. Then there was a committee for each one of the twelve wards. As fast as goods or provisions arrived from the mainland they were placed in the central warehouse, from there the different ward chairmen requisitioned them, and they were taken to supply depots in the different wards. All day long there was a motley crowd around every one of these depots, negroes predominating at least two to one. Every applicant passed in review before the ward chairman.

"Ah want a dress foh ma sistah," said a big negress.

"You're 'Manda Jones, and you haven't any sister living here," replied the chairman.

"Foh de Lord, ah has; ah ain't 'Mandy Jones at all; we done live on Avenue N before de storm, and we los' everything."

"Go out with this woman and find out if she has a sister who needs a dress," said the chairman to a committeeman. In this way check was kept on all the applicants for aid.

At the 5th ward distributing station a negro woman, who had been refused a supply, went outside and by way of revenge pointed out different ones of her friends and neighbors whom she alleged were similarly unentitled.

"Dat woman done los' nuthin' at all," she shrieked. "Ah did not los' nuthin' mahself and doan wan' nuthin'."

"What's the trouble?" asked a bystander. An old negress who was lined up waiting her turn replied: "Oh, she's mad 'cause de white folks won't give her nuthin'."

"Our supply of foodstuffs is adequate," said Chairman McVitie, "but just now we are a little short of clothing. Frequently we don't know anything is coming until the cars reach Texas City. With the money which has been coming in we have been augmenting our supplies by purchasing of local merchants in lines where there was a shortage. What do we need worst? Money. If we have money we can order just what we need."

The refugees, on the 17th, were crowding all the trains and boats leaving Galveston, and at the same date the supplies forwarded were arriving.

The big train sent out by the citizens of Chicago for the relief of stricken Galveston is being unloaded on barges of the Direct Navigation Company at Clinton, the Southern Pacific shipping point on the bayou. Owing to the fact that the train came unannounced and was run as an extra every newspaper man in Houston lost it. The train dispatchers of the different roads were besieged, but were unable to give any information. The Rock Island turned the sixteen loaded cars over to the Houston and Texas Central at Fort Worth and orders were issued to put the train on passenger time and give it right of way over everything, which was done, the run of 270 miles from Fort Worth to Houston being made at an average speed of thirty-seven miles an hour. On arrival at Houston the dispatchers carried out their orders to the letter, and the train was turned over to the Southern Pacific with rush orders, and rushed it was. Before daylight the train had been sent to Clinton, barges hurried there to meet it, and the work of unloading began without delay. There were not sufficient barges at once available to hold the great amount of relief stores which had been sent.

Sunday afternoon the first cargo was started for Galveston and arrived there at an early hour this morning. The unloading was accomplished quietly and the barge started immediately on the return trip to Clinton for another load.

One of the most remarkable things attending the Galveston disaster was the fortitude of the people. Their loss in relatives, friends and property was so overwhelming that it seemed too much to be expressed with outward grief.

Two men who had not seen each other since the disaster met in the street. "How many did you lose?" they asked by common impulse.

"I lost all my property, but my wife and I came through all right."

"I was not so fortunate. My wife and my little boy were both drowned."

There was an expression of sympathy from the other, but nothing approaching a tear from either.

"They are making good progress cleaning up," remarks the one whose losses were heaviest, with a pleasant smile. The other one makes light answer and they pass on.

A graphic description of the storm is that given by R. L. Johnson. He said:

"I reached home after wading in water to my neck and made immediate preparations to take my wife and three children where I felt their safety would be assured. The water began to rise so rapidly that in fifteen minutes we were driven to the second floor, and it was then impossible to leave the house. At this time neighbor Kell's house, adjoining mine, went down with husband, wife and children. Then down Avenue S came two small cottages, which struck a telegraph pole and stopped directly in front of my house. I heard children crying and women screaming. The words, 'O God, save me,' I can still hear ringing in my ears.

"Another cottage came sweeping by and carried away the gallery of my house. The Artigan, Henman, and Pennings houses, carrying eighteen persons, floated by, and I could see the struggling forms in the water.

"I was expecting it was our turn next. I kissed my wife and children good-by, and as I did so my oldest boy, a lad of 15, said: 'Father, it is not our time to die.' Then came the piercing scream of a woman, followed by a crash, and another house turned over on its side and was driven past by the wind and flood.

"The current was running like a mill race. The water was already on our second floor, and the waves kept knocking us about until we were completely exhausted. Then the wind went and the water began to fall. I looked about and could not see a house for two blocks; there was nothing but a flood of water in every direction. In the morning we found our house had been moved about ten feet and deposited upon the sand."

CHAPTER IX.

THE AWFUL MAGNITUDE OF THE MISFORTUNE.

Congressman Hawley, one of the business men of Galveston, representing the strongest interests of the city, said September 17 that five million dollars would be required to put Galveston on her feet, but this was merely to clear the wreck. He was asked:

"What measure of relief will burn your dead, clean and purify your streets and public places, feed and clothe the living, and place your people where they can be self-sustaining and on the way to regain what has been lost?"

His reply was: "It will take $5,000,000 to relieve Galveston from the distress of the storm. At least that sum will be needed to dispose of the dead, to remove the ruins, and to do what is right for the living. I think that we should not only feed and clothe, but that we ought to have some means to help people who have lost everything to make a start toward the restoration of their homes. To do this will require every dollar of $5,000,000."

One week after the storm the report was: The injured are recovering rapidly from their hurts, which are largely superficial. Many men and women are suffering from severe nervous shock and find it impossible to sleep. Food is coming in by boatload and carload faster than it can be handled, in such generous quantities that no further doubts are entertained about supplies.

The estimates of the number of persons dependent on relief committees varied from 8,000 to 15,000. The date of the information following was the 17th of September.

In the business center the streets have been cleaned and opened. All buildings still show marks of wind and water, but goods are displayed and business is being transacted.

The city is gradually assuming the bustling ante-flood appearance. The principal streets are now electrically lighted. Stenches no longer assail the nostrils, except in the outside circle of destruction, where much debris still remains untouched. Cremation of the dead is being pushed, but it will be many days before the working parties get out the last of the bodies.

The whole twenty-two miles' length of the island was submerged. The horrors of the western portion beyond the city limits are just being learned at San Luis. One hundred and eighty-one bodies were buried to-day. Between twenty and thirty bodies were counted among the piles of the railroad bridge between the island and Virginia Point. In Kinkead's addition about 100 were lost, eighteen in one house.

The farther the men work in the Denver reservoir section the more numerous are the dead. Fires are burning every 300 feet on the beach and along many of the streets.

Mayor Jones said a week from the date of the storm:

"We are broke, the majority of us. Galveston must have suffered, in my estimation, based upon all of the reports I have, $20,000,000. Shipments of disinfectants and food supplies now on the way will be sufficient to meet the immediate wants. By the time these are used we shall have regained our transportation facilities and stocks of everything, so that we can use money more advantageously. We have between 1,500 and 3,000 men at work searching for bodies, clearing the streets, and burning debris. Of this work, which ought to be done as fast as possible in the interest of the living, there is enough to keep 3,000 employed for forty days, although I believe we shall have the principal streets clear in ten days or two weeks.

"I hesitate to say how much it will take to put Galveston where her people can care for themselves. Certainly $5,000,000 will be a moderate estimate. There is not a building but is damaged, not a house of those left standing but will have to be reroofed, and few that will not need to be straightened on their foundations. If Galveston could get $10,000,000 it would be used judiciously to enable the people to become self-sustaining.

"It is true Galveston is represented as being one of the wealthiest cities of the country. But our rich people had everything here and are crippled. The people of moderate means, who had homes and worked on salaries are, with scarcely an exception, ruined. The class dependent upon labor must be furnished something to do for wages or must suffer.

"Dr. Lord and others, who have been among the people more than I have, say there are 8,000 helpless who must be fed and clothed and carried along for some time.

"There is no contagious disease and we do not anticipate any. But many are suffering from shock and exposure and from injuries received among the ruins. The City of Galveston, I am convinced, lost fully 5,000 persons. Down the island, outside of the city limits, were scattered between 2,000 and 3,000 persons. From the reports slowly coming in it appears that most of these people lost their lives. The island in the sparsely settled parts seems to have been swept clean."

Battery O came out of the storm with a loss of 27 men out of 190 men, a loss seldom sustained in battle. One of these regulars floated fifty-two miles on a door, another was carried on an outhouse across the island and then across Galveston Bay. The survivors were barracked in a shattered church until they could leave for San Antonio to be outfitted and armed. The officers and men lost everything and had to get clothes to cover them.

James Stewart of St. Louis undertook to see that Captain Benton Kennedy's boys did not suffer. The grain men of St. Louis took a personal interest in this case. Captain Kennedy came to Galveston from St. Louis, Mo., where he is well known. He was superintendent of Elevator A. His family consisted of his wife, three boys and two girls. A month ago Captain Kennedy bought a nice home and moved into it. When the storm made the house no longer safe he placed Henry and Edwin, little fellows of 15 and 9, on a raft at the door and went back for the others. The raft was carried half a mile and the boys were rescued. Captain Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy and the sisters and one brother were lost.

The number of persons who fled from Galveston during the first week after the wreck was 8,000. The latest list of dead at that time accounted for 4,078 persons. On September 19th this information was wired from Galveston: The heaviest of all the losers here is the municipality of Galveston. As estimated by officers of the various departments of the city government the loss is divided as follows:

Thirty miles of street paving	$900,000
Schools and furniture	300,000
City hall and market place	150,000
Water works power plant	100,000
Depreciation of wharf stock	100,000
Depreciation of street-railway stock held by the city	5,000
Damage to parks and squares	30,000
Total	$1,585,000

"To look at it now," said Mayor Jones, "it would seem that we are utterly ruined financially, but it must be that there is a way out. I expect to call a meeting of the council with the city attorney in a few days to consider this matter. Until then I will not discuss the situation further."

Galveston's position is a bad one. Before the storm the city had a total assessed valuation of $26,777,338, on a basis of 70 per cent real cash value. On this there was a total net indebtedness of $2,767,086. Various citizens estimate that the loss has been at least 50 per cent of the real value. On the old valuation Galveston had not yet reached the legal limit of bonded indebtedness, but under present conditions is beyond it. The city was already in a bad way financially, being five months behind in salaries. The problem now is how to float more bonds when the assets which made former issues good have been so fearfully depreciated.

September 19 the Governor of Texas wired this:

"The situation to-night in all parts of the stricken district, so far as known to me, is improved, and will, I believe, should we have fair weather, continue to improve. The method of distributing the benefactions of the people has become systemized and has been reduced to the lowest expenses possible, and in this I have had the hearty and voluntary assistance of the railway, express, telegraph and telephone companies, all of whom have promptly and without charge transmitted supplies and messages, besides contributing to the relief of the sufferers. Galveston is being managed by its own municipal authorities, supplemented by the assistance of a committee composed of its best citizens and also by the aid of General Scurry.

"There need be no apprehension but that each and every afflicted community will at the earliest moment practicable receive an abundant supply of provisions. I have supplied Galveston with sufficient money to pay reasonable wages to all laborers who will assist in cleaning the city and removing the debris. As soon as I am able I shall give to the public a complete itemized statement of all moneys received by me and how they have been distributed.

"The loss of life occasioned by the storm in Galveston and elsewhere on the Southern coast cannot be less than 12,000 lives, while the loss of property will probably aggregate $20,000,000."

There are many surprises and much instruction in what the general ruin has done in equalizing conditions. It was told that those who tended counters where women's clothing was distributed, were society women, clerks and schoolteachers. All responded to a call for volunteers without a thought of remuneration for their services. They will, however, be paid if the funds are sufficient.

Dr. Jacobs, a young physician, who lost all property in the flood, five houses and the rest of his possessions, applied for work to avoid having to go on the streets and dig bodies. In the crowds outside were many who were in comfortable circumstances. Those who were wealthy were jostled in the throng with blacks and whites who have always been penniless.

This information was given out September 19:

"The most reliable information obtainable places the dead between 5,000 and 5,500. A census bureau was established and placed in operation to-day. A mortuary bureau has also been opened, where relatives or friends are to make oath of the known death of persons lost in the storm. These bureaus will materially assist in a more accurate record of the dead. At a meeting of the general relief committee to-day no one was found who would undertake the job of removing the city's debris on contract, as all state it would be impossible to make a definite estimate. The nearest estimate expert wreckers will make is that it will take 2,000 men ninety days to clear away the debris and get all of the bodies out, and that this will cost $500,000. The board adopted a resolution stating that it was the opinion of the board that the best way to solve the problem of clearing away the debris was to let a contract to some one to do the work."

The loss, by the city, on the wharf stock may be only temporary if Galveston maintains its former prestige as a port and when the docks are repaired. The company that owns every foot of the dockage in Galveston exacts toll from all freight entering or leaving either by rail or boat. It is one of the most profitable of all Southern stocks. Last year the city received $37,000 in dividends on stock valued at $622,200. The city obtained this valuable asset in payment for streets vacated along the harbor front. The city also holds nominally $30,000 in street railway stock.

The Associated Press, June 18, reported the killed accounted for to be 4,437. Adjutant-General Thomas Scurry said:

"In my opinion the situation is rapidly growing better; the people found themselves dazed and shattered as a result of the storm. While there was an abundance of energy remaining, as might have been naturally expected, a vast amount of it was not concentrated. It has been the policy of this office to concentrate energies. These efforts have been most gratifying. We have a large number of men, possibly 2,000, at work.

"What is most needed for Galveston now is money. Thousands of persons who owned their little homes have had them destroyed. They are now dependent upon the generosity of the outside world and upon the relief committee to prepare for the rigors of winter and to refurnish their homes with necessities. No man who has not been an eyewitness to the desolation which has swept over this city can have the faintest conception of what it means.

"Galveston lies on an island about a mile wide from north to south, the city covering about six miles of this east and west. Along the southern side for a distance of two to five blocks every house has been absolutely demolished. Such of these unfortunates as were not drowned are now penniless."

On September 15 came this information: The depopulation of Galveston still continues, but many families refuse to leave. Scores of persons are living in their wrecked homes here. Many of these houses are without floors and devoid of all sanitary provisions. A serious outbreak of sickness among these is feared.

The foul stench from the carcasses makes sleep almost impossible at night, and strangers who come here do not remain long on account of the terrible odor. The lime which was ordered a few days ago for disinfection purposes has not yet arrived. An increase of sickness is already noted and a general outbreak must occur unless something is done at once to get the city in a sanitary condition.

The St. Mary's convent contains over 600 sick and injured men, women and children. They are being cared

ONE OF THE JETTIES COVERED WITH DEBRIS AND DEAD BODIES OF PEOPLE AND ANIMALS.

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BOAT BLOWN INLAND AND LEFT SIX MILES FROM SHORE.

for by Catholic priests. Many deaths have occurred at this and other hospitals. Some of these victims are unidentified, but a record is being kept of them for purposes of identification in the future. There is no lack of medicine and medical aid in Galveston, but it is the suffering and sick people of Velasco, Alvin and other smaller towns on the mainland who are badly in need of medicines and physicians. Appeals from these places have reached here, asking that any surplus of help here be sent them.

The work of burning the decaying human bodies and other carcasses which are to be found under almost every pile of wreckage continues. In some of these ruins great piles of bodies are frequently found. No attempt at keeping count of the number is made, and it will never be known how many were destroyed in this manner.

The waters of the gulf are giving up dead bodies constantly and the shore of the mainland and the beach of the island are strewn with them.

"There are only ten houses in a habitable condition south of High island," says H. S. Spangler, general manager of the Gulf & Interstate Railway Company, who returned to-day from a tour of inspection of the property of his company. "There were thousands of bodies of dead animals and about 350 bodies of human beings found there. The latter have been partially buried, but the hands and feet are protruding from the earth in many places and there are not enough people left in that section to bury the dead."

Writing from Galveston, September 18, the Chicago Record's correspondent said:

"Galveston has been struck three times with floods and hurricanes, but even this experience is not enough to convince the residents that it will ever happen again. Only a few more cautious have any idea of taking steps to prevent a repetition of the recent disaster. Asked if there will be anything done to make future floods impossible, they will quote the old saw: 'Lightning never strikes in the same place twice.'"

"No," said E. M. Hartrick, assistant United States engineer, "the people of Galveston will go on living in fancied security just as they did before. The plan to put a dike around the city is perfectly feasible and so is a series of jetties. I think the good old Holland plan is the best. The city doesn't need to be raised. I was six years city engineer of Galveston, and following the storm of 1886 drew plans for a dike ten feet high and extending all around the island except on the north side. There the wharves were to be raised and form the dike.

"Galveston gave this plan consideration, and there is a map of the city in existence which shows it with a dike surrounding it. The legislature gave authority to bond the city, but it was some months after the flood when this had been secured, and the people said, 'Oh, we'll never get another one,' and they didn't build."

The construction by the government of two jetties, one eight miles long extending out southeast for the purpose of making a narrower and deeper channel for boats coming into Galveston harbor, made the necessity of remedial work more apparent, but nothing was done. In last week's storm the southwesterly one of the jetties pocketed the water and carried it up over the southeastern end of the island. This is the place where whole blocks of buildings were literally washed away, leaving hardly enough of the foundations to indicate that buildings ever stood there.

In this part of the city the water rose to a depth of fifteen feet in the streets. Had the houses that were demolished by the waves and swept away by wind not formed into a great jam similar to a log jam, but extending along the south shore of the island for seven miles, this enormous body of water would have swept over the entire island and the number of dead would have been quadrupled.

"It formed a dike," said Engineer Hartrick, in calling attention to this feature of the flood, "and had it not been for that dike we might not any of us be here now."

According to Mr. Hartrick, Galveston has the wrong style of architecture for a gulf town. Its newer buildings are built on the northern plan with balloon frames, and are poorly adapted to stand a blow.

"This storm was a hurricane," he says; "just such as they have in the West Indies every summer, but which we have here perhaps once in a hundred years. Still we never know when one may come again, and we should build our houses accordingly.

"What we want is not to keep all the water out. We want the waves to break their force before they rise on to the island. It was the force of the great waves which wrecked the houses."

Prof. Otto Tittmann of the coast and geodetic survey attributes the damage of the Galveston storm in part to the removal of the sand dunes, which originally protected the eastern end of the low, flat island on which the city is located. In the regular course of the improvements these were leveled off, and there is now no break for a violent wind coming from the east.

The coast survey maps show another contributing cause. It is seen by the recorded soundings that there is a long, shallow bar of sand extending for nearly three miles off the east coast; the average depth of the water is less than 12 feet; then the bottom drops off into the deeper waters of the gulf. A wind from the southeast would have a tendency to drive the waters of the gulf before it, and when they reached the sandy shallows they would be piled up, and surge over it, rather than break and recede, as they would if the shore was precipitous. The bay also is formed so as to make a pocket. The opening is narrow and obstructed by sandbars, which permit the water to come over them, and to back up in the 30-mile stretch of deeper water beyond.

The work of extracting bodies from the mass of wreckage still continues. To-day, September 18, over 400 bodies were taken out of the debris which lines the beach front. With all that has been done to recover bodies buried beneath or pinned to the immense drift, the work has scarcely started. There is no time to dig graves and the putrefying flesh, beaten and bruised beyond identification, is consigned to the flames. Volunteers for this grewsome work are coming in fast. Men who have heretofore avoided the dead under ordinary conditions are now working with a vigorous will and energy in putting them away.

Under one pile of wreckage this afternoon twenty bodies were taken and cremated. In another pile a man pulled out the remains of two children and for a moment gazed upon them, then mechanically cast them into the fire. They were his own flesh and blood. As they slowly burned he watched them until they were consumed.

A large force of men is still engaged in removing the dead from Hurd's lane, located about four miles west of the city. At this point the water ran to a height of fourteen feet, and hung up in trees and fences are the bodies of men, women and children, which are being collected and cremated as fast as possible.

On the mainland the searching for and cremating of bodies that either perished or found lodgment there, is being prosecuted vigorously.

A lady whose house was not overthrown, though mangled, tells this of her escape:

"About ten o'clock the water began to recede and we could see the heap of debris in the courtyard. It was then we had our first gleam of hope.

"As the water fell, dreading the fall of the tottering walls, we clambered out of the rear window to the piles of brick outside, where we sat exposed to the fierce wind and rain until four o'clock, when two brave men, Ford Smith and Shirley, came and said it was possible to get away and find shelter. These two men knew we had taken refuge in what was known to be one of the strongest buildings on the island. They came through all the danger to learn our fate.

"The gladdest sound I ever heard was that of their voices. They hastened us off, fearing the return of the tide.

"Such a sight as met us as we left our nook behind and looked upon the street! Not a house was left standing between Fourteenth street and the Gulf. Through Fourteenth street we waded in water up to our waists, sometimes losing ourselves in holes, to be pulled out by the others.

"Then we came to the drifts, over which we climbed at risk of life and limb. Four of these we encountered before we came to a house, where we found shelter. Later we secured a patrol wagon, which brought us down to the grocery store of Mrs. Thorne's relatives. We went in the store, where we waded around in the slush, making coffee and getting what food we could.

"Mrs. Baker was fortunate enough to secure some awfully bad rooms over a stable on Twenty-second street that had not been flooded, where we spent yesterday.

"The desolation is something indescribable. The water stood eight feet deep in front of the Cathedral, the highest point on the island. There is not a sound building in the city."

This paragraph is remarkable for the information contained: "Galveston lies on an island about a mile wide from north to south, the city covering about six miles of this east and west. Along the southern side for a distance of two to five blocks every house has been absolutely demolished. Such of these unfortunates as were not drowned are penniless."

J. N. Griswold, division freight agent of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe, said, on returning from Galveston to Dallas, September 11:

"Ears and fingers bearing diamonds were hacked off with pocket knives, and the members placed in the pockets of vandals. The bodies of women who wore fine clothes have been stripped of the last thread and left to fester in the sun. The residences left standing have been broken into and jewelry and silver plate stolen. I saw a negro woman carrying a large basket of silverware that was not hers.

"At Texas City I saw an old man considerably under the influence of liquor. From his pocket protruded a roll of bills as big as my arm, which he claimed to have found on the bay shore.

"Upon all hands this horrible work is going on. The offenders are generally negroes. As soon as the storm subsided the negroes stole all the liquor they could get, and, beastly drunk, proceeded with their campaign of vandalism. Troops are needed at once."

The hiding place of three ghouls was discovered in a beached dredge, formerly used by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Three satchels, filled with jewelry and money, were seized. The men, who were whites, were supposed to have been shot, but no official report of the shooting has been made.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHICAGO FIRE AND THE GALVESTON FLOOD.

One of the most inspiring and splendid chapters of history is the story of the rise of Chicago from ashes, the swift coming courage that rose above all discouragements, using among other things the very debris of the old city to make more land for the new and greater city.

The record of the resurrection of the city is one of intense interest, in association with the woeful losses of Galveston, and there are many encouraging inferences to be drawn. In "Chicago and the Great Conflagration," by Colbert and Chamberlain, in 1871, there is an account of the first note of good cheer. It was from the press, and this is the incident:

"The Tribune building had not ceased to blaze, or rather to melt, for there was not much about it to make a blaze of, before Joseph Medill, one of the chief stockholders, (since elected mayor of the city) had sought out a job-office on Canal street—a locality where nobody had dreamed there was anything of the sort—and bought it out, type, presses and lease of three spacious floors; so that on the morrow the force of the Tribune was at work, producing a broadside sheet for Wednesday morning. That issue sounded out like a tocsin which called every man in Chicago to his duty. It gave a twelve column account of the great calamity. It was headed 'Chicago Destroyed;' but this was merely a rhetorical flourish of the younger Medill, for the editorial columns abounded in ringing, cheering utterances. We cannot forbear quoting the principal of these:

"'CHEER UP.

"'In the midst of a calamity without parallel in the world's history, looking upon the ashes of thirty years' accumulations, the people of this once beautiful city have resolved that CHICAGO SHALL RISE AGAIN!

"'With woe on every hand, with death in many strange places, with two or three hundred millions of our hard-earned property swept away in a few hours, the hearts of our men and women are still brave and they look into the future with undaunted hearts. As there has never been such a calamity, so has there never been such cheerful fortitude in the face of desolation and ruin.

"'Thanks to the blessed charity of the good people of the United States, we shall not suffer from hunger or nakedness in this trying time. Hundreds of train-loads of provisions are coming forward to us with all speed from every quarter, from Maine to Omaha. Some have already arrived—more will reach us before these words are printed. Three-fourths of our inhabited area is still saved. The water supply will be speedily renewed. Steam fire-engines from a dozen neighboring cities have already arrived, and more are on the way. It seems impossible that any further progress should be made by the flames, or that any new fire should break out that would not be instantly extinguished.

"'Already contracts have been made for rebuilding some of the burned blocks, and the clearing away of the debris will commence to-day, if the heat is so far subdued that the charred material can be handled. Field, Leiter & Co.

and John V. Farwell & Co. will recommence business to-day. The money and securities in all the banks are safe. The railroads are working with all their energies to bring us out of our affliction. The three hundred millions of capital invested in these roads is bound to see us through. They have been built with special reference to a great commercial mart at this place, and they cannot fail to sustain us. CHICAGO MUST RISE AGAIN.

" 'We do not belittle the calamity that has befallen us. The world has probably never seen the like of it—certainly not since Moscow burned. But the forces of nature, no less than the forces of reason require that the exchanges of a great region should be conducted here. Ten, twenty years may be required to reconstruct our fair city, but the capital to rebuild it fireproof will be forthcoming. The losses we have suffered must be borne; but the place, the time and the men are here, to commence at the bottom and work up again; not at the bottom, either, for we have credit in every land, and the experience of one upbuilding of Chicago will help us. Let us all cheer up, save what is yet left, and we shall come out right. The Christian world is coming to our relief. The worst is already over. In a few days more all the danger will be past, and we can resume the battle of life with Christian faith and western grit. Let us all cheer up.'

"This bugle-call had an electrical effect upon the spirits of the people."

The same spirit has been shown in Galveston, though there were discouragements there more serious even than those of Chicago. There was no job-office that escaped in Galveston. We resume the narrative:

"Tuesday, the 10th of October, may be called a day of transition from chaos to order; though it looked upon the surface like chaos merely. The mayor and city government were busy providing for the re-establishment of quiet and confidence, and the Board of Trade and other authorities in business were organizing for the resurrection of Chicago; but little of this was apparent to the general observer. The visitor to Chicago (that is the unburnt part of it), Tuesday morning, saw, perhaps, first of all, an occasional puff of smoke, curling upwards from chimney-tops of houses, and yet not many; for the Mayor's order of the previous night had prohibited all kitchen fires, and only the very reckless or very hungry made bold to construe the shower of the previous night as a contravention of the order. He saw an occasional face show itself on the street, haggard and red-eyed, from the effects of the previous twenty-four hours' experience. He saw water-carts moving through the streets and being surrounded by men in dressing gowns and women in their meanest wear, bearing buckets and pitchers, to buy, at a shilling a pailful, the fluid which had suddenly become so precious. He saw wagons drive up to church-doors, carrying sick or wounded or burnt victims of the flames, now first furnished with shelter. He saw fire-engines, probably from abroad, getting into position to play upon the blazing coal-heaps along the river; their occasional sharp whistle was almost the only sound to break the solemn stillness of the morning. By and by, however, the people began to stir, and then suddenly all became a Babel of confusion. Wagons of every description, and in numbers no one thought the city could boast, were plying hither and thither with reckless speed."

This was a revival of energy, the resumption of trained labors, a protest against further loss of time. We follow the writer just quoted a few lines further:

"Chicago has fastened upon the trade of the great Northwest with chains that cannot be unbound, and will therefore grow with that rapidly developing country, and without any serious hindrance from what has happened. Individual fortunes have been in some cases irretrievably lost, though the way in which these men rebound, even from out the slough of despair, is something wonderful; but the city must still go marching on. The West must have her for uses which no other locality can subserve, and which no other city, even if it had the advantage of location, could prepare itself to subserve in thrice the time it will take Chicago to recuperate. The produce of the West and the capital of the East are alike interested in keeping Chicago the metropolis of the Northwest—an empire already vaster, and much more rapidly growing, than that of Great Britain at the time London was destroyed.

"People who come to Chicago and take a survey of her present apparent desolation are shocked by it, and go away saying that Chicago cannot be rebuilt in less than a generation. They forget that Chicago was a generation in attaining her late magnificence, simply because the West was for that length of time in growing to its present proportions; and that the question of how long it will take to rebuild Chicago—the West being still intact around her—is simply a question of how long it will require for the country to produce the bricks and the stone to lay up her walls withal. It is estimated by those competent to judge of this that three years will be adequate to the work; in other words that as soon as the grand buildings of the railway corporations, the city, and the United States Government can be completed in a solid manner they will already be surrounded by a complete city, equal in its capacity for the accommodation of business to that which fell in the Great Conflagration."

There need be only the change of a few words to apply this forcibly and accurately to Galveston. The word West is to be changed to South, and it fits the situation on the Gulf. Again:

"The writer, wandering among the mournful ruins of the North Division, on the day after that quarter was destroyed, met an acquaintance whom he accosted with the usual salutation: 'How did you come out?' The answer was: 'Yesterday morning I had a warehouse over there with $30,000 worth of wool in it, I had a fine house, well furnished, for my home, and two others to help out my income. To-day, I've got what I have on my back; my wife the same—that is all.' 'Are you going to give up?' we asked. 'NO SIR,' he answered. A fortnight later we encountered the same friend dashing down the street at great speed. He had got track of a man who would, he thought, put up a building for him, and was going to have the contract made before night. He was buoyant and enthusiastic.

"Probably the reader of this history who visits Chicago five years hence will find this man in full blast in his new warehouse, not with thirty, but with sixty or ninety thousand dollars' worth of wool in store, and not with two but four houses to rent; for it is such pluck as this that wins in the West.

"The visitor will see, besides the twenty railroads which already converge at Chicago, the six important lines now projected, also entering the heart of the city, probably by sunk tracks, and through viaducts at every street-crossing."

The echo of these words expressing individual tenacity of purpose, never giving up, comes on every breeze from the South. The first hours of despair after the incalculable calamity are described in "Scenes, Incidents and Lessons of the Great Chicago Fire," by Sewell, 1872, in these words:

"Every street, alley, doorway and court was occupied by trembling, exhausted human beings, pale with fear and desperate with uncertainty. 'What shall we do?' 'What will become of us?' were the anxious queries of the heterogeneous multitude as they stood or sat in the streets, or as they lay prostrate in despair on the steps of houses or on the boards and planks of the lumber yards on the river docks."

On the anniversary night of the burning of the city of Chicago, October 9, occurred in 1899 the Peace Jubilee Banquet at the Auditorium Hotel. There were present the President of the United States, the Vice-President of Mexico, and the Premier of Canada, and the latter, in a most graceful and strong speech, made a memorable utterance grateful to the Chicago business men who heard or read it, and it will be pleasing and uplifting to the business men of Galveston, for it appeals to the chivalry of commerce and the nobility of humanity. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, said:

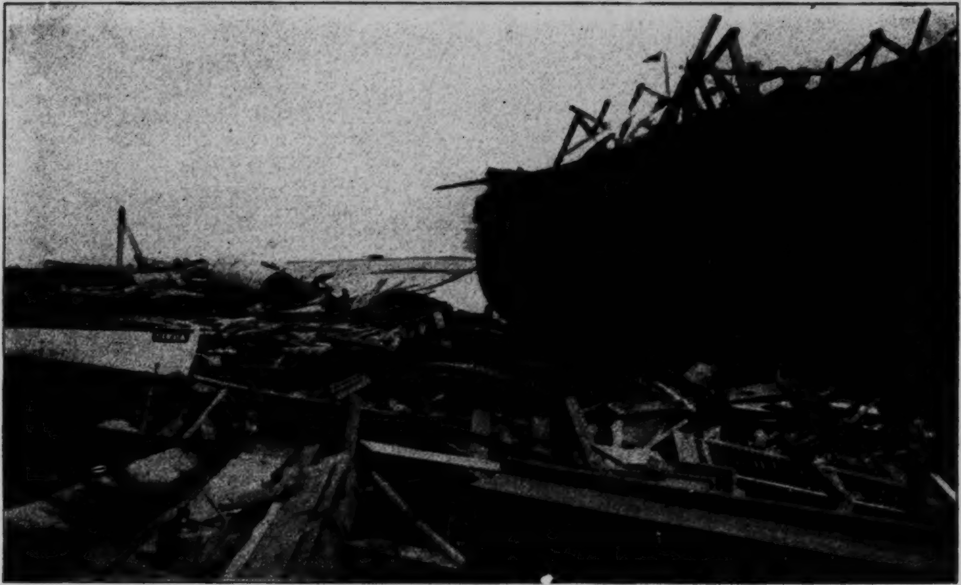
"As a rule, nations and cities celebrate the day of their foundation, or some great victory, or some national triumph, in all cases some event which, when it occurred, was a cause of universal joy and rejoicing. Not so, however, of the city of Chicago. In this, as in everything else, it does not tread in beaten paths, and the day which it celebrates is not the day of its foundation, when hunters and fur traders unconsciously laid down what was to develop into a gigantic city. Neither does it celebrate some great action in which American history abounds, nor does it commemorate a deed selected from the life of some of the great men whom the state has given to the nation, though Illinois can claim the proud privilege of having given to the nation one as great as Washington.

"The day which Chicago celebrates is the day of its direst calamity—the day when it was swept out of existence by fire, and I recall the energy, the courage, the faith, the enthusiasm with which its citizens met and faced and conquered an appalling calamity.

"For my part, well do I remember the awful day, for as you will know, its terrors were reverberated far beyond the limits of your country, but of all the things which I most remember—I was a young man—of all the acts of courage and heroism which were brought forward, the one thing that struck me most was an appeal issued by the business men of Chicago on the smoking ruins of the city. They appealed to their fellow-citizens. They appealed not for alms or charity of any kind, but in most noble language they appealed to their fellow-citizens, especially those who had business connections with Chicago, and whose enterprise and energy had conferred honor on the American name, to sustain them in their business in that time of their trial. Mark the language—the only thing they asked was to be SUSTAINED IN THEIR BUSINESS, and if sustained in their business they were ready to face and meet the awful calamity which had befallen their city. In my estimation, in my judgment, this was courage of the highest order. Wherever you meet courage, you are sure to meet justice and generosity."

The way in which Chicago found and appropriated resources is prominent in this paragraph of a publication that soon followed the fire:

"It was estimated that the value of the land made out of the rubbish filling the border of the lake was worth $1,000 a day. It was further estimated that in course of time—the year was '72—'the accretions made in the manner described, the land may be sold (the needed authorization having of course been obtained) for a sum equal to the city debt, which is now, in round numbers, $13,000,000.'"



WRECKAGE ON THE BEACH NEAR PIER 18.

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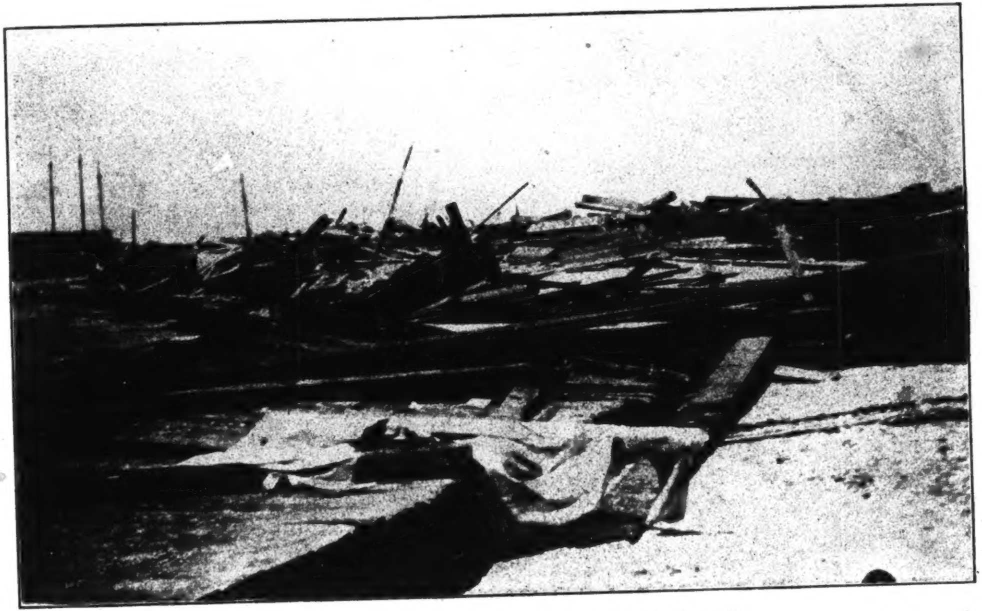


WRECK OF WHARF AT END OF THE LONG BRIDGE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MOST GREWSOME PICTURE IN THE BOOK OF TIME.

(From the Galveston News, September 13, 1900.)

Galveston, Wednesday.—The story of Galveston's tragedy can never be written as it is. Since the cataclysm of Saturday night a force of faithful men have been struggling to convey to humanity from time to time some of the particulars of the tragedy. They have told much, but it was impossible for them to tell all, and the world, at best, can never know all, for the thousands of tragedies written by the storm must forever remain mysteries until eternity shall reveal all. Perhaps it were best that it should be so, for the horror and anguish of those fatal and fateful hours were mercifully lost in the screaming tempest and buried forever beneath the raging billows. Only God knows, and for the rest let it remain forever in the boundlessness of His omniscience. But in the realm of finity, the weak and staggered senses of mankind may gather fragments of the disaster, and may strive with inevitable incompleteness to convey the merest impression of the saddest story which ever engaged the efforts of a reporter.

Galveston! The mournful dirges of the breakers which lash the beach can not in the remaining centuries of the world give expression to the sorrow and woe which throbs here to-day; and if the sobbing waves and sighing winds, God's great funeral choir, fail, how can the weak pen and appalled imaginations of men perform the task? The human heart can merely feel what language will never be able to express. And in the case of Galveston, the heart must break before it can begin to feel.

I struggled all day Tuesday to reach this isle of desolation. With General McKibben, General Scurry, General Stoddard and several who had relatives here about whom they were anxious, I spent five hours on the bay in a row boat, kindly loaned by the captain of the Kendel Castle, a British steamship hopelessly stranded at Texas City, but finally we landed on the island just as the stars were coming out.

The very atmosphere smelt of death, and we walked through the quiet streets to the Tremont hotel. Long before we landed we had seen the naked forms of men, women and children floating in the bay and were depressed until the entire party was heartsick.

Men were grouped about the streets talking in quiet tones. Sad and hopeless women could be seen in dismantled houses, destitute children were about the streets, and all about them was nothing but wreck and ruin. Night had drawn a gray pall over the city and for awhile the autumn moon covered her face with dark clouds to hide the place with shadows. The town was under martial law, every saloon was closed, and passers-by were required to give an account of themselves before being allowed to proceed. The fact, however, that the streets were almost impassable on account of the debris kept us reminded that we were in the midst of unprecedented desolation.

Wednesday the sun drew aside the curtains of darkness and revealed a scene that is impossible of description. I spent hours driving or riding about the city and witnessed the saddest spectacles ever seen by human eyes. What were once Galveston's splendid business thoroughfares were wrecked and crumbled. The Strand, known to every business man of the State, was lined on both sides with crumbling walls and wrenched buildings, and the street was a mass of debris, such as metal roofs rolled up like a scroll, splintered timbers, iron pillars, broken stone and bricks; the same was true of Mechanic, and Market, and Tremont, and Twenty-first and Twenty-second and every other street of the great business heart of Galveston. The stores were ruined and deserted and the blight of destruction was visible as far as the eye could reach. As horrible as all this was, it was as nothing to the hopeless faces of the miserable men, women and children in the streets. I will not undertake to describe them, but as long as I live I will never forget them. Many I knew personally, and these gave greeting, but God, it was nothing but a handshake and tears. It seems that everybody I had ever known here had lost somebody. The tears in their eyes, the quiver of their voices, the trembling of lips! The brand of agony was upon their faces and despair was written across their hearts. I would plunge a dagger through my heart before I would endure this experience again.

The readers of the News must pardon the personal nature of this narrative. It is impossible to write without becoming a part of the story this time. I met Elma Everhart, formerly a Dallas boy. I had known him from childhood, and all his people. Indeed, I had once been an inmate of their home in Oakcliff. I hardly knew him when he stopped me, he had grown so much. He said: "Katy and her baby are at Dickinson. That town was destroyed, but they are alive. I am going there and leave Galveston forever."

I knew he had woe in his heart and I queried.

"I am the only one left," he answered. "Papa, mamma, Lena and Guy—they are all gone."

I remember the last time I saw this family before they left Dallas. I remember Lena, one of the most beautiful children I ever saw. I recall her beautiful eyes and long dark curls, and I remember when she kissed me good-bye and joyously told me she was coming to Galveston to live! And this was her fate.

With all my old fondness for the ocean, recalling how I have lain upon the sand hour after hour looking at its distant sails and listening to its mysterious voices, recalling happy moments too sacred for expression, when I think of that sweet child as one of its victims, I shall hate the sea forever.

And yet, what can this grief of mine amount to in the presence of the agony of the thousands who loved the 5,000 souls who took leave of life amid the wild surging waters and pitiless tempest of last Saturday night?

After surveying the dismantled business section of the city, a cabman made his tortuous way through the residence sections. It was a slow journey, for the streets were jammed with houses, furniture, cooking utensils, bedding, clothing, carpets, window frames, and everything imaginable, to say nothing of the numerous carcasses of the poor horses, cows and other domestic animals. Some of the houses were completely capsized, some were flat upon the ground with not one timber remaining upon another, others were unroofed, some were twisted into the most fantastic shapes, and there were still others with walls intact, but which had been stripped of everything in the way of furniture. It is not an uncommon thing for the wind at high velocity to perform miraculous things, but this blast which came at the rate of 120 miles an hour, repeated all the tricks the wind has ever enacted and gave countless new manifestations of its mysterious power. It were idle to undertake to tell the curious things to be seen in the desolate residence streets, how the trees were uprooted and driven through houses, how telegraph poles were driven under car tracks, how pianos were transferred from one house to another.

More ominous than all this were the vast piles of debris from which emanated odors which told of dead victims beneath, men, women and children, whose silent lips will never reveal the agony from which death alone released them.

More sorrowful still the tear-stained faces of the women, half-clad, who looked listlessly from the windows, haunted by memories from which they can never escape—the loss of babies torn from their breasts and hurled into a maelstrom of destruction to be seen no more forever.

What were those dismantled homes to the dismantled hearts within? How can it be described? Will the world ever know the real dimensions of the disaster which crushed Galveston and left her broken and disconsolate like a wounded bird fluttering on the white sands of the ocean?

And the beach? That once beautiful beach with its long stretches of white sand—what had become of that? Misshapen, distorted, blotched and drabbled and crimsoned, it spread away to the horizons of the east and west, its ugly scars rendered more hideous by the glinting rays of the sun. Part of it had disappeared under the purling waters. Far out here and there could be seen the piling where once rested the places of amusement. The waves were lashing the lawns which once stretched before palatial homes. And the pools along the shore were stinking with the remains of ill-fated dogs, cats, chickens, birds, horses, cows and fish. Shoreward as far as the eye could reach were massive piles of houses and timbers, all shattered and torn.

A cloud of smoke was noticed and driving to the scene we found a large number of men feeding the flames with the timbers of the wrecked homes which once gave such a charm to Galveston beach.

And why the fire?

The men were burning 1,000 human bodies cast up by the sea and the fuel was the timber of the homes which the poor victims once occupied! And yet this awful spectacle was but a fragment of the murderous work of the greatest storm which has swept the ocean's shore for a century!

There were dozens of piles of sand in every direction along that mutilated shore. And men were noticed in the distance shoveling these uncanny mounds.

We saw what they were doing. The bodies brought in by the tide were being buried deep in the sand. Driving beyond the grave diggers we saw prostrate on the sand the stark and swollen forms of women and children, and floating further out in the tide were other bodies soon to be brought in to be buried. The waves were but the hearses bringing in the dead to be buried in the sand along the shore. It is the contemplation of such scenes as these that stagger consciousness and sting the human soul.

They told me with sad humor that what I had seen was as nothing to what I could have seen had I been here Sunday and Monday mornings. I am glad, then, that I did not come sooner, and I am sorry that I ever came at all. What I have seen has been sufficient to make me miserable to the longest day of my life, and what I have heard that I could not see and could not have seen had I been in the storm will haunt me by night and day as long as my senses remain. I am telling an incident repeated to me by one of the most prominent and distinguished citizens of Galveston. On Monday seven hundred bodies had been gathered in one house near the bay shore. Recognition of a single one was impossible. The bodies were swollen and decomposition was setting in rapidly. Indeed, the odor of death was on the air for blocks. What disposition should be made of this horrifying mass of human flesh was an imminent problem. While the matter was under discussion, the committee was informed that there was no time to waste in deliberation, that some of the bodies were already bursting. It was impossible to bury them, and they could not be incinerated in that portion of the city without endangering more life and more property, as there was no water to extinguish a fire once started. It was decided to load the bodies on a barge, tow it out to sea and sink them with weights. That was the only thing to be done.

Men were called for to perform this awful duty, but they quailed at the task. And who could blame them? They were told that quick action was necessary, or a pestilence might come and sweep off the balance of the living. Still they were immovable. It was no time for dallying.

A company of men with rifles at fixed bayonets were brought to the scene and a force of men were compelled at the point of the bayonet to perform this sad, sad duty. One by one the dead were removed to the barge, every body as naked as it had come into the world—men, women and children, black and white, all classes of society and station and condition were represented in that putrid mass. The unwilling men who were performing this awful task were compelled to bind cloths about their nostrils while they were at work and occasionally citizens passed whisky among them to nerve them to their duty.

Who can conceive of the horror of this?

After a while the seven hundred dead were piled upon the barge and a tug pulled them slowly out to sea. Eighteen miles out, where the sea was rolling high, amid the soughing white caps, with God's benediction breathed in the moaning winds, all that was mortal of these seven hundred was consigned to the mystic caves of the deep.

And yet, this was but another incident of the sad tragedy of which we write.

George H. Walker, of San Antonio, known well in theatrical circles, was a member of the party who struggled all day Tuesday to get to Galveston, and he landed late at night. It was an anxious day for him, for this was the city of his birth and before the storm he had six brothers and five sisters living here, in addition to his son, an aunt and his mother-in-law.

He found his son safe and many other members of his family. They told him how the boy, Earl, a lad of 15, had at the height of the tempest placed his grandmother, Mrs. C. S. Johnson, on the roof of the house after it was floating in the current, and had made a second trip to bring his aunt to the roof. When the lad returned the grandmother was gone, finding in the raging current her final peace.

The boy and his aunt, another Mrs. Johnson, clung to the roof throughout and successfully weathered the gale.

George Walker found later on, however, that his brother Joe and his stepbrother, Nick Donley, had been swept away to feed the fury of the storm.

I met W. R. Knight, of Dallas, who arrived yesterday at noon. He told me that he had found his mother, two unmarried sisters and a married sister, Mrs. E. Webster, safe. But he, too, had his sorrow. A sister, Mrs. Ida Toothaker, and her daughter Etta, were lost, and his brother-in-law, E. Webster, Sr., and five children, Charley, George, Kenneth, Julia and Sarah, had joined the other two loved ones on the bosom of the unresting sea.

How many stories of sorrow like this that remain to be told can not now be numbered. The anxious people who have been straggling into Galveston from a distance have usually found some dear relative or many of them missing and numbered among the thousands who became in a few brief hours the victims of the remorseless furies.

It is with reluctance that I relate one case that came under my own observation. It was so horrible that perhaps it ought not to be told at all, but only such instances can convey a faint idea of the horror of the Galveston disaster. While rowing near the Huntington wharves the naked body of a woman was observed floating in the water, with a half-born infant plainly in view.

Mr. L. H. Lewis, of Dallas, arrived yesterday looking for his son, George Cabell Lewis, who was found alive and well. Mr. Lewis said: "I helped to bury sixteen at Texas City last (Tuesday) night—all Galveston victims. They buried fifty-eight there Tuesday. Coming down Buffalo bayou I saw numberless legs and arms, mostly of women and children, protruding from the muck. I believe there are hundreds of women and children near the mouth of the bayou. As soon as men can be found to do the work these poor victims should be looked after. Unquestionably most of them were from Galveston island. Among other things I saw were tombstones with inscriptions in German and rusty caskets which had been beached by the waves."

One going to Galveston four days after the storm tells the terrible tale in this succession of pictures:

Against a barbed wire fence the bloated carcasses of cattle had floated—their swollen limbs stiff towards the sky—and yet others browsed around in the meadow now which was a roaring sea but four days ago. This sight was the first we saw of death and every man in the car, as if to avoid the fear that arose in the mind of each, began to express wonder how this could be—that is, that some of these poor brutes were dead and others living. It was an idiotic talk, but a beautiful one to me. For it showed that the arguments had fear for their foundation and that fear had sympathy for its foundation. The men who talked and talked, who advanced most foolish opinions, had hearts then and there under an eclipse of fear for their fellow man. It was hoping against hope. That was apparent to every man of us. Yet why not hope? Why not, even if it was ridiculous. The scrubby trees were denuded of leaves. Could a man or woman live in that? Yet here and there a house, even now tottering, could be seen, and some distressed human being be seen looking out over the devastation of his or her all. And so they could live and hope would take on a new life.

Then the pampa began to show what the storm fiend could do. The grass was laid low in its track. It was trod heavily, brutally here. It was angry at this spot beyond a doubt. The train went on. As it went it seemed to puff in a more quiet way. It might have been imagination, but if it was imagination it was not confined to any man. The talk ceased. The machine that pulled us did not make a noise. Hope had gone with the sight of the prairie grass laid low. Every man knew he was within the land that this demon had lately ruled. The train, merely because of the track, went slow. This added to the effect. It was like invading the territory of the awful. It was a funeral cortege.

Over this prairie the train crept. Debris of all kinds covered the prairie. It was from Galveston, because it could be from no other place. Every ant hill was covered with the remnants of homes in the city six miles away. There were lace curtains, furniture of all kinds, but mostly of the cheap kind. There were toys, ladies' toilet articles, bed clothes, and in fact everything that goes to make up a home. This point was Texas City, six miles away from Galveston across the bay. The town had suffered badly. Human lives were lost there, and the agony of it was great, but above all was the idea: What of across the way? It was six miles dead across, and a schooner was in waiting to take us over. But before it landed there was a chance of observation of the bay line, on which the waters now gently lisped. For the bay was as gentle as a country pond. It lapped and kissed the few blades of grass that grew down where the rise and fall of the tide was natural. It did not moan like the sea. It merely gurgled. But every little wave threw up and agitated the dead. The bloated horses, the cows which provident housekeepers in the city across the way had owned and petted were there. Chickens, rats, dogs, cats, and everything, it seemed, that breathed, was there, dead and swollen and making the air nauseous. But by their sides were people. The worn-out people of the district, having saved their own lives and buried their own dead, were quick to respond to natural instincts and do right by their kind. I saw them take swollen women, and swollen men and swollen children and with quick shrift place them in two feet graves. It was terrible, but what could they do? There were no burial services. The men who did the work were simply doing what they could to relieve the air of them. They were not gentle, but how could they be gentle when they lay there with their black faces, their terribly swollen tongues and the odor of decomposition threatening those that lived?

It may strike the mind with horror. But it was the only solution. There were fifty-eight bodies buried in the bleak sands that day—buried as best those poor unfortunates could bury them—with the idea wholly that they should be placed where their relatives could afterwards find them and to protect themselves against the further exposition to the element.

In the debris from Galveston was everything. I walked about it and was impressed with the idea that this truly must have impressed the people that the world was at an end. For twenty-five miles on the land—into the interior—this disorderly element raged. It destroyed and it marched—and when it ceased really the sea had given up its dead and the secrets of life were revealed. For walking among the debris I found a truth. It had been broken over by the violence of the waves. Letters, blurred by the waters were drying on the shingles and weatherboarding of Galveston homes. I picked up one and it began, "My Darling Little Wife." And I closed it there and threw it among its fellows on the drift. She was dead. She had kept his letters.

No man has been busier comforting the grief-stricken people of Galveston than Dr. R. C. Buckner, of the Buckner orphan home, in Dallas county. He leaves Thursday morning for his institution with the homeless orphans of the Galveston orphans' home, which was wrecked by the storm. He has others besides these, and altogether he will take one hundred home with him.

What a grand old man Dr. Buckner is! I will take off my hat to him any day in the week. I have known him for years and there is not a nobler character alive. I saw him at Sherman when that city was ravished by a cyclone several years ago. He was there looking for orphans, and I know that he has always been quick to reach the scene of disaster and death. He got here Tuesday afternoon and lost no time in reaching his part of the work, and heaven knows there was none more important than that to which he assigned himself. But the people of Texas ought to know what he has done. They have always loved the Buckner home. They know what it has done in the way of rescuing destitute children. They know that hundreds of good men and women of the State have come from that institution—men and women who have become successful in life and who honor the State and the home by their useful and upright lives. But Texas will have greater cause than ever to love and revere Dr. Buckner and his institution when it is known that he has added to his family a hundred hapless victims of the Galveston storm, making in all 400 in his entire family.

CHAPTER XII.

INCIDENTS THAT MAKE UP THE HISTORY OF HORRORS.

Mr. Gray's house fell and he fought his way out with a wife who was just out of a sick bed. He managed to get to the next house with her. This was the home of Ed Hunter. That house went between 6:30 and 7, and the Hunter family was lost. Mr. Gray caught a transom, put the arm of his wife through it, and soon found that the transom belonged to the side of the house, about 20x20 feet in size. It was nothing but the side of the house made of ordinary siding and studding. He swung onto this and even now does not understand how it stood up under them. All the time he kept telling his wife to hold onto him, and this she did. Along in the night the raft struck a tree and was swept from under them. Gray caught a limb with his wife still clinging to him. By this time he was almost completely exhausted, but he managed by a hundred successive efforts to get his wife into the tree. A little later a colored man was seen coming through the water. Gray called to him to take to the lower limbs and not to come higher, for he was afraid the tree with three people on it would be made top-heavy. When daylight came he took his wife in his arms and told the negro to go ahead for a house they saw in the distance, for had there been any holes he wanted to be advised of it before he went into them with his wife, for it was all he could do to push through the water in his exhausted condition. After working until 10 o'clock he reached the high land in the Denver resurvey and eventually got to town. Not until yesterday had he sufficiently recovered from his exhaustion to come onto the streets.

Monday afternoon workmen in digging bodies from the debris found one of a handsome man with dark hair and mustache and dressed in a light suit of clothes. He was on his knees, his eyes were uplifted and his clasped hands were extended as in prayer. It was evident that the man had been praying when he was struck and instantly killed. As a rule the attitudes of those who were found were with hands extended up as if endeavoring to save themselves.

A young man by the name of Wash Masterson heard the cries of some people outside. They were calling for a rope. He had no rope, but improvised one from bed sheets and started out to find the people who were calling. The wind and water soon tore his rope to shreds and he had to return to the house, where he made another and stronger rope. The cries of the people still filled his ears. He went out a second time and after being gone for what seemed an hour or more to those who were waiting he returned with the people. They had clung to the branches of a salt cedar tree. Mr. Masterson was not satisfied with that, but went out for other people immediately, the water having begun to fall about that time, and worked all night.

A little black dog stood barking over a sand hill in the west end beyond Woollam' lake. Those who endeavored to stop his barking by driving him away did not succeed for he returned as soon as they ceased their attempts. It was suggested that he was guarding a body, but others scouted the idea. Finally they dug beneath the spot where the dog stood, and there they found the remains of a young girl whom they identified by the rings she wore as Miss Lena Everhart, a popular little lady, well known both in Galveston and Dallas. This whole family, with the exception of one son, Elmer Everhart, and a daughter, Mrs. Robert Brown, who lives near Dickinson and was there at the time, was lost. The father ran a dairy just southwest of Woollam's lake.

At Twelfth and Sealy avenue there lived a colored man and his wife. There was a grocery on the corner and those who weathered the storm report that he stood near the beer keg in the barroom of the grocery drinking steadily until he was swept away, his idea evidently being to destroy consciousness before the storm did it for him. His body was picked out of a pile of debris between Twelfth and Thirteenth on Sealy avenue.

Wednesday.—While working with a gang of men clearing the wreckage of a large number of houses on avenue O and Center street to-day, Mr. John Vance found a live prairie dog locked in the drawer of a bureau. It is impossible to identify the house or the name of its former occupant, as several houses were piled together in a mass of brick and timber. The bureau was pulled out of the wreckage a few feet from the ground, where it had been buried beneath about ten feet of debris. The little animal seemed none the worse from his experience of four days locked up in a drawer beneath a mountain of wreckage.

Wednesday.—The destruction of the Catholic orphans' home and the loss of 75 lives with it was told by one of three boys who came through a terrible experience by dint of good Providence.

The three boys who came through with scratches and

THE ARRIVAL OF THE AMBULANCE AT RELIEF CORPS

UNIV. OF MICH.

MAJOR L. R. D. FAYLING,
COMMANDER IN CHIEF CITY FORCES BEFORE GENL. SCURRY'S ARRIVAL.

cuts and bruises and their lives are Albert Campbell, aged 13; Francis Bolenick, aged 14, and Will Murney, aged 13. Murney is much the larger boy of the three, the other two being rather undersized. He went to a sister living on Twenty-sixth and Market streets and was not seen. The other two were taken to St. Mary's infirmary, where their wounds were dressed and they were seen yesterday by a reporter for the News. The Bolenick boy can not speak much English, so it devolved entirely upon the Campbell boy to tell the tale.

According to the story of this boy all the children were gathered with the sisters and the two workmen in the chapel on the ground floor in the west wing of the building. The storm was raging terribly outside and they all engaged in prayer. The east wing finally went down and they were driven from the chapel to the floor above, the water coming in and threatening to drown them. Some clambered out on the roof of the part remaining, but not all. Finally along about 8 o'clock—they are not positive as to the time by an hour—the remainder of the building went and the roof went into the water. What became of the others nobody can say. Campbell only knows that he got out from the building somehow and caught a piece of drift, either a part of the roof or something of the sort. The Murney boy broke through a transom and got out. He drifted for some time, and finally caught a tree to which he clung and soon found that the two other boys had caught the same tree. Prior to that they had been separated, but a strange fate attracted them to the same place. This tree, it developed later, had caught in the masts of the wreck of the schooner John S. Ames, which lies almost to the south of the home. There they remained all night. At one time Campbell was about to give up and cried that he was drowning. The Murney boy caught him and lashed him to the mast with a piece of rope that he found there. In that way was his life saved.

When morning came they found that they were alone in the open gulf on a tree. The tree soon broke adrift from the mast, and, strange as it may seem, brought them inshore. They finally landed and started west, not knowing which direction to take. They finally brought up at a house something like two miles from the place where the home had been but so recently located. There they found their location, but were unable to get anything to eat because the woman in the house had nothing herself. So they came on toward the city, but it was a long, hard pull through wet sand, and hungry and faint for the want of fresh water and food, they brought up at a house that had gone through the storm, was partly demolished and at the back of which was another house supporting it. There they remained during Sunday night, and were afraid every minute that the force of the little blow that came up during the night would demolish the place of refuge. But it stood, and in the morning they started on, reaching the home of young Murney during the day. There they got food and dry clothes. The other two boys were taken to the infirmary.

It is the local account that during the day before the hurricane broke upon Galveston, the weather "had been cutting up didoes and blowing every which way." This was Friday and the storm center was deflected west and north, going out of the usual way to strike Galveston. On Saturday the gale increased, and then came a hard driving rain. The waves were continually rising, striking the bulk heading of the wharves with mighty force and bursting clouds of spray. The breakers with angry woes called up the beach. At times the waves would recede, leaving the beach almost bare of water, and then, as if gathering force anew they would sweep in, rolling several feet high, passing over the shelving beach, lapping over the tracks of the street railway and gushing the water into avenue R.

Early in the forenoon the waves were leaping at times over the trestle work of the street railway along the beach front, making it impossible to operate the cars around the belt, as the water would have burned out the motors. The cars were therefore operated between town and the gulf on the double tracks of either side of the belt line. A little later in the forenoon the waves undermined the track at Twenty-second street.

The platform which supported the photograph gallery at the Pagoda bath house was washed away. This was not a part of the original structure and was not as strongly built as the remainder of the bath house. The bath house proper and its pier, extending out to sea, were not at that time (Saturday noon) disturbed by the waves, although the high rollers at times dashed so near the flooring of this and the other bath houses that it looked like a rise of a few inches would punch up the flooring.

The scene at the beach was grand. The sea in its anger was a sight beautiful, though awe inspiring, to behold. Notwithstanding the wind and the driving rain, thousands of people went to the beach to behold the maddened sea, and the street cars were kept quite busy. Down town, during the early morning, when the rain was not so heavy, there seemed no apparent necessity for getting into rainy day garb, to make this trip to the beach, and many people went out in their best bibs and tuckers, to their sorrow. Well dressed men and women disembarked from the cars at the beach and picked their way amid the swirling pools of water and the spent waves to get into midway and to pass along to places where a good view of the sea might be obtained. For a few minutes they succeeded in keeping feet and bodies reasonably dry, but using umbrellas counted for naught and were sooned turned wrong side out or ripped into ribbons, and their owners getting partially wet, abandoned themselves to the inevitable and went around seeing the sights, caring not for the weather, nor worrying about their good duds. Some people with abundant foresight appeared on the scene in bathing suits, and of course they were right in it from the jump.

At Twenty-fifth street the big waves rolled up the shelving beach, crossed the street railway tracks, leaving the water impounded behind the embankment. These waters backed up in the ditches and the low places of the street as far as avenue N, and the supply being ever replenished both from the sea and from the clouds, there was no opportunity for this water to run off.

Milton Elford, the son of John Elford, who, together with his wife and little grandson, Dwight, was drowned in the disastrous flood at Galveston, and who himself was at Galveston through the terrible catastrophe, has written to his brothers, George and Edgar Elford, merchants of Langdon, N. D., the story of his experiences. A copy of this letter has been transmitted to A. B. Elford, another brother, residing at No. 269 South Lincoln street, and Mrs. A. E. McWood, a cousin, residing at No. 928 West Fifty-ninth street, this city, and is given below:

"Galveston, September 14, 1900.—Dear Brothers: This is Thursday. Five days we have put in since the storm and tidal wave; and they have been days of awful suspense to me. It seems that I have been dazed. I have not been able to collect my thoughts until to-day. I have not found any of the remains yet, but expect to find them to-morrow. I will either find them in about two days or not at all, for they will have all the debris overturned in the locality, and, if they are not there, then they have drifted out to sea, which I think is very unlikely.

"The city is under martial law, and soldiers are patrolling every street day and night. Every man has got to work, if able and can leave his own business. They have orders to burn all the dead bodies as fast as they find them, but I have a permit from the General not to be interfered with, and to bury or take the corpses. I have an undertaker, with metallic coffins, who will take charge on a minute's notice. I have been helping clear away the debris, that is, where we are most likely to find them. There are hundreds of men working there, but the work moves on slowly; it is so twisted and wedged in as to be almost impossible to get it out. It is an awful sight. Every few minutes, somewhere within a block of us, they find dead bodies, and often where there is one there are more. Yesterday we took out twelve from one spot. It was a large house, and they had gathered there for safety, and all died together, wedged in between ceiling and floor.

"There are hundreds of houses in one heap, and you can scarcely recognize a single piece. For three to five blocks wide and for about four miles, solid blocks of dwellings and hotels and the residence part of the city, there is not a vestige left—not a board. It is all swept clean and banked up in a pile reaching all around from bay to beach.

"They have got the names now of over 2,900, and that is not half that have been drowned. I do not think that more than 200 have been buried in coffins. Hundreds were taken to sea and put overboard, and hundreds more are being burned every day, and hundreds are yet to be dug out of the debris.

"The Catholic Orphans' home collapsed with about 200 —all the children and several neighbors that gathered for safety. The street car works went down, with about forty employes, and hundreds of houses went down with from one to fifty people. A great many must have been killed, after getting on rafts, by flying boards. I came very near it.

"I keep thinking how we might have averted it by acting differently, but I suppose there is no use of thinking about that now. We left our house about 4 o'clock, thinking we would be safer in a larger house, not dreaming that even that house would be washed away. We went across the street to a fine, large house, built on a brick foundation high off the ground. About 5 it grew worse and began to break up the fence, and the wreckage of other houses was coming against us. We had it arranged that if the house showed signs of breaking up I would take the lead, and pa would come next, with Dwight and ma next. In this way I could make a safe place to walk, as we would have to depend on floating debris for rafts. There were about fifteen or sixteen in the house besides ourselves. They were confident the house would stand anything; if not for that we would probably have left on rafts before the house went down. We all gathered in one room; all at once the house went from its foundation and the water came in waist-deep, and we all made a break for the door, but could not get it open. We then smashed out the window and I led the way.

"I had only got part way out when the house fell on us. I was hit on the head with something and it knocked me out and into the water head first. I do not know how long I was down, as I must have been stunned. I came up and got hold of some wreckage on the other side of the house. I could see one man on some wreckage to my left and another on my right. I went back to the door that we could not open. It was broken in, and I could go part way in, as one side of the ceiling was not within four or five feet, I think, of the water. There was not a thing in sight. I went back and got on the other side, but no one ever came up that I could see. We must have all gone down the same time, but I cannot tell why they did not come up, unless it is that when the house broke the wall loosened from the floor, and with the lurch they were thrown through the crevice and held down by the floor, or floor of the veranda outside. There was a large man there, with his wife and family; he was over six feet, and I do not think the water was over that on the floor when I went back. It was a wonder I did not get killed when I returned, as I just got out again as it all went flat. I then started to leave by partly running and swimming from one lot of debris to another. The street was full of tops and sides of houses, and the air was full of flying boards. I think I gained about a block on the debris in this way, and got in the shelter of some buildings, but they were fast going down, and I was afraid of getting buried.

"Just then the part that I was on started down the street, and I stuck my head and shoulders in an old tool chest that was lying in the debris that I was on. I could hardly hold this down on its side from being blown away, but that is what saved my life again. When the water went down at about 3 a. m. I was about five blocks from where I started. My head was bruised and legs and hands cut a little, which I did not find out until Monday, and then I could hardly get my hat on. I saved what I had on —pants, shirts, shoes, and one suit of underwear, and a five-dollar bill.

"As soon as it was light enough I went back to the location of the house, and not a sign of it could be found, and not a sign of any house within two blocks, where before there was scarcely a vacant lot. I then went to the city hall to see the chief of police, to get some help to recover the corpses, thinking, I guess, that I was the only one in that fix. The firemen and others started before noon to bring in corpses; they brought them in in wagon loads of about a dozen at a time, laid them in rows to be identified, and the next day they were badly decomposed, and were loaded on boats and taken to sea, only to wash back on the beach. They then started to bury them wherever they were found, but yesterday (Wednesday) the corpses were ordered burned. Men started removing the debris and burning it, and when they come to a corpse it is just thrown on the pile.

"Pa had $400 to his credit at a bank, but of course I could not get it; they would not talk to me at all, but after I telegraphed to you for money I was able to get identified, and they have agreed to let me use it for any expenses connected with this.

"It is the most awful thing of the kind that has ever happened in history. Hundreds of families have gone down, and not a sign of anything left of them. It seemed they were all cool to the very last. Pa had Dwight in his arms, and ma was right by his side, just ready to step out of the window; we all went down the same instant. It seemed that the house fell in an instant. If I had not been hit on the head by something I might not have got out either. It seemed all the way through that they were to go and I was to be saved. The last few minutes was a terrible time; some were on their knees; others were wild with fright. I had kept telling ma that we were safe, and about the last words she said were that God would take care of us anyway. Pa was perfectly cool, and so was Dwight, when we all at once went waist deep in water.

"I cannot begin to tell you what an awful suspense that was, shut in and the water rising, and we unable to get the door open. But it seemed when the crash came it was all over in a second. I am satisfied they did not fear death in the least, and I do not believe they suffered.

"If I do not find anything in two days I will have to give it up, I think, but we can do them no good now. I am getting along all right now, but for two or three days the food and water question was a problem.

"MILTON."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GALVESTON ACCOUNT OF THE RUIN BEYOND DESCRIPTION.

Galveston journalism has for some time been recognized by all acquainted with the progressive development of American journalism—the Southern part of it in many respects notable and commendable—as of honorable distinction. The growth of the dignity and the prosperity of the Southern press has, since the days of the reconstruction after the big war, been more rapid than that of any other section of the Union. Texas abounded in strong journals, and the press of New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, Louisville, Birmingham, Atlanta, Mobile, Savannah, Charlestown, and Richmond has taken high rank.

The work of the Galveston News in the history of the ever memorable hurricane that wrecked the city, is, considering all the surroundings, a wonderful achievement, and one that will be regarded by the members of the press throughout the world as of extraordinary merit —the one thing that was equal to the occasion—worthy the opportunity of the occasion. Doubtless the success of the News is largely due the curious dual character of the News of Galveston and the News of Dallas. The resources of the office not in the sweep of the terrific devastation, were available. It was the feeling of the special correspondents, though much extremely good work was done, that they had not been equal to the task, for it was, as the Galveston News says in a head line, "Beyond Description." The gap—though the special correspondence was most faithfully and competently written—is filled by the local paper in issues that will be famous. We quote the opening paragraphs:

"Galveston, Wednesday.—Galveston has been the scene of one of the greatest catastrophes in the world's history. The story of the great storm of Saturday, September 8, 1900, will never be told. Words are too weak to express the horror, the awfulness, of the storm itself; to even faintly picture the scene of devastation, wreck and ruin, misery, suffering and grief. Even those who were miraculously saved after terrible experiences, who were spared to learn that their families and property had been swept away, spared to witness scenes as horrible as the eye of man ever looked upon—even those can not tell the story. There are stories of horrible deaths, thousands of stories of individual heroism, stories of wonderful rescues and escapes, each of which at another time would be a marvel in itself and would command the interest of the world. But in a time like this, when a storm so intense in its fury, so prolonged in its work of destruction, so wide in its scope, and so infinitely terrible in its consequences has swept an entire city and neighboring towns for many miles on either side, the human mind can not comprehend all of the horror, can not learn or know all of the dreadful particulars. One stands speechless and powerless to relate even that which he has felt and knows.

"Gifted writers have told of storms at sea, of the wrecking of vessels, where hundreds of lives were at stake and lost. That task pales into insignificance when compared with the task of telling of a storm which threatened the lives of perhaps 60,000 people, sent to their death perhaps 6,000 people, and left other thousands wounded, homeless and destitute, and still others to cope with grave responsibilities to relieve the stricken, to grapple with and prevent anarchy's reign, to clear the water-sodden land of putrefying bodies and rotting carcasses, to perform tasks that try men's souls and sicken their hearts. The storm at sea is terrible, but there are no such dreadful consequences as those which have followed the storm on this seacoast. And it is men who passed through the terrors of the storm, who faced death for hours, men ruined in property and bereft of families, who took up the herculean and well nigh impossible task of bringing order out of chaos, of caring for the living and getting the dead away before they made life impossible here.

"The storm came not without warning, but the danger which threatened was not realized, not even when the storm was upon the city. Friday night the sea was angry. Saturday morning it had grown in fury and the wrecking of the beach resorts began. The waters of the gulf pushed inland. The wind came at a terrific rate from the north. Still men went to their business and about their work, while hundreds went to the beach to witness the grand spectacle which the raging sea presented. As the hours rolled on the wind gained in velocity and the waters crept higher and higher. The wind changed from the north to the northeast, and the water came in from the bay, filling the streets and running like a mill race. Still the great danger was not realized. Men attempted to reach their homes in carriages, wagons, boats, afoot, in any way possible. Others went out in the storm for a lark. As the day wore on the water increased in depth, and the wind tore more madly over the island. Men who had delayed starting for home, hoping for an abatement of the storm, concluded that the storm would grow worse, and went out in that howling, raging, furious storm, wading through water almost to their necks, dodging flying missiles swept by a wind blowing 100 miles an hour.

"Still the wind increased in velocity, even after it seemed impossible that it should be more swift. It changed from east to southeast, veering constantly, calming for a second, and then coming with awful, terrific jerks, so terrible in their power that no building could withstand them, and none wholly escaped injury. The maximum velocity of the wind will never be known. The gauge at the weather bureau registered 100 miles an hour and blew away at 5:10 o'clock. But the storm at that hour was as nothing when compared with what followed and the maximum velocity must have been as great as 120 miles an hour. The most intense period and the most anxious time was between 8:30 and 9 o'clock. With a raging sea rolling around them, with a wind so terrific that none could hope to escape its fury, with roofs being torn away and buildings crashing all around them, men, women and children were huddled in buildings, caught like rats, expecting to be crushed to death or drowned in the sea, yet cut off from escape. Buildings were torn down, burying their hundreds, and were swept inland, piling up great heaps of wreckage. Hundreds of people were thrown into the water in the height of the storm, some to meet instant death, others to struggle for a time in vain, and thousands of others to escape death in most miraculous and marvelous ways. Hundreds of the dead were washed across the island and the bay, many miles inland. Hundreds of bodies were buried in the wreckage. Many who escaped were in the water for hours, clinging to drift wood, and were landed, bruised and battered and torn, on the mainland. Others were picked up at sea.

"And all during the terrible storm acts of the greatest heroism were performed. Hundreds and hundreds of brave men, as brave as the world ever knew, buffeted with the waves and rescued hundreds and hundreds of their fellow men. Hundreds of them went to their death—the death that they knew they must inevitably meet in their efforts; hundreds of them perished after saving others—heroes, martyrs, men who exemplified that supreme degree of love of which the Master spoke:

" 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.'

"Many of the men who laid down their lives in this storm did so in efforts to save their families, many to save friends, many more to save people of whom they had never heard; they simply knew that human beings were in danger, and they counted their own lives as naught.

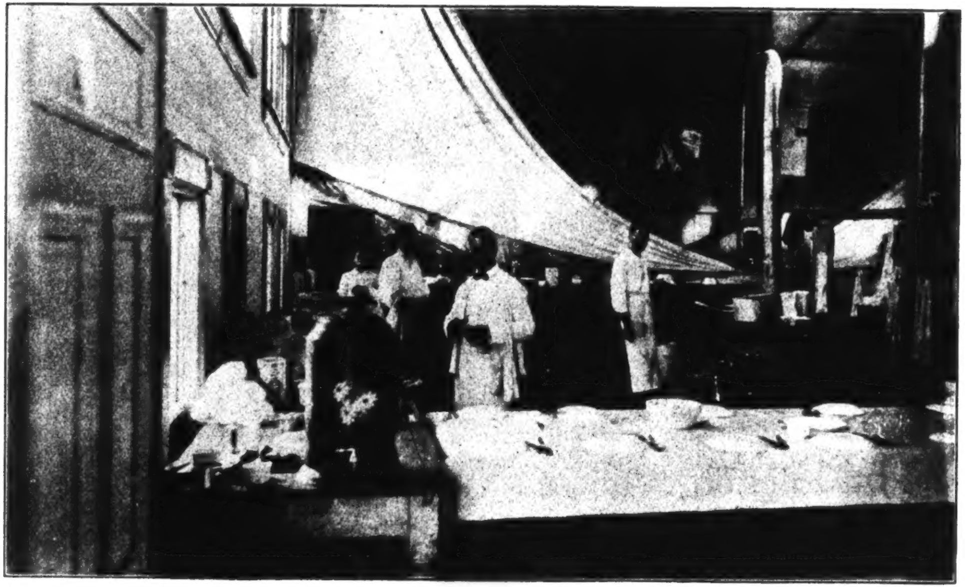
"It is the irony of fate that many of those who left their own homes to seek seeming safety in other buildings perished beneath ruins or in the water, while their own homes remained standing. Scores and scores of people took refuge in the homes that had been deserted by their owners and were lost. Some who remained in seemingly insecure buildings, in structures long since deemed unsafe, escaped unhurt.

"As the great danger of the storm was not realized in advance, neither was it realized by many even during its progress. Many slept while it was intense. And even the horror and extent of the storm was not realized when it had passed. As the days grow on the awfulness of the catastrophe is being ascertained and appreciated."

The heroism of sacrifice is portrayed in this paragraph from the Galveston News of September 21:

"The News can not commend too highly the work done by the army of volunteer laborers since the hurricane of September 8. The great catastrophe through which Galveston is passing has brought out the fact more strongly than it has perhaps ever been demonstrated in any community that there is more good in man than evil. The world is not half so bad as pessimists try to make out. It is safe to say that fully half, perhaps two-thirds, of the lives lost at Galveston were lost in the determination to save others. Strong men and strong women refused to flee and leave more helpless members of their families to die. They made up their minds to save the weaker ones or perish with them, and alas! in many cases it was perish with them. As soon as Galveston realized the herculean task before her in burying the dead, it was hardly necessary to call for volunteers. It was a rare exception to see an able-bodied man loafing about the streets. During the trying period which has followed the hurricane, nearly every man, black and white, who has been able to do a good day's work has been at work, and there have been few cases where it was necessary to impress these men into service. Galveston's awful catastrophe has demonstrated to the world the manhood of her splendid citizenship. In making this notice it is particularly cheering to be able to say that these words, in a general way, apply to the black man as well as the white. On the night of the storm many and many a black man risked his own life to save the lives of white people. In this perilous work the black man was better equipped than many white men because in the majority of cases he is in better physical condition and is more of an athlete. The News has heard of a great many cases where white people owe their lives to negroes and the News has heard of few cases where the negroes have gone about the streets boasting of the acts of heroism they have performed. The days following the hurricane would have been black indeed but for the ray of light shed by the army of volunteer laborers which went to work with heart and soul to bury the dead and open some of the streets so that communication could be had with different parts of the city. Now that the balance of this gigantic task is about to be turned over to others under contract the News can not refrain from this meed of praise to the volunteer laborer.

"Shall Galveston be rebuilt larger and better than ever? Ask the miners of the West, ask the harvesters of Kansas and our own Panhandle. Ask all the country pouring into Galveston's lap its export wealth and see what the answer be. 'As long as a necessity exists for your city from a commercial point of view it must be rebuilt and continue to grow.' As well may Canute of old beat back the waves as that any Canute of modern times say that the tide of commerce will be rolled back and held in abeyance by the winds or waves of an occasional storm. When there is no longer a need for a local mining town it soon ceases to exist. Should we abandon Galveston to her fate and turn our backs on her; other and worthier men would come here, making it their domicile and carry out the work we shortly must begin. But what of the building? When the Hebrews of old began to rebuild their beloved Jerusalem they carried the sword in one hand. So must we, not literally



THE KITCHEN OF RELIEF CORPS.

UNIV. OF MICH.

MISS CLARA BARTON, PRESIDENT RED CROSS, WHO PERSONALLY VISITED GALVESTON TO AID THE SUFFERERS.

as now under martial law, but figuratively. When Captain James B. Eads said we must raise Galveston island eight feet and build a sea wall, spoke he more wisely than we know. I see our congressman proposes to call the attention of congress to it and estimates that it will cost in the neighborhood of a million dollars for a sea wall. Possibly ten millions would be closer to it. But why count the cost? Is there any man in this city, in our broad state, or in the entire Union who questions that if built before this flood it would have been a grand undertaking and a judicious investment of money on the part of our national government? Saying that the 5,000 lives lost were viewed only as value producers, would it not have been great economy?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIRST STEPS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

Galveston, when her great trial came, when she was wrecked and at sea, cut off from the world and overwhelmed, thousands of her people killed, all her property damaged except the harbor, which was deepened, and the survivors walked amid indescribable horrors as if in fever dreams, and beheld infernos such as Dante never imagined or Dorê painted, was fortunate in the possession of an energetic press, and her newspapers were of the first of her interests to show the inspiration of reconstruction. Col. H. H. Belo, publisher of the Galveston News, said that Galveston will be rebuilt at once, and that the new buildings will be stronger than those which were swept away by the disaster. Colonel Belo was not in Galveston at the time, but he has been in daily communication with his business associates ever since the calamity.

"The storm and flood taught us a number of significant things," said Colonel Belo in an interview. "It has demonstrated rather clearly that the loss of life would have been comparatively light if the buildings had been of a more solid character. I don't mean to intimate that there would have been no loss of life and no property damage. There was no escape from great damage. There was no escape from great loss of life and property, but we should have suffered less if the buildings had been more substantially built. The Ursuline convent was surrounded by a brick wall, for instance—a light brick fence, and there was no loss of life there, although it stood right in the path of the flood and storm. Light as the wall was, it served to protect the buildings. There were no lives lost in the News office, and we should not have been badly flooded had it not been for a building falling against our office and battering in a part of our wall.

"I think, too, that the streets along the water front will be built higher than they were. The city must needs be rebuilt. It is the only outlet worthy the name on the gulf west of New Orleans. The government spent six million dollars to make a 30-foot harbor there and the shipping is so extensive that rebuilding the wrecked portions of the city is imperative."

This is an expression worthy to be remembered with the brave words of Medill of the Chicago Tribune, when he struck the key-note that Chicago should rise again.

The following telegram was sent out September 20, by P. H. Goodwin, general freight agent of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe:

"I am issuing instructions to all our agents that the Santa Fe will be open for Galveston business on the 21st, at which time our bridge over the bay will be completed. All roads have been combined for work on the Santa Fe bridge and the officials express the utmost confidence that the Santa Fe, the International & Great Northern, the Southern Pacific and the Missouri, Kansas & Texas will be able to handle freight and passengers in and out. The relief supplies are carried in by barges and the special shipments from Texas and other towns have gone in that way. The Southern Pacific has called from its extension all the men working there, at North Texas, and has put them to work on the line between Beaumont and Sabine to get it in working order and open that port."

Official reports from interior towns, a few days after the disaster, told of extensive desolation.

Alvin—In the town of Alvin and vicinity there are probably six houses on blocks out of a total of 1,000. The population of Alvin now to be fed is about 1,500; Manvel, 250; Liverpool and Amsterdam, 250; Chocolate and Austin Bayous, Chigger neighborhood, Dickinson Bayou East and outside, or the surrounding country, about 2,500, making a total of 5,000 persons, under the supervision of the Alvin committee. The committee has a sufficient amount of clothing. They have received a cash subscription of about $2,000 and have spent $400. Have received two cars of flour from Dallas, one car of meat from Dallas, one car of mixed goods from Tyler. Along the bay shore from Virginia Point to Liverpool, for six or eight miles from the bay front, there are many thousand dead cattle that should be immediately cremated.

Arcadia—In the town there are 300 destitute persons and those in the immediate vicinity will make the aggregate 500. Provisions supplied sufficient for immediate needs only.

Hitchcock—In this town and immediate vicinity are more than 500 people destitute. Of about 300 houses only about ten are standing. A wave of salt water from four to ten feet in depth covered this section; thirty-eight lives were lost and, for the time being, it is feared the soil has been seriously damaged by the effect of the salt water. There are probably 10,000 dead cattle within a space of a few miles surrounding the town, and every house should be supplied for at least ten days with disinfectants. Fever is now setting in. An idea of the velocity of the wind and wave of salt water that swept over this immediate section may be imagined when it is known that the Texas City dredge boat is now lying high and dry in a garden at this place, a distance of eight miles or more from its moorings.

Alta Loma—This committee reports about seventy-five families, or 300 persons, to be cared for. People have no money and their property is destroyed. In the neighborhood 100 houses existed, forty of which were destroyed. There are about four houses now on blocks. Two lives were lost. The population is mainly of Northerners. A shipment was made them of provisions and medicine, but other things are needed.

September 17. Up and down the International and Great Northern, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, the Santa Fe, and their connections the wires are carrying the official information that Galveston will be a terminal, a sure enough port, as soon as the traffic can reach here. The welcome official announcement was in these terms: "Issue bills of lading to Galveston and through Galveston to other points." The Vice-Presidents and General-Managers and general agents have mastered the railroad wreck, they have set the time for the running of the first train into Galveston, and that time is Friday, September 21. By that date, according to the engineers, the temporary bridge will be ready for use.

The news that the roads had declared readiness to accept freight for Galveston and through Galveston was circulated late this evening, and was received by business men as tidings of great joy. It added greatly to the improvement of spirit. For several days after the storm the prediction was that no trains would enter Galveston under thirty days and that the time might be sixty days.

Equally exhilarating with the action of the railroad men was the action to-night by Secretary Bailey of the Wharf company that exportation of wheat would be resumed tomorrow morning. The machinery of elevator A was started up and was successful. This afternoon the wharf was cleared. A steamship was brought under the spout and loading will begin early in the morning. James Stewart, Mr. Orthwein, and other St. Louis grain men who are here believe that almost the entire stock of wheat caught here by the storm will be saved.

The work of repairing roofs goes ahead steadily, but rebuilding has not begun. In this evening's paper a loan agency advertises that it has money to loan to those who will rebuild. The agency claims to have $300,000 now and that it will increase the amount to $500,000 in a few days. This is the first instance since the flood when people not already holders of property have shown a willingness to invest anything in Galveston in real estate.

Clothing has been coming in by the carload every day for a week, but there are still people in Galveston who have hardly enough to cover their nakedness. There are hundreds of children who have not had enough clothes to go out on the street since the storm. At the central relief station, 20th street and Strand, unfortunates begin to gather early in the day.

September 18, Governor Sayers, speaking of the Galveston situation, said:

"I look to the rebuilding of Galveston to be well under way by the latter part of this week. The work of cleaning the city of unhealthful refuse and burying the dead will have been completed by that time, and all the available labor in the city can be applied to its rebuilding.

"If the laboring people of Galveston will only get to work in earnest, prosperity will soon again smile on the city. Arrangements have been made to pay all laborers working under the military authorities $1.50 and rations for every day they have worked or will work. An account has been kept of all work done and no laborer will lose even one day's pay.

"The money and food contributions coming from a generous people have been a great help to the people of Galveston. Much of the money can now be applied to the improvement of property and to again putting on foot the city's business enterprises. Five dollars a day is being offered to the mechanics who will go to Galveston, with the assurance from reputable physicians that there is not extraordinary danger of sickness. Before many days a new city will rise on the storm-swept ruins.

"It is now an assured fact that trains will be running into Galveston this week. Colonel L. J. Polk, of the Santa Fe, received a very encouraging message from the headquarters of his road, declaring confidence in Galveston, and urging the business community to push forward the work of reconstruction. Colonel Polk said in an interview:

"The railroad interests have decided to combine their forces in order to rebuild as quickly as possible a bridge from Virginia Point to Galveston. A large number of men will go to work with this end in view. You may say to the country that in six days a bridge will have been built and trains running over it. I have had a consultation with the wharf interests and they have promised us that they will be prepared to handle ingoing and outgoing shipments by the time the bridge is finished. The bridge we shall build will be substantial, but of temporary character. We shall subsequently replace it with a more enduring structure. There is no reason why Galveston ought not to resume normal commercial conditions in ten days."

Colonel Prather, president of the Board of Regents of the Medical College, and Colonel Breckinridge, a member of the Board, are among the recent arrivals. They found the building of the institution badly shattered, but on their return it was announced that the college would be immediately reconstructed by private beneficence if the State was unable to bear the cost.

Five days after the flood this was written:

"The sound of the hammer is heard everywhere. Amateur carpenters are patching and strengthening homes, which in the better spirit that prevails they now hope to save. It is now quite possible for teams to travel the streets in the business part of the city and to some extent the residence section. To be sure, there are places where passage through the debris has been cleared only enough to let one vehicle get by at a time. But the condition improves hourly.

"Passing along Tremont and looking up and down the cross-streets, one sees hundreds of wagons and carts loaded high with the fragments of building material. As quickly as the refuse can be taken up it is hauled to vacant spaces and added to the bonfires, which burn continuously.

"Galveston is going through a kind of purification by fire. One of the strongest impressions that are gained of the work of restoration is from the sites in front of the stores. Merchants and clerks are overhauling stocks. Where the articles are such that it can be done they are carried out in front of the stores and spread in the sun to dry. Tons of dry goods, clothing, hats and caps, boots and shoes are spread in the streets and on the pavements, so in places it is difficult to get past. In these stores the watermark on the walls and shelves varies from waist to shoulder high. Everything below these levels was saturated. The loss of stock affected by water is great. But the disposition of the storekeepers to make the best of it and to save something, even if badly damaged, is cheering. The men who have taken the lead in this crisis are full of confidence."

Eight days passed without rain in Galveston after the hurricane, and there was hardly a house in the city that had a sound roof. Cremation of the dead and clearing of the streets had taxed the energies of the people. There had not yet been time to give attention to roofs. Such repairs as had been made to buildings had been in the form of straightening and strengthening them so that they might not fall down. Many, while still standing, are leaning like the tower of Pisa, or are partly off the foundations. When the rain poured down it entered the houses, still called habitable, and drenched the contents again.

The faces of the people showed the influence of the rain. They were overspread with sadness. The hopefulness, which had been lighting up their features, was gone. But it was only an hour of depression. Then the shower, for that was all it proved to be, passed. The sun came out. All Galveston went to work with renewed energy. Three or four horse cars made their appearance, and, drawn by mules, were operated over several streets. At the wharves there was activity. The loading of wheat for export was commenced.

Cremation and cleaning went on. The finding and burning of over 100 bodies in a day shows that the end of this duty is not yet in sight.

In the southern and southwestern parts of the city, the great windrow of wreckage still stood, concealing from sight, but not from smell, what was underneath.

An order of the military government, directed against idle negro women, went into operation the 18th. Negro men had been working—most of them voluntarily, the others by impressment—ever since the storm. Many negro women had also been industrious. But it came to the knowledge of the authorities that a certain element was depending on relief supplies and was refusing to do laundry work, or house cleaning, or anything else for fair wages. These women had been standing about the doors of the ward relief stations all day long, with baskets. The order which was put into effect was as follows:

"WARNING TO IDLERS.

"In view of the fact that a number of idle women are wandering about the streets and refusing to work, it has been decided by the central relief committee to establish a camp, in which these women will be held and kept off the streets and out of the way of those who are performing the herculean task of cleaning this city and burying the dead. Warning is hereby given that all these idlers will be required to stay at their homes or be taken to camp.

"This order is not to be construed as aimed at females who are transacting business in the city, but is designed to correct the evil brought about by the vicious and idle class."

On the eighth day after the storm this message came from the stricken city:

"The tents have come, and, with board floors and fences separating them, now make a white city on the beach front where the houses were swept away. They will be much safer and healthier than many of the shattered buildings which are yet occupied by the poorer classes. There have been, until now, some people finding shelter in the wooden cisterns which the wind blew off their foundations and left lying about the streets and parks. Others are in houses without roofs and windows, and still others are in buildings the walls of which are far from perpendicular."

It is a fact of much interest that while the storm reduced the grades of the streets two feet to a great extent, the harbor was deepened about as much. A Galveston business man said:

"We have the grandest harbor here. Why, our channel, instead of being filled by the storm carrying sand into it, was scoured two feet deeper than it was before. We had then twenty-eight to twenty-nine feet of water. We have now thirty feet for the first time in the port's history.

"Talk about Galveston giving up," continued Mr. Robinson; "this great wharf property is worth $18,000,000. It sustained a loss of less than $500,000. The company has 1,000 men at work on the repairs. I stared eternity in the face on Saturday night and was ready to go. To-day I have more energy and ambition than I ever had."

J. S. Mize, of a St. Louis grain exporting house, has been here several days, having come with special reference to his stock of wheat, which was at first supposed to be lost. He confirmed from his own investigation the statement of Mr. Robinson that with continued good weather the wheat would be saved.

"We are open and doing business as usual. Our compress will be in operation within a week," he said.

It is worthy of notice that the same hopefulness was manifested on the part of the Galveston business men as was shown by those who suffered from the terrible fire in Chicago.

It was on the third day after the Chicago fire had failed that the people in general recovered from their paralysis, and General Sheridan took the superintendence of the city for the preservation of order under his own charge. He had already dispatched orders for the immediate transfer to Chicago of a regiment of soldiers from Omaha, and these arrived on that day with arms, equipments and tents. Soon the civil authorities resumed their functions.

A writer in 1872 said in a calm survey of the wonders wrought after the desolation:

"The entire history of the world contains no record, that we remember or know of, of such a spontaneous and general uprising of a great people in a work of sympathy or charity, as that which immediately followed the news of this grievous and appalling disaster. In less than twelve hours after the commencement of the conflagration —long before it had ended—the whole country, shocked and excited by Chicago's calamity, was alive with movements for her relief. Money without limit, and food and clothing without measure, were promptly offered and sent, first by the towns and cities in the immediate region round about, and soon afterward by every town and city and community—we had almost said every individual and corporation—throughout the land. Words of inquiry and sympathy and cheer were telegraphed to the Chicago city authorities and to well-known residents from all directions by men who were anxious to help us in the terrible hour of need. City and village governments appropriated hundreds, thousands and tens of thousands from their treasuries for the relief of Chicago sufferers. Societies and corporations contributed and forwarded liberal contributions. Carloads of food, clothing, fuel and other needful articles were sent from the East, the South, the West and the North. The women of distant towns employed their busy hands, days and nights, in the making up of clothing; and in various ways and by various means, funds and other contributions were raised for unfortunate Chicago. And, thanks to these noble acts of generous and munificent liberality, Chicago's unfortunates were spared from having the still more grievous calamity of starvation added to their overwhelming disaster."

Goodspeed says the citizens of Chicago, whose homes had escaped, "were at once upon their feet, offering hospitality and sympathy to the sufferers, to their own discomfort, inconvenience and loss; cheering and helping one another by brave words, kindly offices and lenient treatment, insomuch that there never was such a calamity accompanied by less actual suffering, or followed by such ample relief. The immensity of the loss was met by prompt and efficient assistance, unexpected and unparalleled in history.

"The offers of pecuniary aid to men crippled in business were on the largest scale, as if men rose to the height of the emergency under the inspiration of the Almighty. The alabaster box was full of costly ointment, and when it was broken upon us, the fragrance filled the world, and will perfume the age. Its sweetness ought to possess mankind with a sense of brotherhood, and draw them into closer fellowship."

A great city, the center of a prosperous country, commensurate with it in greatness, survives fires, floods and plagues, as in the cases of London and New York and Chicago, and the word comes clear from Galveston, that the seaport city of the South on the Gulf, like the great city of the Great Lakes of the North, shall rise again, and rise triumphant and glorious.

The News had a bureau of information. The following is a part of one day's correspondence (September 21):

Galveston, Tex., Sept. 20.—To the News: Any one knowing anything about Mrs. D. Beaudion, who resided at Twenty-eighth and Avenue P, will kindly favor by reporting to Masonic Temple.

Information is wanted about Lewis Harris, lost in the storm. Please address M. C. Harris, City.

Lampasas, Tex., Sept. 17.—Can you kindly furnish me information of my relatives, who, I am afraid, were lost in the storm. My father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Linnett, lived a mile from Clear Creek postoffice. My sisters, Alderman Schrieber and wife and eight children, lived on Avenue H and Eighth street. Mr. Lewis Cook, wife and seven children, lived on Sixth street, between H and I. Mrs. Jake Childers.

Any one knowing the fate or present whereabouts of Mrs. Etta Bartlett's children will please address her at Roswell, N. M. If either Mr. H. T. or Lizzie Steck, who lived at 1415 Avenue M, are alive, Mrs. Bartlett would like to hear from them.

Austin, Tex., Sept. 15.—Will you kindly inform me whether or not Mr. Charles Wegener and family of your city are still alive or lost. It is impossible for me to find out from other people. Mr. Charles Wegener has been a carpenter by trade and was living, if I am not mistaken, west of the depot. H. A. Herzog.

Jennings, La., Sept. 17.—To the News: Any information regarding the whereabouts or probable fate of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Sukenbell, who lived on Avenue O, No. 1615, before the storm; also John Fredwell, and made known at 511 Fifteenth street, or at or between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets to Fred Plain, will be very much appreciated by an anxious friend. The last I heard of John Fredwell he had gone to San Antonio. Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Sukenbell are a sister and brother-in-law of mine.

J. C. Bucklin.

Pittsburg, Kan., Sept. 17.—To the News: I have written, also sent a dispatch, to the mayor of Galveston. After three days the reply came, "Not reported lost." I hardly know what to infer. I would come and investigate for myself but means forbid, and trust to the people of your city even in their own trouble to help me. My son was 33 years old, something over six feet high, was well proportioned, dark hair, dark sandy mustache, blue eyes; was married to Mary F. Chittenden. The union was blessed with three sweet little girls, Mary Frances, Katie Beatrice, third, only two months old, named Jennie Cecil. I give the names so that if any one finds the little ones they tell their names if still living. He was a member of the 'long-

shoremen's union, lived at 3619 Postoffice street; name, Edward P. McGowen. Any information most thankfully received by his mother. Jane S. Anshutz,
802 East Twenty-third Street.

Eureka, Mo., Sept. 17.—To the News: Please assist me in finding information about my relatives in Galveston, if they are living or dead. Names are: Mr. John Young, wife and two daughters and one son, Mr. T. D. Richardson and wife. Address was, before the storm, 3324 Avenue L.
Mrs. F. Byrne.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 18.—To the News: If any of my people of the Nolan, Lafrance and Hussey families are still alive, I would like to hear from them. I have tried to reach them by mail and wire, but my efforts have proven fruitless. A telegram here to E. O. Zatarain from Mrs. Frank Jones stated that her own family and my brother-in-law, James Lafrance, were saved, but that my mother and brother, John, were lost. Further I have been unable to learn. James Nolan,
518 Natchez Street.

Robert Quinn, who formerly resided in Colorado addition, wishes to let his friends know that he is at Houston, in the St. Joseph infirmary. He expects to be out in a couple of weeks.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 16.—To the News: Could you give us any information or any advice how to find out the whereabouts of the family of O. J. Seibel, consisting of father, mother and two children, Henry, aged 18, and Lesa, aged 10 We would be very grateful to you if you

would please let us know as soon as possible, as they are dear friends. They have been living at their own home at 2521 Avenue Q, between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth streets, for the past eighteen years. C. C. Kriewald,
909 Avenue 37, Los Angeles, Cal.

Vernon, Tex., Sept. 16.—To the News: I have reasons to believe that Mr. John Butterfield's name should be added to the death list. I left him the day before the disaster in your city, he arranging to meet me the day after at Forth Worth. He represented an eastern gents' furnishing concern. Have not been able to hear of him since.
A. M. Phelps.

Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 16.—To the News: Will you kindly inquire if Harry Jacobs, employed by Ikelheimer's dry goods and notion house, is safe. Mrs. V. Booth,
15 Kent Street.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 17.—To the News: Will you kindly give me information of Mr. and Mrs. George Brocious and family. They resided at 1809 Thirty-first street. Mr. Brocious is the proprietor of the Galveston art, glass and mirror works. Also his partner, Mr. G. L. Enen. By doing so you will oblige. M. Heidingsfelder,
No. 2222 Cleveland Avenue.

Orange, Tex., Sept. 18.—To the News: Information wanted of Thomas J. Hawley and wife, Nellie, Cas L. Turner, all of K, 1118 and 11, by
Mrs. Hammond Starks.

Beaumont, Tex., Sept. 18.—To the News: Would like to know the whereabouts of L. C. Ramakers and wife.
T. J. Lamb.

Glidden, Tex., Sept. 18.—To the News: Are Ben Wilson and wife, residing at Avenue Q and Thirty-seventh,

Mrs. C. M. Cody.

Glidden, Tex., Sept. 18.—To the News: Can you give me any information about Mrs. Ella Bridges (colored)? Her address, Avenue K, between Thirty-second and Thirty-third, No. 3218. Any information concerning her will be thankfully received. Mrs. Margaret Hill.

Wolfe City, Tex., Sept. 18.—To the News: We happened to get one of your papers to-day, and I saw where, if any one had relatives lost in the awful storm there, that you would help them find them. Now I had a sister and her four sons there. Since the storm we can not hear from them. Have written and telegraphed and done all in our power, but can not hear from them. Her name is Mrs. Mary E. Edmonds, Willie Edmonds, eldest son; Lonnie Edmonds, Lee Edmonds and Freddie Edmonds. They lived at 1923 Avenue O½. In heaven's name help me find some trace of them and receive my grateful thanks.

Mrs. Lou Holton.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 17.—To the News: In the published list of the storm victims I find the name of Albert Ludwig, printer. I have a son of this name. His whereabouts are unknown to me. He is not a printer by trade, but has followed several trades. He is 26 years of age, fair complexion, well built, 5 feet 8 inches, and good looking. He left Cincinnati about January this year. I hope the unlucky man is not my son, but please relieve his anxious family. Chas. Ludwig,

2031 Magazine Street.

Acola Farm, near Terry, Miss., Sept. 16.—To the News: Please inform me, if you know, what has become of John Holt and Dennis Atchison. They are my nephews. Since reading about your dreadful storm, I would like to know if they are safe. John Holt and Atchison were engaged in some business in Galveston the last I heard from them.

James W. Holt.

Galveston, Sept. 19.—To the News: In reply to inquiry as to myself and family of A. R. Miller, Houston, Tex., please state that my family and self, as well as all relatives, are among the saved and living. A. R. Wolfram.

Welcome, Tex.—E. W. Gruss: Rev. J. C. Roehm's people are all safe, same address; also Rev. Engelke.

Ernest Titze.

Galveston, Sept. 19.—To the News: Henry Jackson, Colmesneil, Tex.: Mrs. Jane Jones and Pattie Jones are in Dallas, Tex. Address to cotton mills of Dallas, Tex.

Ernest Titze.

J. Chancie Kernole, Bryan, Tex.: Boatright family all saved, except the old lady. Brown and his wife safe; everything lost.

F. A. Lovell, Apartado 413, El Oro, Mexico, wants information regarding Mrs. Wenona M. Nogle.

Information is wanted of Meless Garza, student at Smith's business college; Ben Staskins, railroad workman; Max Wongeman, lived on I, between Thirtieth and Thirty-first. Leave word at Geo. Schneider & Co., Strand and Tremont.

Winchester, Tex., Sept. 18.—To the News: Can any one give me any information as to the whereabouts of Jas. A. Dabney; former home Thirty-second and Winnie streets? W. F. Brieger.

Lampasas, Tex., Sept. 18.—Please inform me of the fate of Pete Schreiber's family, as I do not see their names among the living or dead, and oblige, yours truly,

L. P. Shaw.

Pasadena, Tex., Sept. 17.—To the News: Can you give me any information concerning Rev. W. H. Ohmstead, wife and daughter? His friends here have tried many means to hear from him in vain. Mrs. J. J. Otis.

Galveston, Sept. 19.—To the News: Anyone [illegible]ng anything about Mrs. A. C. Hagman, who resided at 1411 Mechanic street, please report at Masonic Temple.

Devine, Tex., Sept. 19.—To the News: Please let me know if the following persons are among the rescued: Mrs. Maggie Thompson, widow of Chas. E. Thompson; Edward E. Thompson, son of above; Geo. W. Grover and wife, Mrs. Lulu Pettibone, Walter Ansel and family, Wm. Schadt and family, Jno. M. Neil, Nora Neil, Wm. Neil, children of late Dennis Neil. Leslie Thompson.

Humbolt, Ill., Sept. 17.—To the News: I have a sister, or did have before this terrible calamity in Galveston. Her residence was 1112 Ninth street, between K and L; her name, Mrs. Hannah Huhn. Was the property all destroyed in that part of the city? Can you tell me if she is dead or living? Can you tell me anything of John Herrington and family? He was a contractor. He lived at the corner of Avenue K and Seventh street.

Mrs. Dollie Terry.

Columbia, Tex., Sept. 18.—To the News: I have a son, Alonzo McNeil, colored, residing at Galveston, on Seventeenth, between N and N½, house No. 1513. I am afraid he has been lost. Please advise me if he is living or dead and I will always appreciate your kindness.

Promise McNeil.

Mrs. Geo. Sealey said:

"The storm has been terrible; the loss of life and the damage to property great. But we must look to the future and all pull together. The entire nation has generously responded to the appeal for help, and Galveston must and will prove herself worthy the sympathy and confidence of the people of this country.

"It is highly improbable that such another storm will strike again in this exact spot within the next thousand years, and there is no reason why we should not go ahead, rebuild our city and live and do business at the old stand.

"The fact that many of our buildings withstood the storm and came out without injury proves that we can build a city that will stand. Much of the loss of life and property was due to improper construction. We must and will build better houses.

"The wharves are not much damaged, and they are ready for business. They will be restored to good repair just as rapidly as it is possible to do the work. In a month from now the business district of the city will carry no evidences that there has been a storm, and in a year from now the city will be rebuilt and will be a better and bigger city than before."

The construction of the bridge across Galveston bay has been a marvel of hustling, and the dispatch with which it has been done reflects the indomitable energy, good judgment and skill of the men who had it in charge. The work was not started on the bridge until Thursday of last week, because the material could not be gotten to the place, but when it was started Vice President Barr and General Superintendent Nixon said: "We will run trains into Galveston next Thursday." Not many people expected that they could make good the promise, and almost everybody said they would be satisfied if the trains came within a fortnight. But the men who directed the work said that trains would cross on Thursday, and they stuck to it.

No work was ever beset by such difficulties as the work of restoring the tracks on the island and the mainland and the building of the bridge. The men on the track had to bury dead humans and animals, strewn by the hundreds over the prairies. They toiled in mud and water under a blazing sun. They had to remove hundreds of wrecked cars and twisted and tangled steel rails. They worked in the stench of dead flesh and the horrible odor of rotting grain and other wreckage. They built the track over a wreck-strewn prairie torn by the angry sea. It was difficult to get supplies to them and difficult also to get material.

The men who rebuilt the bridge worked the first day without dinner. It was difficult to get boats light enough in draft to bring provisions or materials or pile drivers to Virginia Point. When the boarding camp was pitched it stood in a new-made cemetery, where hundreds of victims of the storm lay unidentified, unshrouded and uncoffined.

For the first four days after construction was commenced, the bridge timbers were rafted down Highland bayou and West bay, a distance of seven miles, to Virginia Point. When the track on the mainland had been restored to Virginia Point, the delivery of material by rail began. The storm swept away most of the pile drivers around Galveston. One marine driver was sent out and put to work on Sunday closing the gaps aggregating about 1,000 feet of trestlework, where the piling had been carried away. The next day another marine driver was sent out, and Assistant Engineer Boschke of the Southern Pacific built two skid drivers and sent them out to the work.

When a reporter for the News was at the island end of the bridge at 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning the Santa Fe track to the island had just been completed. The steel-laying gang on the bridge was about a mile from shore, with the stringer gangs about half that distance away. The caps were laid up all the way to the shore. The Santa Fe has some pretty rough tracks for a short distance this side of the bridge, but the track through the west yards is in good condition and in fair condition the rest of the way in.

Advertisements are official in their nature. They are written for personal purposes, and are wonderful for condensation. We select a few from the Galveston News of September 21:

Wanted—Carpenters, laborers, tinners and bricklayers; No. 26 Builders' Exchange. J. E. Toothaker.

Wanted—Bricklayers and laborers; will pay good wages. Apply Ed Ringh, Contractor, 4208 Broadway.

Wanted—A good cook, man or woman, German preferred. A steady position to right party. Mrs. J. H. Kurth, Keltys, Tex.

Wanted—Twenty-five first-class tinners, cornice-makers and slaters; good wages. Peightal & Booth, 2916 Avenue H, Galveston.

Wanted—Young men to learn telegraphy for railroad positions; situations secured or money refunded. Dallas Telegraph College, Dallas, Tex.

If you want to sell any kind of damaged goods, ship or write Austin, Spencer & Co., San Angelo, Tex. We can get bigger prices than any house in Texas and can sell anything. Reference, A. J. Baker, banker, San Angelo, Tex.

Wanted—A reliable white woman for cooking and housework. Apply at 2215 Avenue L.

Wanted—White woman to do general housework (flood sufferer preferred). Apply at N. E. corner Twenty-first and Avenue O.

Found—Trunk, September 9, 1900, belonging to N. G. Gullett. Owner can have by applying corner Sixteenth and Broadway. Delia Spann.

Lost—Valuable papers in desk made of yellow pine, rails of panels Mexican cedar. Reward if returned to Fred Zickler, Lott Bros., K and Twenty-first.

Lost or Strayed—One large black mare mule; also one large dark brown mare mule; also one sorrel mare horse, with white tail and mane. Finder please return same to Texas Lamp & Oil Co. and receive reward.

Lost—During late storm, a large 3-story chicken coop, made of iron spokes and wood; coop shaped half circle. Finder please return to C. D. Holmes, Market street, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth.

Lost—During storm, jewelry of my mother, marked

Jane F. Brown. With other jewelry was in possession of Mrs. M. P. Hennessy. Suitable reward for recovery or information concerning same. Address George P. Brown, Houston, Tex.

Anyone finding the following articles will be rewarded by returning to Mrs. Joe Aguilo, care S. P. Howland, 2615 Main street, Houston: A large tin box filled with silver, some marked T, some A, some L. A. T. and some A. and J. A.; two silver cups, one marked "Rodney," the other "Joe, 1896"; also a small trunk containing clothing, three children's banks and a covered silver dish with some pieces of silver in it; also other silver and jewelry, and a leather valise, containing one change of gentleman's clothing.

If Robert M. Johnston or Juanita Dean of Dallas are in Galveston please call at the Odd Fellows' relief committee, Tremont hotel.

V. C. Hart of 2119 Avenue K, is anxious to see Mr. Jeff McLeash, the painter who recently contracted to paint the chapel car "Good Will."

Wanted for Adoption—Send names of any children orphaned by the storm and who are for adoption, together with present residence, age, sex and other description, to Box H, care News office.

Information Wanted—Is there a survivor of the family of H. L. Briggs, who lived at 715 Mechanic? Address K. of P. relief committee, Galveston or Houston, or J. Ernest Breda, Natchitoches, La.

Mr. C. D. Holmes, Sr., who had the misfortune to receive a severe gash in his leg during the late storm and which has confined him since, is improving rapidly and expects to be up and out again within a few days.

Can anyone give information as to the whereabouts of

John or Frank Jackowick? They were sent to St. Mary's orphan asylum in 1882, ages 6 and 4 respectively. Their sister wants to find them. Notify Steve Dudjiack, Hammond, Tex.

Wanted—Information as to what disposition was made of the remains of Major W. T. Levy's three children. He resided at 3614 Avenue P and his body was found in a northwesterly direction from his residence. Any grips, books, papers or articles belonging to this family would be cheerfully paid for. Please notify J. H. Hawley, I. & G. N. R. R. office, corner Tremont and Mechanic streets.

Information wanted concerning the following children of Jos. B. Aguilo: Frances, 9 years, tall for her age, slender, dark hair, blue-gray eyes; wore a dark blue cashmere dress with three very large buttons across front, a string of blue beads and an agate was around her neck; also a rosary of brown beads linked with silver, to which was attached a black wooden crucifix bound with silver; on her arm she wore a gold bracelet. Baby Joe, aged 4 years, large for his age; big, dark eyes, lightish hair down to his neck, clipped across forehead; wore dark knee pants with buckles at the knee; shirt with a pink floriated stripe and a little frieze reefer overcoat with a hood sailor coat. Any reliable information will be rewarded. Address S. P. Howland, Wells-Fargo Express Co., Houston, Tex.

CITY PROPERTY.

Notice to the World—J. R. Davies & Co. are now ready for business. We are cast down but not destroyed. We have lost almost everything except our hope and courage. Galveston must and shall be rebuilt—a greater, grander and more glorious city than the old. Push, pluck and persistency will do it. Our precious dead, lost in the "whelming flood," are safe; let us honor their memory by our loyalty to the living. Now for business. We have for sale: A six-room raised cottage, full lot, stable, south front, close in; will sacrifice for $1,600; will rent for $25 per month; owner going away. Eight-room raised cottage, nearly new, a little south of O on Tremont; $5,000 before the flood, will take $2,500 now; big speculation. Other houses and lots almost to give away. J. R. Davies & Co., 510 Tremont street.

If you have Galveston city property, with a good title, for sale very cheap, write full particulars to Box 4, News office.

Wanted—To buy for cash, Galveston real estate at a sacrifice. State price and description of property. Address Box 19, News.

I have several customers who want to buy Galveston lots and pay cash for same if offered at a sacrifice. John A. Caplen, 211 Tremont street.

Thompson Building—Two well-lighted offices, northeast corner, for rent. Rooms in flat. Apply F. B. French, Thompson building.

For Rent—House, six rooms, bath, artesian water; also large south room. Apply E. D. Hamner, 1902 Church street.

For Rent—To responsible parties, high raised cottage, furnished, $40. Box 14, News.

For Rent—Furnished rooms at No. 1910 Avenue H, next to court house. No children.

Furnished rooms for light housekeeping; also rooms for gentlemen. 2128 Winnie, corner Twenty-second.

For Rent—For gentlemen only, fine furnished rooms. Privilege of bathroom. William A. Hogan, 1724 Postoffice.

For Rent—Furnished south front room, for one or two gentlemen. Mrs. Kate Cherry, corner Sixteenth and Church streets.

To gentlemen only, three splendidly furnished rooms in new private residence, uninjured by storm; all modern conveniences; references exchanged. Box 2, News.

W. A. Hawkins is filling all orders as usual at 214 Tremont street, Galveston, Tex.; also has a branch house at Dallas, Tex., where wire workers' orders for shells will have our prompt attention.

We are now ready to take care of all electrical work. Have your electrical motors overhauled at once. Nichols, McGraw & Nichols, Electricians, 2406 Market street.

Ice Cream—You can buy pretty fair ice cream in lots of places—really good ice cream in very few. This is one of the really good places. We choose our materials with the utmost care. Nothing can be too good for our ice cream. Our methods are the best known. The result is pure, delicious, wholesome cream. Let us have an order from you. Kahn's, phone 40.

Wanted—A man with from $2,500 to $5,000 cash to take an interest in a well established business, nursery, seed and cut flower business. C., box 173, Fort Worth, Tex.

For Sale—The Paul Wheeler dairy, 300 selected, high-grade cows, cold storage (in Galveston), horses, wagons and bottles; best handling outfit in America; reason for selling, wreck of Gulf and Interstate Railway on Bolivar peninsula. Dairies supplying Galveston (except this) practically all lost in storm. H. C. Wheeler, 113 Twentieth street.

R. Ivey, the upholsterer, and family, are safe. Will be ready for business in a few days. Upholstering and mattress work. Send orders to factory, Twenty-first and Avenue M.

Frank H. Jones and family are safe, but buildings and factory demolished by the storm. Will rebuild in a few days. Send orders for carpet cleaning and mattress work to Thirty-third and M One-half, old site, after Monday, the 24th.

To Our Friends and Patrons—We have fortunately survived the late storm and flood. We are ready to turn our attention to business with a large stock of new merchandise in our various lines. Orders solicited. Island City Mfg. Co., Galveston, Tex.

Storm-Tossed, but Survived—West End Laundry—Leave orders to call at Morris Block's news stand, Tremont and Postoffice streets.

Until Tuesday, September 25, the Galveston Brewing Company will pay 25 cents for each of their empty kegs delivered at the brewery.

We Are Ready to Help You Rebuild Galveston—Shingles and lumber; no advance in prices at this yard; Thirtieth and Mechanic streets. Darlington-Miller Lumber Company.

D. M. Wilson & Co., Thirty-fifth and N—Lumber. We are prepared to deliver to any part of the city, with no increase in prices.

These advertisements mean business, and are an infallible indication of the state of the city and the spirit of the people.

It was an event September 17 at Galveston when the regular trips of steamers between Texas City and Galveston were resumed. There were loads of travelers. The News said:

"People were transferred as usual by the steamer Lawrence from Pier 21 to Texas City yesterday. The Lawrence on the 9 o'clock trip was loaded down to the full capacity and more people stood about on the wharf. Chairman Henderson of the Transportation Committee, assisted by Captain Warren and Captain Clarke, got a tug and a barge around to the wharf and he told the people that there had been secured a fine Pullman palace barge for those who desired to go, the cabin being reserved for the ladies. The most of the crowd held their noses up in the air, but about fifty took advantage of the offer and went to Texas City on her."

Extraordinary efforts were made to hasten the railroad communication restoration, connecting Galveston with the rest of the world. The Santa Fe system concentrated nearly all its best bridge and track men on the work of restoring communication with Galveston. The entire system was drawn upon, and some divisions were completely robbed of bridgemen for this work.

This vivid sketch for the News gives an idea of the reconstruction of the bridge and the difficulties to overcome:

"Mr. Nixon went to Virginia Point on Thursday morning with a force of men and began to work on the bridge, using such material as they could pick up there. They were without any provisions that day and worked without their dinners. At night they had secured some bacon and they cooked this in camp fires without cooking utensils and ate it without dishes, getting water in jars they had picked up on their way to the point from the Alta Loma supply pipe. Friday morning they breakfasted in the same way, but also had coffee, a supply having been obtained during the night from the track builders' camp further up the line. After that provisions and camp facilities began to arrive, and yesterday the men were well supplied so far as food is concerned, and as well treated otherwise as one could expect under the circumstances. The camp is pitched near the end of the Santa Fe bridge. There are newly made graves all around—one partly within the commissary and dining tent and one partly within the general office tent. With but few exceptions the men were going about their work willingly, with evident appreciation of its importance, and they ate their meals with relish, declaring that the soup and the bacon, the stew and the rice, coffee, etc., were 'mighty good.'

"Everything was push and hustle around the camp and at the various places where the work was going on. The officials spent little time in the office tent, where an operator received and sent telegrams over a bum wire, using a box relay, and where stenographers took down telegrams and orders. The forces are well organized and each man on the work is being used to advantage. The officials directing the work are everywhere—out in skiffs and boats and launches, through the water, climbing bridges and hurrying along the trestles, ascertaining the needs here and there and making arrangements to supply them."

These cheerful words were in the News of the 17th: "Now that the waterworks are running, some of the streets lighted, many of the streets pretty well cleared of debris and telegraph communication with the outside world reestablished, the people of Galveston are anxiously looking forward to the re-establishment of rail communication. They will not have to wait long, for the work of relaying the tracks and rebuilding a bridge across the bay is being pushed with all the energy that devoted men are capable of. The officials in charge of the work believe that they will be able to run trains into the Galveston union depot on Thursday. The work thus far done has been truly remarkable, and has been accomplished under the greatest imaginable difficulties. It was the first steps that counted most as they were made with the greatest difficulty."

September 18 over 1,000 wounds were dressed at the different hospitals, ward dispensaries and other medical relief stations. Most of these wounds were slight, and not dangerous, but would become so if not properly dressed and treated. The bulk of the work of caring for the sick and injured was confined to the dressing of small wounds received during the storm and minor surgical operations. There were very few cases of sickness other than wounded; in fact, sickness not resulting from wounds was very scarce, and, if anything, below the normal. People with slight wounds went to the different medical relief stations and had them dressed and went away, and did not come back until the wounds needed redressing. There were, however, several hundred patients so severely wounded as to need constant treatment, at least for several days. Such as these were kept at the hospitals, where they were fed with strength-giving food, and carefully nursed until able to be up and about.

The News of the 19th was enabled to say: "Slowly but surely the streets are assuming a decent appearance, and in a few days all evidence of the storm on the streets of the business district will have been removed. A large force of men are working systematically, and the beneficial result is shown in every quarter. The greatest amount of wreckage is piled high along the beach and for several blocks inland, where hundreds of homes fell victims to the rush of waters and devastating hurricane that swept that portion of the city bare."

The telegram shows that the natural resources of Texas are not called for in vain:

Corsicana, Tex., Sept. 17.—One hundred farmers held a mass meeting to-day and sent three representatives to South Texas to get cotton pickers. Negroes here have refused to work for less than $1.10 per 100 pounds, whereas farmers will pay only 70 cents. The demand for pickers is so great that farmers have bailed prisoners from jail to pick cotton.

A question much discussed in Texas is whether there were two cyclones. A scientific writer said in a letter to the Galveston News, "that the late cyclonic hurricane started at Port Eads, but that it was first heard of as being off Port Eads and with a velocity of forty-eight miles an hour, and was a distinct storm from the one that the Comal encountered off the east Florida coast. Dr. Cline bears me out in this theory, but says the bureau had warning of it before it reached Port Eads further south. He also says that there was really a smaller third one in the wake of this Galveston special, all, as it were, within touch of each other almost, the last being a small affair and expending its force quickly."

Perhaps the habit of cyclones in starting out in pairs has its influence in causing these controversies. The same writer here quoted says of the sea wall question:

"As regards a sea wall being practicable there arose in the writer's mind these dangers. If one could be constructed that would keep out the sea the extent of its length, the waters would enter at its extremities and back up into the city. But it would break the force of the waves in their battering strokes and weight against buildings. Another danger would depend on the height of the sea and the volume of waters thrown into the bay and on the mainland, and whether the winds might veer around far enough, say to the northwest, to force this water in volume back into the city, where this wall would dam it up and perhaps cause great loss of life from drowning. Yet it is a fact that in the cyclone of 1875, as to which the writer made careful inquiry at the time, that the winds shifted no further around than southeast, which was the exact point to which it shifted in this storm, and from which point in an exceedingly short time the sea rushed into the city and caused our greatest destruction and loss of life. The prevailing and longest continued direction of all the gulf cyclonic disturbances or blows is from the northeast, driving a great volume of gulf water along our shores here in a southwest course, but I never apprehend an exceeding deep sea covering the island from the northeast. But when this high sea has been brought about and a sudden and rapid shifting of the wind to the southeast, as in this instance, forces this enormous volume of water bodily upon us like a tidal wave, we have this combination alluded to in the old article of "Wind and Wave," which must do its terrible work of destruction. Seventy miles an hour will not bring this result, except in comparative miniature, as in 1875 and 1886, but 100 becomes seriously alarming and will cause great loss, while 120 has in this instance combined with the right wind, southeast, and Galveston is now a prostrate and moaning victim of that, this writer has long feared. Can engineering skill and science discover and apply a power to break that force of the combination of the laws of nature as here manifested?

"I do not believe that our jetties played any part or were at all a factor in producing the great wave which rolled over this city, for it extended much further down the island than the jetties could have had any influence, and if possibly any one observed it, we would greatly wish to know the result when these seas struck and broke against our jetties, for from this may possibly be drawn important conclusions as to the effects on breakwater walls, which would be the same as a jetty in protecting the city."

CHAPTER XV.

THE NEW GALVESTON.

One week after the hurricane spent its mightiest energy at Galveston, beating down strong houses with sheer force of the gale which blew not less than 100 miles an hour, and rolling monstrous waves upon the streets lined with shattered structures, the people so sorely smitten and horror haunted experienced a renewal of hope and a return of energy, felt the strong, firm hands of friendship stretched forth to aid in the work of restoration. The dead were removed, the wounded were succored, the hungry were fed, the sick were nursed, the outbreak of ruffian robbery and stealthy crime was suppressed, and there was kindled ambition and considered enterprise to rise up and go forward from the foundation of the knowledge that the worst had happened and that Galveston should rise again. The building of houses on the sand is, notwithstanding the Scriptural warning, if the foundation can be made firm, an excellent thing to do, for there is a purity in sand that has sanitary results most desirable. The cities that are built on sand are more wholesome than those that rest on rocks or driven piles. Galveston has the best port in five hundred miles of the gulf coast, and is in the line of American development. With the warning her people have had they can make themselves secure and resume their cause with durable betterments. There were those who fled from Chicago when she passed away in a cloud of fire, but the winds blow here as ever. The level lands spread out around her as vast and as fertile as when the prairies were unplowed, and the winds are as high, but there has been care in the erection of solid buildings, and to prevent modern cities and lumber yards from being joined and ready with towns of undue and great aggregations of resinous woods—ready for a broken lamp to cause the conflagration in the loss of property of the value of $200,000,000; but the water marks are not under wooden roofs and there are gigantic blocks, each with the population and the business equal to a stirring town, and as indestructible as any works of human hands; and there is no dwelling in dread of fire here, rather a sense of security that as the greatest fire the world has seen occurred on this spot, it will not happen again. The business men of Chicago celebrate the anniversary of the fire, not in a spirit of levity and recklessness, but with a consciousness that the scene of a prodigious disaster has seen a victory won by hope, courage, perseverance, enlightenment and an unfaltering spirit, and with this there is reverent thanksgiving for merciful preservation for the blessings that abound, the grandeur accomplished, the glory won; and there is gratitude, too, for the immense humanity there was in the generous help extended to Chicago when she was desolate—a helpfulness that aided those who gave and enriched the givers—while those to whom hands were extended that Chicago might stand have paid their obligations as only the debts of gratitude can be paid by squaring the account of beneficence by benefactions bestowed where misfortunes befal. They will build skyscrapers in Galveston as Chicago has built them, on foundations that will stand the shock of storms, and the errors of construction in the past, already seen, will be attuned. A feature article in the Chicago Tribune says:

Galveston, like the house in the Bible parable, was built upon the sand. It is a waste in consequence. If it is rebuilt it is likely that the advice of Professor Willis L. Moore, Chief of the United States Weather Bureau, will be followed, and a surer, stabler foundation, higher above the tide level, will be raised.

According to Professor Moore, not only Galveston was insecurely built upon the flat sands of the island, but other cities on the gulf and Atlantic coasts, lying at tide, are subject to the same dangers. The West Indian hurricane may strike almost anywhere from the southern line of North Carolina, on down the coast, around the peninsula of Florida, and anywhere within the great arc described by the western shores of the Gulf of Mexico. These storms, perhaps 600 miles wide, have a vortex of twenty to thirty miles in diameter. It is in this vortex that the land is laid waste.

It is this fact that will lead more strongly than any other to the rebuilding of Galveston. With an export business of $100,000,000 annually, the great West will bring pressure to bear upon the maintenance of the port. There is an island type of man in its population that will not be driven from that little ridge of sand three miles out in the gulf. There are 1,500 miles of gulf coast on which the vortex of such a storm may waste itself without touching Galveston, and both conservatism and commercialism will take the risk that a score of other cities at the tide level are taking.

At the same time there are those who see for Galveston only a commercial existence. It never can grow as it has grown; it never can be the home of people whose fortunes are not tied up in the island.

For fourteen years the city has had to contend with the fears of the incomer. The growth between 1890 and 1900 shows that these fears had been allayed in great measure, following the destruction in 1886. But years will not wipe out the black record of the last week. Hundreds will leave the island as a place of residence; thousands have been killed there and cremated in the sands or buried in the treacherous sea. A death rate of 200 in a population of 1,000 drove Indianola from the map of Texas. Five thousand or more deaths of the 35,000 population of Galveston must have its influence upon the living.

For with the assurances of the United States Weather Bureau, it is recognized that in natural phenomena there are cycle periods in which extremes are repeated from nature's great laboratory. Observation has put this period of repetition at twenty years. According to this, in the case of hurricanes, the range of maximum and minimum will be within such a period. Without question Galveston is in the track of a certain abnormal but not infrequent West Indian hurricane which fails to be deflected from the Georgia and Florida coasts. It keeps to its northwestward course and strikes the Louisiana, Texas, or Mexico coasts, according to its impulse. In the Galveston storm a new maximum seems to have been established, yet its repetition may be looked for within the next twenty-year period. As a matter of fact, indeed, the average period between the recurrence of these maximum storms has been less than fifteen years.

Lyman E. Cooley, one of the original engineers in marking the route of the drainage canal, is an observer of periodic natural phenomena, and his theory holds in great measure with observations of the United States weather service.

"It is a general proposition," said Mr. Cooley. "It means just this much: Suppose that Chicago has a snowstorm on June 15. Within a twenty-year period we may expect another phenomenon of the kind in the same calendar month. It may not snow in Chicago itself; the storm may be ten, twenty, or thirty miles away, on any side of it. But in the same general territory, about the same time of the phenomenon, it will be repeated.

"Suppose a terrible rain or windstorm develops, its repetition may be looked for in the same period. So with extremes of temperature, influences on lake levels, and all the other phenomena of nature's forces. They have their cycles, and the twenty-year period covers most of them."

But in the case of Galveston, one of its great hurricanes was experienced in 1875, another in 1886, and the last only fourteen years later. These historic facts tend to confirm Mr. Cooley's observations.

Galveston's destruction and that of other towns similarly situated had been predicted. Writing in the Arena in 1890, Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan said:

"Every seaboard city south of New England that is not more than fifty feet above the sea level of the Atlantic coast is destined to a destructive convulsion. Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, St. Augustine, Savannah, and Charleston are doomed. Richmond, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Newark, Jersey City, and New York will suffer in various degrees in proportion as they approximate the sea level. Brooklyn will suffer less, but the destruction at New York and Jersey City will be the grandest horror.

"The convulsion will probably begin on the Pacific coast, and perhaps extend in the Pacific toward the Sandwich Islands. The shock will be terrible with great loss of life, extending from British Columbia down along the coast of Mexico, but the conformation of the Pacific coast will make its grand tidal wave far less destructive than on the Atlantic shore. Nevertheless, it will be calamitous. Lower California will suffer severely along the coast. San Diego and Coronado will suffer severely, especially the latter.

"It may seem rash to anticipate the limits of the destructive force of a foreseen earthquake, but there is no harm in testing the prophetic power of science in the complex relations of nature and man.

"The destruction of cities which I anticipate will be twenty-four years ahead—it may be twenty-three. It will be sudden and brief—all within an hour and not far from noon. Starting from the Pacific coast, as already described, it will strike southward—a mighty tidal wave and earthquake shock that will develop in the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea. It will strike the western coast of Cuba and severely injure Havana. Our sister republic, Venezuela, bound to us in destiny, by the law of periodicity, will be assailed by the encroaching waves and terribly shaken by the earthquake. The destruction of her chief city, Caracas, will be greater than in 1812, when 12,000 were said to be destroyed. The coming shock will be near total destruction."

Galveston Island, with a stretch of thirty-five miles, rises only five feet above the level of high tide. To the south is an unbroken sweep of sea for 800 miles. Twelve hundred miles away is the nesting place of storms—storms that rise out of the dead calm of the doldrums and sweep northward, sometimes with a fury that nothing can withstand. Most of these storms describe a parabola, with the westward arch touching the Atlantic coast, after which the track is northeastward, finally disappearing with the storm itself in the North Atlantic.

But every little while one of these West Indian hurricanes starts northwestward from its island nest, moving steadily on its course and entering the gulf itself.

September and October are the months of these storms, and of the two months September is worse. In the ten years between 1878 and 1887, inclusive, fifty-seven hurricanes arose in the warm, moist conditions of the West Indian doldrums. Most of these passed out to sea and to the St. Lawrence River country, where they disappeared. But the hurricane of Oct. 11, 1887, came ashore at New Orleans on Oct. 17, and wrought havoc as it passed up the Eastern States to New Brunswick. The storm of Oct. 8, 1886, reached Louisiana on the 12th, curving again toward Galveston on the Texas coast. It was in this storm that Galveston was flooded, with loss of life and property, while Indianola was destroyed beyond recovery.

With these non-recurring storms two conditions favor their passage into the gulf. A high barometric area lies over the Atlantic coast States, while a trough of low pressure leads into the gulf and northward into the region of the Dakotas. The hurricane takes the path of least resistance always, and it must pass far northward before it can work its natural way around the tardy high area that hangs over the central coast States. It was this condition exactly which diverted the recent storm to Galveston and the Texas coast.

The origin of a hurricane is not fully settled. Its accompanying phenomena, however, are significant to even the casual observer. A long swell on the ocean usually precedes it. This swell may be forced to great distance in advance of the storm and be observed two or three days before the storm strikes. A faint rise in the barometer may be noticed before the sharp fall follows. Wisps of thin, cirrus cloud float for 200 miles around the storm center. The air is calm and sultry until a gentle breeze springs from the southeast. This breeze becomes a wind, a gale, and, finally, a tempest.

This is in scientific form, but made fascinating by the brilliant element of speculation.

One of the best known residents of Galveston is Eustace Taylor. He is a cotton buyer, known to the trade in all parts of the country. In the course of an ordinary season Mr. Taylor handles from 100,000 to 150,000 bales. His act on Monday, when the citizens of Galveston were beginning to realize the full import of the disaster, was typical of the fine spirit shown by leading men. Mr. Taylor stood on the Strand and said:

"Bring to me any man who needs money and I will give him until I go broke."

Mr. Taylor was asked to-day for an opinion as to the future of Galveston.

"I think," he said, "that what we have done here in the four days which have passed since the storm has been wonderful. It will take us two weeks before we can ascertain the actual commercial loss. But we are going to straighten out everything. We are going to stay here and work it out. We will have a temporary wharf in thirty days, and with that we can resume business and handle the traffic through Galveston. I think that within thirty days business will be carried on here in large volumes.

"I am going to stand right up to Galveston," continued Mr. Taylor, "if it costs me the last cent. With our temporary wharf we shall put from 1,000 to 2,000 men to work loading vessels. While we are waiting for the railroad to restore bridges and terminals on the island we shall bring business by barges from Virginia Point and load in mid-stream. In this way we shall not only resume our commercial relations quickly but we shall be able to put the labor of the city at work."

Mr. Taylor and other leading business men of Galveston emphasize a point which has escaped general attention until this time. They are exceedingly anxious that commercial bodies, steamship owners, brokers, and those interested in the commerce of Galveston shall be as considerate as possible in their treatment of the city, that is to say, there shall be liberality in the commercial relations. These men urge that the extent of the calamity shall be taken into account when adjustment of contracts takes place and in all business relations until the city can regain its footing. Charters provide by special mention for "Visitations of providence," for the "Acts of God."

The Galveston business men hope that their business connections will apply a like spirit to all commerce affected by the storm. If Galveston can receive from the world such consideration financially and commercially in the next sixty days the recuperation will be rapid and indirectly the losses will be minimized.

Galveston was just entering upon the busy season. There are now from 200 to 300 ships under sailing contracts with this port for the months of September, November and December. Some of these ships are now on the high seas. Even a temporary paralysis of thirty days will mean much loss and the derangement of many contracts.

It is a time which calls for the generous policy, not for strict enforcements of the letter of agreements. Galveston only asks what her business men feel is just, thereby the shock to commerce may be mitigated.

Like suggestions were made by the Chicago business men after the great fire, and the response from other business centers was most cordial and hearty; and the tone of the Chicago community in making the suggestions that it would be the form of assistance they would like best to have a continuance of confidence in them that they were going on—and in the city that it would rise from the ashes. This business grasp of the hand, and self-restraint and high-toned sense of power did much to give Chicago the general judgment of the business men of the world that she was designed for great fortunes, and even a misfortune of appalling magnitude would be overcome and be the inspiration and the stability of a greater Chicago. That which Mr. Taylor of Galveston says is of the same temper and fiber, and will meet a like response.

The Dallas News and the Galveston News are under the same management. The Dallas News of September 14 said:

"As an exchange says, 'The elements seem to have been wreaking vengeance on Texas this year.' In April the Colorado and Brazos valleys were swept by floods, entailing great loss of life and property. Austin suffered severely. This flood followed a more disastrous one of last year, which laid waste some of the best farms in the State, destroyed crops too late for replanting, drowned thousands of cattle, horses, mules and hogs, and many people.

"With all these recent disasters, Texas is in a more prosperous condition than the State has ever been in before, taking the whole country over. While certain of the river valleys have been swept by flood, the rich uplands, particularly those of North Texas, the orchards and garden lands of East Texas, and of the coast country, and the small grain and pasture lands of the west, have brought forth abundant crops, and, speaking generally, the people are in a good way.

"The high prices for wheat, corn, cotton, and other products of the field or ranch have told a hopeful story, and a wise change from the old-time one-crop habit has done much to help along. In spite of the disasters of this and of last year, barring the victims of the floods alluded to, the people of the State are in a good condition and ready to do all in their power to help along their less fortunate fellow citizens.

"Texas is a vast State, and this fact might make it appear that more storms or other direful visitations fell to the lot of this people than residents of other parts of the country find it necessary to endure. The fact is that many States have been visited by floods this season, and in some places floods are feared year after year. So it is of other destructive visitations. They must be expected now and then anywhere from Maine to California, or, for that matter, at any place the world around. There is only one thing to do about it. People must prepare in advance for such troubles as far as possible, and must stand ready to take the consequences and make the best of them. So it is now. So it will continue to be here and elsewhere.

"It is gratifying to note that even thus early the strong and courageous men of Galveston have begun to see the matter in this light. Even while their weaker brothers are still dazed and speechless, they begin to cast about them with a show of old-time determination and vigor. No one can read of their undaunted determination to clear away the evidences of the recent disaster and to restore the island city without a feeling of genuine admiration for the men who are strong enough to hope when others are hopeless, great enough to begin on plans for the future ere the roar and crash of the storm have died away."

"Galveston must rise again," says the Galveston News in an editorial Sept. 13.

"At the first meeting of Galveston citizens Sunday afternoon after the great hurricane, for the purpose of bringing order out of chaos, the only sentiment expressed," the editorial says, "was that Galveston had received an awful blow. The loss of life and property is appalling—so great that it required several days to form anything like a correct estimate. With sad and aching hearts, but with resolute faces, the sentiment of the meeting was that out of the awful chaos of wrecked homes and wrecked business Galveston must rise again.

"The sentiment was not that of bury the dead and give up the ship; but, rather, bury the dead, succor the needy, appeal for aid from a charitable world, and then start resolutely to work to mend the broken chains. In many cases the work of upbuilding must begin over. In other cases the destruction is only partial.

"The sentiment was, Galveston will, Galveston must, survive, and fulfill her glorious destiny. Galveston shall rise again. * * *

"If we have lost all else, we still have life and the future, and it is toward the future that we must devote the energies of our lives. We can never forget what we have suffered; we cannot forget the thousands of our friends and loved ones who found in the angry billows that destroyed them a final resting place. But tears and grief must not make us forget our present duties. The blight and ruin which have destroyed Galveston are not beyond repair; we must not for a moment think Galveston is to be abandoned because of one disaster, however horrible that disaster has been.

"It is a time for courage of the highest order. It is a time when men and women show the stuff that is in them, and we can make no loftier acknowledgment of the material sympathy which the world is extending to us than to answer back that after we shall have buried our dead, relieved the sufferings of the sick and destitute, we will bravely undertake the vast work of restoration and recuperation which lies before us in a manner which shall convince the world that we have spirit to overcome misfortune and rebuild our homes."

That which the September storm has proven for Galveston is that the site of the city may be and must be maintained, that it is within the elemental conditions that Galveston can be restored, that the courage is already apparent and the capital within sight to do it, and that the tremendous tempest has told how it should be done to endure. There have been far greater obstacles than those at Galveston overcome in securing the foundations of a city. Venice, for instance, is a city in the sea, and stands an ancient and solid one. It was built of piles driven deep into the sandy mud and backed with rock filling. It might be that the underpinning of Venice has cost nearly or altogether as much as the stately structures that have stood firm so long. There were a hundred islands in the lagoon to begin with. Even New York has had to overcome difficulties that would have daunted less capital and energy than are gathered there. A small part of the city was built on marshes, and there are quicksands that absorb an enormous mass of material before on it edifices are reared, but a more troublesome foe of the builders is found in a rock so hard and obstinate that there are square miles of the city where the cellars have cost as much as the houses. New Orleans stands on ground made by the Mississippi and the mighty river has repeatedly made stupendous efforts to regain the ground beside which she rolls her frightful floods. A tenth part of the money and work at Galveston that have been invested in the security of New Orleans would make the gulf city safe forever. Chicago is not menaced by the lake in storms, but the land upon which her wonderful sky-scrapers stand was originally very largely a swamp, and it has been a vast task to convert the fundamental mud into sure and steadfast standing room. The site of the land of the city as it was when Fort Dearborn was built is elevated eight feet, a prodigious accomplishment so complete at least that it can hardly be realized. Extraordinary it certainly is, and a most familiar fact, that though the Chicago fire swept away 18,000 houses and property of the value at conservative estimates, of $200,000,000, there was an incalculable compensation in the clearing of the ground by the fire, and the material the ruins afforded for elevation of the general level, though the wonderful heat of the conflagration melted many bricks, while much stone crumbled to sand.

Galveston will come out of the stormy flood as Chicago from the tempest of fire, but she has had a lesson that will be ruinous at last, if it is not heeded now. There will be great storms hereafter. Hurricanes will continue to rise in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea and strike the coast with terrific force. The building of the Galveston that was can not in the aggregate be commended. Thousands of the houses were not strong. They were built rather to welcome a breeze than resist a storm. It was not a tidal wave that burst upon Galveston. It was a horrible commotion of the air. The wind waves, not the tidal flows, burst upon the shores of the American Mediterranean. There is nothing unknown or miraculous about them. There is no reason that they should excite superstition, or quell enterprise with apprehension. The people of Texas know all the facts, and they know Galveston is a necessity, and that there is no better place to be than where it was. It must be restored. Some of the modern improvements of the city were careless. The winds and waves had provided protection in sand hills that were removed. Nature must now be assisted. It is practical to make permanent barricades. The thin brick wall around the great convent where the storm was intensest saved a thousand lives. There should be many brick walls deeply grounded, and the bricks cemented. Heavy stone walls would be better. There is an abundance of available rock. The Galvestonians might well make a study of the way Chicago is barricaded against the aggressions of eastern storms. Line upon line has been added after experience had crystallized precept. It is to be regretted that many circumstances compelled the burning of so much of the wreckage, for that itself in the later stages of the storm was a defense. Nature at last fights with man for him, if he woos her wisely. There will develop a thousand forces for the reconstruction of Galveston. Her good points have been made known to the whole world, her delicious climate, her almost incomparable sea bathing, her supremacy as a gulf port, her system of railroads that centralize an enormous domain in her port as the gate to Europe, and the highway to all the oceans. Even the terrible tempest deepened the harbor and the nation and the State and the great and good people all will deal out to the stricken city justice with a measure that will have celebrity as generosity. The Gulf of Mexico will rapidly become of greater consequence than ever. It is on the line of the grand current of commerce that soon will be sweeping around the world, passing through the Suez Canal that is, and the Darien Canal that is to be; and the increasing American and world-wide interest in the Pacific Ocean will have an influence that will whiten the shores of the Mediterranean of this hemisphere as that of the one famous of old as the central sea of the earth—central to one hemisphere—and the shores of our central sea will be peopled as are those of the ancient waters beside which the cities grew that ruled the world; and among them the new Galveston will be of the proudest, before time has made her walls and her halls venerable.

CHAPTER XVI.

PREHISTORIC GRAVEYARD NEAR GALVESTON.

Relics of a prehistoric race were discovered in Galveston, Texas, just previous to the storm that flooded the city. Nearly 2,000 human skeletons were found, and scientists who examined the excavations had just given the opinion that an ancient city had been submerged by a tidal wave that drowned all the inhabitants, when the calamity of centuries ago was repeated.

The bones were discovered in a search for relics for the archaeological exhibit at the Pan-American exposition, which is to be held in Buffalo, N. Y., next summer. The skeletons are beyond a doubt several thousand years old, and the character of the people who occupied the coast of the gulf at this period is an interesting subject for speculation. Whoever they may have been and whenever they may have lived, the remains found show beyond a question that some terrible outbreak of nature caused the sudden death of thousands of these ancient people and their burial in the strata where by chance they were exhumed by the people of a far-distant age.

It was but a short time ago that the excavations were begun which resulted in these singular and extraordinary discoveries. The finding of the remains in the first place was quite accidental. H. J. Simmons, superintendent of the Arizona and New Mexico railway, was making excavations along the lines of the railroad near Clear Creek, Galveston county, when bones were found in the earth removed. On examination of the contents of the steam shovel, skulls and human teeth were noticed, and further search led to the discovery of skeletons of whole families, together with ivory beads and other objects of human handiwork.

Realizing the valuable and scientific character of the discovery, a systematic search of the strata in the vicinity was made. Geologists say that the whole section of the State was once covered by the Gulf of Mexico. The idea at once came to Mr. Simmons that in far distant ages a tidal wave had occurred at the time the gulf covered more of that part of the country than at present and that these bones were the remains of the thousands of human beings who had been drowned in the overflow of the waters of the gulf. His theory was later upheld by leading scientists.

Evidently these people were not mere barbarians, living in temporary abodes and having no permanent abiding places. The number of the skeletons and their close proximity to one another indicates that there existed here a populous community and that in some far away age a people devoted to the pursuits of industry and more or less skilled in the arts were here living in a city having its institutions of government and social customs and some degree of civilization. This could not have been simply the site of a cemetery, for the positions in which the skeletons were found proves conclusively that the persons were not buried after a natural death, but were drowned and afterward buried beneath the debris of the convulsion, or hurriedly and in wholesale by their survivors, as was done recently at Galveston. While all the skeletons were lying down, some were face up, others face down, and many on the side. There was no regularity in their burial at all. It was the exception to find one skeleton by itself. Usually two, and sometimes three and four were found together, in some instances as many as fourteen being piled in a heap, as if a whole family had gathered to meet death, and perished in one another's arms.

Some of the skulls of these prehistoric Texans were of enormous size, and the majority of them had rather low foreheads. A singular fact observed was that while all of the teeth were considerably worn, showing the use of hard food and age of the persons, there was in no case the slightest indication of decay, a quite different situation from that observed in relics of more modern but still prehistoric Indians, among whom dental caries is comparatively common. Several thousand skeletons were removed in the process of excavation. Fifteen hundred were actually counted in the first part of the excavation, and doubtless several thousand more were removed. As a rule they were soft and damp when first uncovered, but many became fairly hard after being exposed a while to the sun. No bones of children were found, and this was accounted for by the supposition that they had all decayed.

The situation of this remarkable archaeological discovery was a deposit of shell, gravel, and sand in a bank consisting of about thirty acres nearly surrounded by the Clear creek. This deposit consists of seven distinct strata, each about three feet thick, and between each stratum there is a deposit of silt or earth from a quarter of an inch to an inch in thickness. On the top of the bank the soil is about eight inches deep, and large live oak trees grow thickly over it. It is one of the last places to which one would go in looking for the remains of a prehistoric race. No two of the strata are exactly alike, some having a larger percentage of gravel than others, and the shells also vary. Some are much larger than others, some are oyster shells, and some are clam. On the average the deposit consists of about 10 per cent shell, 40 per cent gravel, and 20 per cent coarse sand. In the second layer from the top the bones were found in great abundance, and in the bottom layer, just at water level, and about twenty-one feet below the top of the bank, large quantities of the bones were deposited.

Just how to explain this phase of the situation has taxed the antiquarians. Some suggest the possibility of two successive tidal waves, one perhaps far removed from the other in point of time. The ivory beads found were about a quarter of an inch in diameter and an inch and a half to two inches long, with a hole cut lengthwise and a diagonal groove cut on the outside.

The exhibit of these bones in the ethnology building of the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo will be a most valuable one, in view of the wide interest excited by the fate of thousands who perished recently in this same part of the country in the same way.

Science does not wholly discard the imagination, but on the contrary accepts its suggestions and constructs whole histories, as is said may be done in producing a complete skeleton on the production of one bone. The logic of a single fact moral or material has before and behind it, traceable centuries. It is, however, not proven that the prehistoric bones near Galveston Bay were those of the victims of a tidal wave on the gulf, or even shown that there was a horrible tempest ages ago in which a city perished with all its people. The recent experience of Galveston would seem to show that there would not be immense collections of the bones of the victims of a great storm found on or near the spot. The prehistoric people of America, as many ruins abundantly testify, must have advanced in civilization, beyond any tribes or kingdoms discovered when the Spaniards began their adventurous colonization. It is a question whether the Peruvians and Mexicans were capable of the cities whose ruins in Central America invite conjecture to task credulity, and romance to fill the vast gaps in history. Upon the plains of Texas near the sea there may have been great communities of a gentler race than those either north or south of the northern shores of the Ocean we call the Gulf, and they may have been conquered and massacred by the fierce red savages who peopled the land where our states are established. The coincidence of the discovery of the city of skeletons so close in time and place to the catastrophe of Galveston is certainly most curious, but is convincing of nothing.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GIANT OF THE STATES.

George Washington, writing as a young explorer, said of the Ohio country, to which he had been sent by the Governor of Virginia to warn the French to depart from the land that belonged to the King of England, that the claim of the French of the territory for the King of France was that the country had been discovered by La Salle, who was a most adventurous, energetic and intelligent man. He penetrated the country of which Texas is a part in 1680. King's Handbook of the United States says:

"The first European settlement in Texas was made by Sieur de la Salle, who in 1685 erected Fort St. Louis, on the Lavaca, near Matagorda Bay. The French garrison was destroyed by the Indians; and five years later Captain De Leon and 110 Spanish soldiers and monks founded on the same site the mission of San Francisco. After a gloomy period of Indian hostilities and failing crops, governor and garrisons and colonists abandoned the country altogether. In 1714 St. Denis was sent to occupy Texas for France, but having been captured by Spanish troops on the Rio Grande, he aided in establishing in Texas divers Spanish missions, San Antonio, Dolores, San Agostino, and Nacogdoches. The domain bore the name of the New Philippines, and the Marquis De Aguayo became its Governor-General. For over a century Franciscan missionaries and clergy worked among the Indians, converting them to Christianity and semi-civilization. Their decline began in 1758, after the dreadful massacre of the pastors, flock and garrison of San Saba, and the workmen in the silver mines near that place. The Conception, San Jose de Aguayo, San Juan Capistrano, San Francisco de la Espada and San Fernando missions still stand in and near San Antonio, most of them picturesque ruins. The mission of San Antonio de Valero, after being secularized by the Spanish government, in 1793 became a military garrison, and received a deathless renown under the name of Alamo.

Of the Spanish, Alonzo de Leon made the first attempt to settle Texas, and in 1691 a governor and troops were sent here by Spain. La Salle called the country Louisiana, for Louis XIV. The Spaniards named it New Philippines, in honor of Philip V. San Antonio, the oldest European settlement in Texas, was founded in 1693; Goliad and Nacogdoches in 1717. The foundation of the Alamo was laid in 1744, and it was denominated a mission. Prior to 1820 Texas was ruled by governors. In 1823 Stephen F. Austin arrived with colonists, when the Mexican States of Coahuila and Texas constituted one government, with their capital at Saltillo.

"Texas contains 274,356 square miles, exclusive of bays and lakes. It extends from the 26th parallel of north latitude to 36½ north latitude and from the 16th to the 13th meridian of longitude west from Washington."

The giant of the States is a little more than equal in area to Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio and Indiana combined. There is more land in Texas than any country in Europe, excepting Russia. Van Nostran's "Texarkana Gateway to Texas and the Southwest" says that if the

State was as densely populated as New York, it would contain 28,000,000 inhabitants; or if as populous as France, it would contain 45,000,000; or if as populous as Japan, it would contain 65,000,000; or if as populous as Belgium, it would contain 133,000,000. With a sea coast line of five hundred miles, it has many localities for admirable harbors, and which will some day serve as outlets for the enormous trade that must flow to a market from Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and other rapidly developing States of the West, into Mexico and the Central and South American countries, and for the entry ports of the return commodities, worth annually many hundred millions of dollars.

Deep water on the coast of Texas is now receiving merited attention. At Galveston a depth of 24 feet has already been attained. The channel is rapidly deepening. Four other points on the coast, viz.: Aransas Pass, Corpus Christi, Sabine Pass, and Velasco, mouth of the Brazos river, are engaged in channel improvements, and will, doubtless in the near future, be deep water ports. A new and even more prosperous era in the history of Texas will then be inaugurated, and the State will present an almost unlimited field for safe and profitable investment in numberless and varied enterprises and occupations.

On the same authority: "The coast range along the Gulf of Mexico is a level prairie, extending fifty miles into the interior, intersected by the large rivers, but nearly destitute of timber, if we except the small evergreen mesquite tree—a species of the acacia—which, encumbered in all its branches with the mistletoe, springs in every conceivable locality. Many cool springs and beautiful fresh and salt water lakes are met with in this prairie, and many wild flowers, which, in their wealth of fragrance, compensate the lack of names, bloom in profusion during nearly the whole year."

The enormous scope of the State, north and south being ten and one-half degrees, and in part having great elevations, gives remarkable variety and purity of climate. The "northers" are periodical winds occurring between the months of September and March, formed by the descent of cool air, which, upon reaching the plains, hurries forward to the current of the trade-winds; and during the warmer months, moist breezes from the ocean supply the place of the heated air ascending from the prairie, and of much needed summer rains, until far to the westward they have, in climbing the Cordilleras ranges, lost all their moisture. These changing winds prevail as far westward as the northeastern portion of the staked plains, to the mouth of the Pecos, and along the Sierra Madre to the sea. Mr. Thorpe, in his account of the Broca Chica and the Brazos Santiago, remarks as to these restless winds along the coast, that "there seems ever to be some troubled spirit in the waters and the air, that throws about the voyager's craft, and makes him cautious in his movements. It is indeed the most difficult and hazardous coast with which I am acquainted." Such are some of the general characteristics of Texas; deficient in large navigable rivers and in safe and capacious harbors.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BATTLE THAT DETERMINED THE DESTINY OF TEXAS.

As early as 1830 as many as 20,000 American farmers had invaded Texas with their plows, and were settled in American colonies. In 1833 they wanted admission as a State into the Mexican Union, but Austin, whom they sent to conduct negotiations, was thrown into prison, and troops marched from Mexico to disarm the Texans and arrest their civic officials. The officials of Cohuila, of which Texas was a part dependency, also annoyed the pioneers, and the policy of Santa Anna threatened to obliterate their freedom. The United States made two attempts to buy Texas, in 1827 and 1829. At last the American colonists rose in armed revolution in 1835, and inflicted serious defeats on the Mexicans at Gonzales and Goliad, and stormed San Antonio. The Texans proclaimed their country to be a free and independent republic. Santa Anna, the president of Mexico, led 7,500 troops across the Rio Grande, and in 1836 massacred the Texan command at Goliad. Marching upon San Antonio, "the Napoleon of the West" bombarded and stormed Alamo, and after a bitter fight, in which he lost 1,500 men, he slew all its defenders, Travis and Crockett and Bowie, and 170 other Texan heroes. It has been grandly said, "Thermopylyae had her messenger of death: the Alamo had none." Gen. Houston, a Fabian leader, retreated far into the country, and when the pursuing army got where he wanted it to be, at San Jacinto, he annihilated it, and captured Santa Anna. But the war was long drawn out, and as late as

1842 successive armies under Vasquez and Woll captured San Antonio; and Gen. Ampuida and the Yucatan regiment overwhelmed Fisher's Texans at Mier.

The story of the battle of San Jacinto was told in a manner worthy the thrilling fight by the Hon. John M. Niles, 1843. He relates that Houston, though his force was greatly outnumbered by that of Santa Anna, resolved to give him battle, and finding the point where they would meet the enemy, pressed forward, to be the first to occupy the ground. This secured them not a victory, but a battle, and that was the object of their present movement, that began April 18, 1836. The Texans had determined to hazard all upon a blow, which, if ineffectual, they well knew must be fatal to their country and themselves, since Texas had no other army.

Santa Anna having crossed the Brazos at Fort Bend, thirty miles below San Felipe, had directed his march upon Harrisburg, as Houston had anticipated; but the movement had taken place earlier than was expected. Houston, after having gained intelligence of this movement of his enemy, through the capture of his courier on the evening of the 18th, and learning also his intention to return to Lynch's Ferry, near the mouth of Buffalo Bayou, in order to cross the San Jacinto on his way to Anahuac, pressed forward with his army for the point indicated, which he reached on the 20th; and before his army had time to prepare refreshments the Mexican army appeared in view. Santa Anna had drawn up in battle array, and made some show of attacking Houston in his position. A cannonading was opened for a short time on both sides, and some skirmishing took place between the opposing cavalry, and also between detached parties of infantry. The Mexicans, however, soon retired, and took a position three-fourths of a mile distant from the Texan camp. Houston had not declined the offered battle, but willingly drew off his men when the enemy retired, desirous of invigorating them with sleep and refreshments, for they had marched two days and nights, and they heard of the presence of the Mexican army while engaged in slaughtering beeves. Houston says:

"About nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st the enemy were reinforced by five hundred choice troops, under the command of Gen. Cos, increasing their effective force to upward of fifteen hundred men, whilst our aggregate force for the field numbered seven hundred and eighty-three. At half-past three o'clock in the evening I ordered the officers of the Texan army to parade their respective commands, having, in the meantime, ordered the bridge on the only road communicating with the Brazos, distant eight miles from our encampment, to be destroyed, thus cutting off all possibility of escape. Our troops paraded with alacrity and spirit, and were anxious for the contest. Their conscious disparity of numbers seemed only to increase their enthusiasm and confidence, and heightened their anxiety for the conflict. Our situation afforded me the opportunity for making the arrangements preparatory to the attack, without exposing our designs. Every evolution was performed with alacrity, the whole advancing rapidly in line, and through an open prairie, without any protection whatever for our men. The artillery advanced and took station within two hundred yards of the enemy's breastwork, and commenced an effective fire with grape and canister."

Houston's artillery consisted of two six-pounders (brass), that had been bought with money raised by the ladies of Cincinnati, in whose name they were presented to General Houston. Houston says:

"Col. Sherman and his regiment, having commenced the action upon our left wing, the whole line, at the center and on the right, advancing in double quick time, with the war-cry, 'Remember the Alamo,' received the enemy's fire, and advanced within point-blank shot before a piece was discharged from our lines. Our line advanced without a halt until they were in possession of the woodland and our enemy's breastwork. The right wing of Burleson and the left of Millard taking possession of the breastwork; our artillery having charged gallantly up within seventy yards of the enemy's cannon, when it was taken by our troops. The conflict lasted about eighteen minutes from the time of close action until we were in possession of the enemy's encampment, taking one piece of cannon (loaded), four stand of colors, all their camp equipage, stores and baggage. Our cavalry had charged and routed that of the enemy upon the right, and given pursuit to the fugitives, which did not cease until they arrived at the bridge I mentioned before, Captain Karnes, always among the foremost in danger, commanding the pursuers. The conflict in the breastwork lasted but a few moments; many of the troops encountered hand to hand, and not having the advantage of bayonets on our side, our riflemen used their pieces as war-clubs, breaking many of them off at the breech. The route commenced at half-past four, and the pursuit by the main army continued until twilight. A guard was then left in charge of the enemy's encampment, and our army returned with their killed and wounded. In the battle our loss was two killed and twenty-three wounded, six of them mortally. The enemy's loss was 630 killed, among whom was one general officer, four colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, seven captains, one cadet. Prisoners, 730—President General Santa Anna, Gen. Cos, four colonels, aids to General Santa Anna, and the colonel of the Guerrero battalion, are included in the number. General Santa Anna was not taken until the 22nd, and General Cos on yesterday, very few having escaped. About 600 muskets, 300 sabres and 200 pistols have been collected since the action; several hundred mules and horses were taken, and near twelve thousand dollars in specie. For several days previous to the action our troops were engaged in forced marches, exposed to excessive rains, and the additional inconvenience of extremely bad roads, ill supplied with rations and clothing—yet amid every difficulty they bore up with cheerfulness and fortitude, and performed their marches with spirit and alacrity—there was no murmuring."

The Secretary of War of Texas, Col. Rusk, was on the field, and said in his official report:

"Major-General Houston acted with great gallantry, encouraging his men to the attack and heroically charging, in front of the infantry, within a few yards of the enemy, receiving at the same time a wound in his leg.

"The enemy soon took to flight, officers and all, some on foot and some on horseback. In ten minutes after the firing of the first gun we were charging through the camp and driving them before us. They fled in confusion and dismay down the river, followed closely by our troops for four miles. Some of them took the prairie, and were pursued by our cavalry; others were shot in attempting to swim the river; and in a short period the sanguinary conflict was terminated by the surrender of nearly all who were not slain in the combat. One-half of their army perished; the other half are prisoners, among whom are Gen. Santa Anna himself."

Col. Rusk closed his report:

"The sun was sinking in the horizon as the battle commenced; but, at the close of the conflict, the sun of liberty and independence rose in Texas, never, it is hoped, to be obscured by the clouds of despotism."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SEVEN FLAGS OF TEXAS.

Texas is the only part of the North American continent that has been under seven national flags.

1. The Bourbon flag of France, white, with lilies.
2. The red and yellow standard of Spain.
3. The tri-color and the eagles of Napoleon.
4. The stars and stripes.
5. The flag of Mexico.
6. The lone star of Texas.
7. The stars and bars of the Southern Confederacy.

Again the old flag of the stars and stripes, with all the old stars and new ones.

The annexation of Texas to the United States was February 16, 1846.

[HISTORY OF TEXAS, from 1685 to 1892. By John Henry Brown. St. Louis: L. E. Daniel.]

Under a proclamation of President Jones, the new, and first legislature of the State assembled at Austin on the 16th of February, 1846. The senate organized by the election of Jesse Grimes as President pro tem. In the House of Representatives Wm. E. Crump was elected Speaker.

Both houses, having completed their organization, assembled in joint session to witness the closing scenes in the drama of annexation.

It was a scene witnessed by many persons from all parts of Texas, over which the banner of the lone star floated for the last time. President Jones delivered his valedictory address, from which brief extracts follow. He said:

"The great measure of annexation, so earnestly discussed, is happily consummated. The present occasion, so full of interest to us and to all the people of this country, is an earnest of that consummation; and I am happy to greet you, their chosen representatives, and to tender you my cordial congratulations on an event the most extraordinary in the annals of the world; one which marks a bright triumph in the history of Republican institutions. A government is changed both in its officers and in its organization—not by violence and disorder, but by the deliberate and free consent of its citizens; and amid perfect and universal peace and tranquillity, the sovereignty of the nation is surrendered, and incorporated with that of another. * * *

"The lone star of Texas, which ten years since arose amid clouds over fields of carnage, and obscurely seen for a while, has culminated, and followed an inscrutable destiny; has passed on and become fixed forever in that glorious constellation which all freemen and lovers of freedom in the world must reverence and adore—the American Union. Blending its rays with its sister States, long may it continue to shine, and may generous heaven smile upon the consummation of the wishes of the two Republics now joined in one. May the union be perpetual, and may it be the means of conferring benefits and blessings upon the people of all the States, is my ardent prayer.

"The first act in the great drama is now performed. The Republic of Texas is no more."

General Henderson then delivered his inaugural address. It was elegant in diction, and breathed the spirit of fervent patriotism. He ably pointed out the work before them, involving the change of laws to suit the altered condition of the country; a vast labor demanding thoughtful and patient care.

Texas received many congratulations, none more fervid and sincere than from ex-President Andrew Jackson. He appreciated the value of the addition of Texas to the Union, and congratulated the United States as well, *always regarding the act as the "re-annexation of Texas." He said: "I now behold the great American eagle, with her stars and stripes, hovering over the lone star of Texas, with cheering voice welcoming it into our glorious Union, and proclaiming to Mexico and all foreign governments, 'You must not attempt to tread upon Texas'—that the United stars and stripes now defend her."*

Texas received $10,000,000 from the United States for the great domains west and north of its present borders, and the debt of the Republic and the expense of the State for many years were paid therewith. It also received the right to divide into five States, if future development should require it. The imperial area of public lands within the State Texas reserved for her own control and disposal. When the secession war opened the Governor, Sam Houston, formerly President of Texas, made every effort to hold his State firm in her loyalty to the Union; but the people voted in favor of secession, 39,415 to 13,841. Gen. Twiggs surrendered twenty United States forts; and the garrisons, 2,500 soldiers, with their arms, were conveyed out of the State. Houston was deposed from the Governorship, and then the State swung into the Confederate line. The war made little impress on this imperial domain, which happily lay outside of its appalling struggles. The Federal fleet and army occupied Galveston October 4, 1862, but were driven out three months later with heavy losses, and the Confederates held the port until the end of the war. The National fleets were twice repulsed from Sabine Pass by Confederate cotton-clad steamboats and forts, and lost four gunboats. In November, 1862, Gen. Dana occupied Brazos Santiago and Brownsville with 6,000 soldiers from New Orleans, and the whole coast except Galveston and the Brazos River fell into the hands of the Federal troops. These useless garrisons were soon withdrawn, except at Brazos Santiago.

In the fall of 1862 General Magruder, Confederate States army, assumed command of the Trans-Mississippi (that is, west of the Mississippi) Department. He determined at once to attempt the recapture of Galveston. He went to Virginia Point, where the Confederate troops were camped, and there with great caution and secrecy made his plans.

At the head of Galveston Bay the Neptune and the Bayou City, two small steamboats, were bulwarked with cotton bales, mounted with cannon, and manned with sharpshooters from the Confederate States cavalry and artillery. The Lady Gwinn and the John F. Carr were detailed to accompany these vessels as tenders. This crude fleet was commanded by Captain Leon Smith, who had served in the navy of the Texas Republic.

About midnight on the 31st of December the boats moved down the bay to a position above the town, where they quietly awaited General Magruder's signal gun.

Magruder had already crossed his troops to the island. They marched swiftly through the deserted streets of the city, and, by the light of the waning moon, planted their batteries. At five o'clock on New Year's morning, 1863, the attack began. It was a complete surprise to the Federals.

The ships of the blockading fleet, under the command of Commodore Renshaw, were nearly all within the bay. The Harriet Lane, commanded by Commodore Wainwright, was lying near the wharf. At a little distance was the ironclad Westfield, Commodore Renshaw's flag-ship, attended by the Owasco; still further out were the armed vessels, the Clifton and the Sachem, and the barges the Elias Park and the Cavallo.

The war-ships answered the fire of Magruder's batteries with a terrific hail of iron; once the Confederate gunners were driven from their guns. But the Neptune and the Bayou City steamed up to the Harriet Lane and attacked her at close quarters, pouring a hot fire into her from beyond the rampart of cotton bales.

The Neptune with a hole in her hull made by a cannon ball soon sank in the shallow water. The Bayou City was also disabled. The Confederate sharpshooters leaped on board the Harriet Lane, and, after a bloody fight on her deck, captured her. Commodore Wainwright was killed early in the action. First Lieutenant Lea was mortally wounded.

The Union infantry made a gallant resistance to the land attack, but they were finally obliged to surrender.

The Sachem, the Clifton and the Owasco stood out to sea and escaped. The Westfield ran aground and was blown up to prevent her capture. Commodore Renshaw and his officers had left the vessel, but their boats were too near when the explosion took place prematurely, and they perished with her. The Harriet Lane and the barges, with several hundred prisoners, remained in the hands of the victors.

The loss in this battle on the Confederate side was twelve killed and seventy wounded. The Federals lost one hundred and fifty killed and many wounded.

Among the mortally wounded were two young soldiers, the story of whose death even yet stirs the heart with pity. One fell fighting under the starry cross of the Confederacy. The other dropped on the bloody deck of the Harriet Lane under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes. The Confederate was Lieutenant Sidney Sherman, son of the gallant veteran, General Sidney Sherman, who led the infantry charge at San Jacinto. The lieutenant was hardly more than a boy. The blood oozed from his wounds as he lay dying, but the smile of victory parted his lips. Suddenly his blue eyes grew soft and tender. "Break this gently to my mother," he whispered. These were his last words.

The young Union soldier was Edward Lea, first lieutenant of the Harriet Lane. His wounds were also fatal. But as his life was ebbing away he heard his name spoken in a tone of agony. He opened his eyes. His father, Major Lea of the Confederate army, was kneeling beside him. Father and son had fought on opposite sides that dark New Year's morning. The pale face of the young lieutenant lighted with joy, and when a little later the surgeon told him he had but a moment to live, he answered with the confidence of a little child and with his latest breath, "My father is here."

The two lads cold in death rested almost side by side on their funeral biers that day—brothers in death, brothers forever in the memory of those who looked upon their calm young faces.

In the remote Southwest Confederate troops aided Bazaine's French forces against the patriot Mexicans, who in turn raided along the Rio Grande border, under Cortina's lead.

The vast influx of immigrants and capital, and the development of mines, cattle-ranges and farms have raised Texas to the proud position of the richest state in the South. Since 1880 it has far passed Kentucky and Virginia, its nearest competitors. A single county in the Pan Handle, which had but twelve families, now raises more wheat than the entire state did at that time. The immigration has come mainly from the older Southern states, left prostrate by the Civil war, and finding in Texas the most promising outlet for the ambitions of their young men. Many thousands of Frenchmen, Poles, Swedes, Germans and other Europeans have entered at the port of Galveston, and great numbers of Northwestern farmers now occupy the northern counties.

In contrast with the scenes of the wars that are over is the excellent work of saving lives at Galveston during the hurricane, by the officers and crew of the revenue cutter "Galveston," which was stationed at that port. The first mail through from the stricken city reached Washington to-day and brought two letters from Chief Engineer W. S. Whittaker of the Galveston. Under date of Sunday he says:

"All the sheds on the wharves have been leveled to the ground, or nearly so. I do not think there is a house that has not been more or less damaged or blown to the ground. While the wind was blowing over sixty miles an hour we sent out a boat with a rescuing party to row up one of the streets. The first trip they succeeded in saving thirteen women and children and brought them back to the vessel in safety.

"It was useless to attempt to row the boat against the terrific wind, and, as the water was at that time not over a man's head in the streets, a rope would be sent out to the nearest telegraph pole and by that means the boat could be hauled along from pole to pole. This was accomplished only by the most herculean efforts on the part of the men who led out the rope, but between swimming, walking and floundering along in the teeth of the gale the rope would finally be made fast.

"Then it was all that the crew of one officer and seven men could do to pull the boat against the fierce blasts of the cyclone. By working all Saturday afternoon and evening and up to 1 o'clock Sunday morning, the brave boys succeeded in rescuing thirty-four men, women and children, whom they put in a place of safety and provided them with enough provisions for their immediate wants. Finally, on account of the darkness, the increasing violence of the storm and the vast amount of wreckage in the streets, the rescuing party was reluctantly compelled to return to the vessel.

"On board the ship it was a period of intense anxiety for all hands. No one slept and it was only by the almost superhuman efforts of the officers and crew that we rode out the hurricane in safety. With the exceptions of the carrying away of the port forward rigging and the smashing of all the windows and stay lights the vessel sustained no serious injury. Not a single person on board was injured in any way."

Under date of Tuesday, two days after the storm had spent its strength, the same officer writes: "We think there have been 5,000 lives lost. I cannot begin to tell the number of houses blown down or damage done. Our new distiller, which came down on the New York steamer, has been set up on deck, and we are thus enabled to relieve much suffering by supplying drinking water to the many who call on us for relief. We have also furnished as much food to the needy as we can possibly spare."

CHAPTER XX.

TEMPESTS THAT ARE HISTORIC.

August 15, 1787, there occurred in Connecticut a wind "which blew in a circle about 250 miles in diameter," of which it was quaintly said that it "had its center near Lake George," and "got close enough to the earth to do damage in the parish of New Britain, Connecticut." It then proceeded in a northeasterly direction through the southern portion of the parish of Newington, then, we quote "The Historic Storm of New England," over Wethersfield, East Windsor, Glastonbury, Bolton, Coventry, Thompson (which was then a parish of Killingly), Conn., then over Gloucester, R. I., continuing its course over Mendon, Framingham, Southboro, Marlboro and Sunbury, Mass., into New Hampshire, touching at Rochester, where it was last heard from.

If the reader will examine the map of New England he will notice that the line of the cyclone was a curve, and not a straight course, like that in which tornadoes blow. A cloud carried along by the wind was observed about noon on that day in the northwest, the direction of Lake George. Between 1 and 2 o'clock it had arrived at the west of the point where it began to do its destructive work in New England; and this seems to be additional evidence that this was a cyclone.

During the day there had been at New Britain, Conn., quite a strong breeze from the south, and about noon a cloud somewhat similar to those accompanying violent thunder showers, unusually black, ranged along the horizon from the north to the west, reaching about one-third up to the zenith, and its upper edge being indented and forming irregular columns, like pyramids. It was different from the common thunder cloud, being one continuous sheet of vapor and not a collection of small clouds. This cloud was seen approaching the south between 1 and 2 o'clock. People on high hills had an excellent view of it as it came toward the place that was soon to be the scene of its desolation. They saw a column of black cloud, about thirty rods in diameter, reaching from the earth to the cloud above. It was so dense that the eye could not penetrate it, and it appeared luminous, peals of thunder coming from it, which grew louder as it advanced. It whirled along with great force and rapidity, and was productive of an awful roar, that caused feelings of terror to arise in all hearts. The cloud sped along in a majestic manner, as though sliding on an unseen plane, while from it the black column reached down its horrible arm and touched the earth. When it came quite near the column instantly divided horizontally at a short distance from the earth, as though a strong wind had dashed it asunder, the upper part of it appearing to rise, and the lower to spread itself to the extent of sixty or eighty rods. In a moment it would apparently burst from the ground like the thickest smoke, spread the above named distance on its surface, then instantly whirl, contracting itself to the size of the column described, and lifting its head to the cloud, being charged with sections of fences, huge limbs of trees, boards, bricks, timbers, shingles, hay and similar articles, which were continually crashing against each other in the air or falling to the ground. At intervals of different lengths the column performed this movement. But seeming to disdain to stoop towards the earth the cloud itself sailed grandly along on its errand of desolation and death.

The cyclone passed over New England at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Its width varied from twenty to one hundred yards, being most violent at the narrower places. In some portions of its course the clouds appeared luminous, in others not, and sometimes thunder rolled in its midst. In Connecticut only a few large drops of water fell, but in Massachusetts rain descended in such quantities that large tracks of low land were inundated, causing great damage. It was probably not true rain, but water that had been taken up bodily from the streams and ponds over which the cyclone had passed.

The wind destroyed all before it, houses barns and other buildings being utterly shattered, fields of Indian corn and flax blown away, and all varieties of vegetables swept even with the ground. A great many stacks of hay were scattered over the country for miles, much of it being carried into the woods and left on the tops of trees. Apple orchards, whose trees were bending under a great quantity of ripening fruit, and peach and pear trees were torn out by the roots or twisted off near the ground, some of the largest apple trees being carried many rods. Forest, timber and shade trees were also torn up by the roots, or twisted off at the trunks, and carried long distances with cartloads of earth and rocks clinging to some of them, being dropped in field, meadow or street. Whole groves of fine young trees were utterly destroyed. The toughest saplings and closest pasture white oaks were twisted off and woven together, their smaller boughs looking as if they had been struck upon a rock many times. Fences and stone walls were leveled in all parts of the cyclone's track, and many articles, such as stones and logs, weighing several hundred pounds were lifted into the air and carried to other places. In some localities the column acted like a plough, tearing the sward off the ground to a depth of from four to six inches, as it did at Southborough, Mass., in the pasture of Lieutenant Fay. Strips of the sward were torn off several yards in length and from two to four feet in breadth. There were no trees, bushes or brakes growing upon the sod upon which the wind could exert its strength in the ordinary manner, nor were any trees blown across the place that could plow the ground. The evidence clearly shows that the wind itself tore the turf from the underlying strata of gravel. Several men were standing in the vicinity of the pasture when the wind passed, and noticed that a heavy undulating sound, like thunder at a great distance, issued from the column.

The Illustrated American of June 17, 1898, gives this account of a northwest storm:

The terrible cyclone that gathered in more than fifty victims in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan and Illinois, was of much larger area than was at first supposed. The storm was the most severe, however, at Stillman Valley, near Rockford, Ill.

The wind arose from the southeast on the evening of May 18, and came rushing along with extraordinarily sudden vehemence. It was fully 400 feet wide, and leveled everything in its path, even destroying objects that lay on its extreme edge, which a cyclone usually treats more mercifully. Hundreds of farm houses and barns were demolished, rolling over in the face of the wind like so many structures of cards, and hundreds of live stock were killed.

A train on the "Soo" railroad in Wisconsin was compelled to turn back on account of the storm. Several railroad men were killed, not only in Wisconsin, but also on the same line in Minnesota, near Duluth. In Pennington, near Duluth, it is said that scarcely a building was left standing. Southern Michigan was also touched by the wind storm on its way.

Great damage was done in Adeline, many buildings being razed. The railroads reported many washouts, and telegraph and telephone wires were badly affected. The list of dead and injured was as follows: Michael Nelson, Stillman Valley; Mrs. M. N. Nelson, Stillman Valley; a baby of Mrs. Nelson; Julia Johnson, Stillman Valley; William Reese, Marion township; Thomas Mullens, Adeline, Ill.; three children of Mr. and Mrs. John Mass, Foreston, Ill.; S. Chantler, Adeline, Ill.; Mrs. Frank Chichelcer, Paw Paw.

The cyclone passed Wisconsin from west to east across Pierce and Oneida counties, in northern Wisconsin. The track of the storm extended forty miles from Brantwood, Pierce county, to Pennington, Oneida county, both on the Soo railroad.

The Cornhill Magazine contained the following account of the Great Storm of 1703, in England:

November has for ages been properly credited with being the most stormy month of the year on the coast of northwestern Europe. To our Saxon forefathers it was known, not only as "Blot-monat," the month for shedding the blood of cattle to secure a stock of provisions to meet the requirements of the rapidly approaching winter, but also as "Wint-monat," because of the boisterous winds which marked the close of the autumn.

Numerous instances of immense loss of life and destruction of property on our own and neighboring coasts could be mentioned as having been occasioned by November storms, but there seems to be but one storm in English history which writers have agreed to consider one of the great events of our island story. The naval and mercantile fleets of European nations have at various times suffered terribly in those awful aerial convulsions we know as tropical cyclones or typhoons, but overwhelming disaster in such far distant regions as the West Indies, China Seas, or Samoa, do not appeal to us with the same force as would similar events occurring in our midst.

On the night of November 26-27 (O. S.), 1703, the southern half of Britain was ravaged by a tempest which exhibited the worst features of tropical cyclones. Whole forests of trees are said to have been uprooted; more than a dozen men-of-war were wrecked; 800 houses, 400 windmills, seven church steeples, and Eddystone lighthouse blown down; the lead roofing of more than a hundred churches rolled up; and houses innumerable unroofed, so that "at London upon this sad occasion the wicked hucksters have raised the price of tiles, slates and bricks to an unreasonable height, and both materials and workmen are wanting for the repair of the houses."

Thousands of lives were lost, the Navy Royal losing at least 1,500 men. Bishop Richard Kidder (Ken's successor to the See of Bath and Wells) and his wife were killed by the collapse of a portion of the Episcopal palace. Lady Penlope Nicholas, the Bishop of London's sister, was also killed at Horsley, Sussex. Gilbert White refers to it as the "amazing tempest" which overturned at once the vast oak tree which stood in the center of the village of Shelborne. The lowest estimate of the damage in London alone was a million sterling, some computations placing it at two millions and even considerably above four million sterling. According to The Observer for December 1-4, "never was such a storm of wind, such a hurricane and tempest known in the memory of man, nor the like to be found in the histories of England."

Before the full extent of the destruction was known the House of Commons, on December 1, voted an address to Queen Anne "expressing the great sense this House hath of the calamity fallen upon the kingdom by the late violent storm," promising to grant supplies for making good the serious losses of the Navy Royal. There is no other instance on record of an English storm being the occasion of national humiliation, January 19, 1703-4 "being appointed a general and public fast, to be observed throughout the Kingdom." The Lords went in a body to Westminster Abbey, where Talbot, Bishop of Oxford, had been desired to preach, and the Commons attended a similar service in St. Margaret's Church, with Dr. Gastrell as the preacher.

It is to DeFoe we are indebted for most of the information hitherto published about this frightful visitation. The author of Robinson Crusoe had already written an account of the condition of London during the Plague of 1665, and thinking the hurricane an equally great event, he decided to hand down to posterity such particulars as could be obtained, and made an appeal to people in all parts of the country to supply him with local details of the gale and its consequences.

Some months afterwards he published a work on "The Storm; or, A Collection of the Most Remarkable Casualties Which Happen's in the Late Dreadful Tempest, Both by Sea and Land." The first part of the book is made up of the theories then current as to the cause of storms, and a review of previous storms mentioned in the Scriptures and elsewhere, from a consideration of which the author arrived at the conclusion that this particular storm was "The Greatest, the Longest in Duration, the Widest in Extent of All the Tempests and Storms That History Gives Any Account of Since the Beginning of Time."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GREAT STORM IN ENGLAND.

The oceans around England had from the remotest times the reputation of being stormy. Julius Cæsar found it so when he crossed the famous channel, and the fate of the Spanish Crusader confirmed the old story. There was a storm November 26, 1703, that has ever since been the Great Storm. It was very good of Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," to be the historian of the Great Storm, and to tell of it in prose and poetry, and we proceed to quote the eminent author. His volume on this strenuous subject was entitled: "The Storm; or, A Collection of the Most Remarkable Casualties and Disasters Which Happened in the Late Dreadful Tempest Both by Sea and Land. MDCCIV."

I shall dive no further into that mysterious deluge, which has some things in it which recommend the story rather to our faith than demonstration.

The other storm I find in the Scripture is that "God shall rain upon the wicked, plagues, fire and a horrible tempest." What this shall be, we wait to know; and happy are they who shall be secured from its effects.

Histories are full of instances of violent tempests and storms in sundry particular places. What that was, which, mingled with such violent lightnings, set the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah on fire, remains to me yet undecided; nor am I satisfied the effect it had on the waters of the lake, which are to this day called the Dead Sea, are such as some fabulous authors have related, and as travelers take upon them to say.

I am not of the opinion with the early ages of the world, when these islands (Great Britain) were first known, that they were the most terrible of any part of the world for storms and tempests.

Camoden tells us, the Britons were distinguished from all the world by unpassable seas and terrible northern winds, which made the Albion shores dreadful to sailors; and this part of the world was therefore reckoned the utmost bounds of the northern known land, beyond which none had ever sailed; and quotes a great variety of ancient authors to this purpose.

It had blown exceedingly hard for about fourteen days past; and so hard that we thought it terrible weather; several stacks of chimneys were blown down, and several ships were lost, and the tiles in many places were blown off from the houses; and the nearer it came to the fatal 26th of November, the tempestuousness of the weather increased.

On the Wednesday morning before, being the 24th of November, it was fair weather, and blew hard; but not so as to give any apprehensions, till about four o'clock in the afternoon the wind increased, and with squalls of rain and terrible gusts blew very furiously.

The collector of these sheets narrowly escaped the mischief of a part of a house which fell on the evening of that day by the violence of the wind; and abundance of tiles were blown off the houses that night; the wind continued with unusual violence all the next day and night, and had not the Great Storm followed so soon this had passed for a great wind.

On Friday morning it continued to blow exceeding hard, but not so as that it gave any apprehensions of danger within doors; towards night it increased; and about ten o'clock, our barometers informed us that the night would be very tempestuous; the mercury sunk lower than ever I had observed it on any occasion whatsoever, which made me suppose the tube had been handled and disturbed by the children.

But as my observations of this nature are not regular enough to supply the reader with full information, the disorders of that dreadful night have found me other employment, expecting every moment when the house I was in would bury us all in its own ruins; I have therefore subjoined a letter from an ingenious gentleman on this very head, directed to the Royal Society, and printed in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 289, p. 1530, as follows:

A Letter from the Reverend Mr. William Derham, F. R. S., Containing His Observations Concerning the Late Storm.

Sir:—According to my promise at the general meeting of the R. S. on St. Andrew's day, I here send you inclosed the account of my ingenious and inquisitive friend, Richard Townley, Esq., concerning the state of the atmosphere in that part of Lancashire where he liveth, in the late dismal storm. And I hope it will not be unacceptable, to accompany his with my own observations at Upminster, especially since I shall not weary you with a long history of the devastations, etc., but rather some particulars of a more philosophical consideration.

And first, I do not think it improper to look back to the preceding seasons of the year. I scarce believe I shall go out of the way to reflect as far back as April, May, June and July, because all these were wet months in our southern parts. In April there fell 12.49 pounds of rain through my tunnel: and about 6, 7, 8 or 9 pounds I esteem a moderate quantity for Upminster. In May there fell more than in any month of any year since the year 1696, viz., 20.77 pounds. June likewise was a dripping month, in which fell 14.55 pounds. And July, although it had considerable intermissions, yet had 14.19 pounds, above 11 pounds of which fell on July 28th and 29th in violent showers. And I remember the newspapers gave accounts of great rains that month from divers places in Europe; but the north of England, which also escaped the violence of the late storm, was not so remarkably wet in any of these months; at least not in that great proportion more than we, as usually they are; as I guess from the tables of rain with which Mr. Townley hath favored me. Particularly July was a dry month with them, there being no more than 3.65 pounds of rain fell through Mr. Towneley's tunnel of the same diameter with mine.

From these months let us pass to September, and that we shall find to have been a wet month, especially the latter part of it; there fell of rain in that month 14.86 pounds.

October and November last, although not remarkably wet, yet have been open, warm months for the most part. My thermometer (whose freezing point is about 84) hath been very seldom below 100 all this winter, and especially in November.

Thus I have laid before you as short account as I could of the preceding disposition of the year, particularly as to wet and warmth, because I am of opinion that these had a great influence in the late storm, not only in causing a replention of vapors in the atmosphere, but also in raising such nitro-sulphureous or other heterogeneous matter, which, when mixed together, might make a sort of explosion (like fired gunpowder) in the atmosphere. And, from this explosion I judge these corruscations or flashes in the storm to have proceeded, which most people as well as myself observed, and which some took for lightning. But these things I leave to better judgments, such as that very ingenious member of our society, who hath undertaken the province of the late tempest; to whom, if you please, you may impart these papers; Mr. Halley, you know, I mean.

From preliminaries it is time to proceed nearer to the tempest itself. And the foregoing day, viz., Thursday, November 25, I think deserveth regard. In the morning of that day was a little rain, the winds high in the afternoon S. b. E. and S. In the evening there was lightning; and between 9 and 10 of the clock at night a violent but short storm of wind and much rain at Upminster, and of hail in some other places which did some damage; there fell in that storm 1.65 pounds of rain. The next morning, which was Friday, November 26, the wind was S.S.W. and high all day, and so continued until I was in bed and asleep. About 12 that night, the storm awakened me, which gradually increased till near 3 that morning; and from thence till near 7 it continued in the greatest excess: and then began to abate and the mercury to rise swiftly. The barometer I found at 12h. ½ P. M. at 28.72, where it continued till about 6 the next morning, or 6¼, then hastily rose, so that it was gotten to 82 about 8 of the clock.

How the wind sat during the late storm I cannot positively say, it being excessively dark all the while, and my vane blown down also, when I could have seen; but my information from millers and others who were forced to venture abroad, and by my own guess, I imagine it to have blown about S.W. by S., or nearer to the S. in the beginning, and to veer about towards the west during the end of the storm, as far as W.S.W.

The degrees of the wind's strength being not measurable (that I know of, though talked of) but by guess, I thus determine, with respect to other storms. On February 7, 169 8-9, was a terrible storm that did much damage. This I number 10 degrees; the wind then W.N.W. vid. Ph. Tr. No. 262. Another remarkable storm was February 3, 170½, at which time was the greatest descent of the mercury ever known; this I number 9 degrees. But this last of November, I number at least 15 degrees.

As to the stations of the barometer, you have Mr. Towneley's and mine. As to November 17 (whereon Mr. Towneley mentions a violent storm in Oxfordshire) it was a stormy afternoon here at Upminster, accompanied with rain, but not violent, nor mercury very low. November 11 and 12, had both higher winds and more rain, and the mercury was those days lower than even in the last storm of November 26.

Thus, sir, I have given you the truest account I can of what I thought most to deserve observation, both before and in the late storm. I could have added some other particulars, but that I fear I have already made my letter long and am tedious. I shall therefore only add, that I have accounts of the storm at Norwich, Beccles, Sudbury, Colchester, Rochford and several other intermediate places; but I need not tell particulars, because I question not you have better informations.

It did not blow so hard till 12 o'clock at night, but that most families went to bed, though many of them not without some concern at the terrible wind which then blew. But about 1, or at least by 2 o'clock, 'tis supposed, few people that were capable of any sense of danger were so hardy as to lie in bed. And the fury of the tempest increased to such a degree that, as the editor of this account being in London and conversing with the people the next days, understood, most people expected the fall of their houses.

And yet, in this general apprehension, nobody durst quit their tottering habitations; for, whatever the danger was within doors, it was worse without. The bricks, tiles, and stones from the tops of houses flew with such force and so thick in the streets that no one thought fit to venture out, though their houses were near demolished within.

The author of this relation was in a well built brick house in the skirts of the city, and a stack of chimneys falling in upon the next houses gave the house such a shock that they thought it was just coming down upon their heads; but opening the door to attempt an escape into a garden, the danger was so apparent that they all thought fit to surrender to the disposal of Almighty Providence, and expect their graves in the ruins of the house rather than to meet most certain destruction in the open garden. For, unless they could have gone above two hundred yards from any building, there had been no security, for the force of the wind blew the tiles point blank, though their weight inclines them downward, and in several very broad streets we saw the windows broken by the flying tile-shreds from the other side, and where there was room for them to fly the author of this has seen tiles blown from a house above thirty or forty yards, and stuck from five to eight inches into the solid earth. Pieces of timber, iron and sheets of lead have from higher buildings been blown much farther as in the particulars hereafter will appear.

For this reason I can not venture to affirm that there was any such thing as an earthquake; but the concern and consternation of all people was so great that I can not wonder at their imagining several things which were not, any more than their enlarging on things that were, since nothing is more frequent than for fear to double every object, and impose upon the understanding strong apprehensions being apt very often to persuade us of the reality of such things which we have no other reasons to show for the probability of than what are grounded in those fears which prevail at that juncture.

Others thought they heard it thunder. 'Tis confessed, the wind, by its unusual violence, made such a noise in the air as had a resemblance to thunder, and it was observed the roaring had a voice as much louder than usual as the fury of the wind was greater than was ever known. The noise had also something in it more formidable; it sounded aloft, and roared not very much unlike remote thunder.

And yet, though I can not remember to have heard it thunder, or that I saw any lightning, or heard of any that did in or near London, yet in the country the air was seen full of meteors and vaporous fires, and in some places both thundering and unusual flashes of lightning, to the great terror of the inhabitants.

And yet I can not but observe here how fearless such people as are addicted to wickedness, are both of God's judgments and uncommon prodiges; which is visible in this particular, that a gang of hardened rogues assaulted a family at Poplar, in the very height of the storm, broke into the house and robbed them; it is observable that the people cried thieves, and after that cried fire in hopes to raise the neighborhood and to get some assistance, but such is the power of self-preservation, and such was the fear the minds of the people were possessed with, that nobody could venture out to the assistance of the distressed family, who were rifled and plundered in the middle of all the extremity of the tempest.

Together with the violence of the wind, the darkness of the night added to the terror of it; and as it was just new moon, the spring tides being then up at about 4 o'clock, made the vessels which were afloat in the river drive the farther up upon the shore, of all which, in the process of this story, we shall find very strange instances.

The points from whence the wind blew are variously reported from various hands; it is certain, it blew all the day before at S. W., and I thought it continued so until about 2 o'clock, when, as near as I could judge by the impression it made on the house, for we durst not look out, it veered to the S. S. W., then to the W., and about 6 o'clock to W. by N., and still the more northward it shifted the harder it blew, till it shifted again southerly about 7 o'clock, and as it did so it gradually abated.

About 8 o'clock in the morning it ceased so much that our fears were also abated, and people began to peep out of doors, but it is impossible to express the concern that appeared in every place; the distraction and fury of the night was visible in the faces of the people, and everybody's first work was to visit and inquire after friends and relations. The next day or two was almost entirely spent in the curiosity of the people, in viewing the havoc the storm had made, which was so universal in London, and especially in the out-parts, that nothing can be said sufficient to describe it.

Another unhappy circumstance with which the disaster was joined, was a prodigious tide, which happened the next day but one, and was occasioned by the fury of the winds, which is also a demonstration that the winds veered for part of the time to the northward, and as it is observable, and known by all that understand our sea affairs, that a northwest wind makes the highest tide, so this blowing to the northward and that with such unusual violence, brought up the sea raging in such a manner that in some parts of England it was incredible, the water rising six or eight feet higher than it was ever known to do in the memory of man; by which ships were fleeted up upon the firm land several rods off from the banks, and an incredible number of cattle and people drowned; as in the pursuit of this story it will appear.

It was a special providence that so directed the waters that in the River Thames the tide, though it rose higher than usual, yet it did not so prodigiously exceed; but the height of them as it was proved very prejudicial to abundance of people whose cellars and warehouses were near the river, and had the water risen a foot higher all the marshes and levels on both sides of the river had been overflowed and a great part of the cattle drowned.

Though the storm abated with the rising of the sun, it still blew exceeding hard; so hard that no boats durst stir out on the river but on extraordinary occasions, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the next day, being Saturday, it increased again, and we were in a fresh consternation, lest it should return with the same violence. At four it blew an extreme storm, with sudden gusts as violent as any time of the night, but as it came with a great black cloud and some thunder, it brought a hasty shower of rain which allayed the storm; so that in a quarter of an hour it went off, and only continued blowing as before.

This sort of weather held all Sabbath day and Monday, till on Tuesday afternoon it increased again, and all night it blew with such fury that many families were afraid to go to bed, and had not the former terrible night hardened the people to all things less than itself, this night would have passed for a storm fit to have been noted in our almanacks. Several stacks of chimnies that stood out the Great Storm were blown down in this, several ships which escaped the Great Storm perished this night, and several people who repaired their houses had them untiled again. Not but that I may allow those chimnies that fell now might have been disabled before.

At this rate it held blowing till Wednesday, about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, which was that day seven-night on which it began, so that it might be called one continued storm from Wednesday noon to Wednesday noon.

A PASTORAL OCCASIONED BY THE LATE VIOLENT STORM.

Damon.—Walking alone by pleasant Iris' side,
Where the two streams their wanton course divide,
And gently forward in soft murmurs glide;
Pensive and sad I Melibaeus meet,

And thus the melancholy shepherd greet:
Kind swain, what cloud dares overcast your brow,
Bright as the skies o'er happy Nile till now!
Does Chloe prove unkind, or some new fair?
  Melibaeus.—No, Damon, mine's a public, nobler care;
Such in which you and all the world must share.
One friend may mollify another's grief,
But public loss admits of no relief.
  Dam.—I guess your cause; O you that used to sing
Of Beauty's charms and the delights of Spring;
Now change your note, and let your lute rehearse
The dismal tale in melancholy verse.
  Mel.—Prepare then, lovely swain; prepare to hear
The worst report that ever reached your ear.
My bower, you know, hard by yon shady grove,
A fit recess for Damon's pensive love:
As there dissolved I in sweet slumbers lay,
Tired with the toils of the precedent day,
The blustering winds disturbed my kind repose,
Till frightened with the threatening blast I rose.
But O, what havoc did the day disclose!
Those charming willows which on Cherwel's banks
Flourished, and thrived and grew in evener ranks
Than those which followed the divine command
Of Orpheus lyre, or sweet Amphion's hand,
By hundreds fall, while hardly twenty stand.
The stately oaks which reached the azure sky,
And kissed the very clouds, now prostrate lie.
Long a huge pine did with the winds contend;
This way, and that his reeling trunk they bend,
Till forced at last to yield, with hideous sound
He falls, and all the country feels the wound.

Nor was the God of winds content with these;
Such humble victims can't his wrath appease:
The rivers swell, not like the happy Nile,
To fatten, dew and fructify our Isle:
But like the deluge, by great Jove designed
To drown the universe and scourge mankind.
In vain the frightened cattle climb so high,
In vain for refuge to the hills they fly;
The waters know no limits but the sky.
So now the bleating flock exchange in vain,
For barren cliffs, their dewey fertile plain:
In vain, their fatal destiny to shun,
From Severn's banks to higher grounds they run
Nor has the navy better quarter found:
There we've received our worst, our deepest wound.
The billows swell, and haughty Neptune raves,
The winds insulting o'er the impetuous waves.
Thetis incensed, rises with angry frown,
And once more threatens all the world to drown,
And owns no Power, but England's and her own.
Yet the Aeolian God dares vent his rage;
And even the Sovereign of the seas engage:
And tho' the mighty Charles of Spain's on board,
The winds obey none but their blustering Lord.
Some ships are stranded, some by surges rent,
Down with their cargoes to the bottom went.
The absorbent ocean could desire no more;
So well regal's he never was before.
The hungry fish could hardly wait the day,
When the sun's beams should chase the storm away,
But quickly seize with greedy jaws their prey.
Dam.—So the great Trojan, by the hand of fate,

And haughty power of angry Juno's hate,
While with like aim he crossed the seas, was tost,
From shore to shore, from foreign coast to coast:
Yet safe at last his mighty point he gained;
In charming promised peace and splendor reigned.
Mel.—So may great Charles, whom equal glories move,
Like the great Dardan prince successful prove:
Like him, with honor may he mount the throne,
And long enjoy a brighter destined crown.

GOOD WORDS.

The country was in many places devastated by the unusual height to which the tide rose. At Cardiff and other parts in the Bristol Channel large portions of the seacoast were submerged. Nor must we forget to mention that it was in this tempest that the Eddystone Lighthouse was destroyed, involving the loss of Mr. Winstanley, the engineer, who had often bidden defiance to the winds and waves to do their worst against his strangely constructed lighthouse; or, as finely expressed in the "Hunchback"—

"The engineer
Who lays the last stone of his sea-built tower,
It cost him years and years of toil to raise,
And smiling at it, tells the winds and waves
To roar and whistle now; but ere a night
Beholds the tempest sporting in its place."

What an awful time must poor Winstanley have passed in what he called his "very fine bedchamber, richly gilded and painted," ere the wind and the towering billows swept his frail structure from the rocks! Smeaton's account of the affair is too interesting to be omitted:

"Except the above, I have met with no occurrences concerning this building, till November, 1703, when the fabric needing some repairs, Mr. Winstanley went down to Plymouth to superintend the performance of the roof; and we must not wonder if from the preceding accounts of the violence of the seas and the structure of the lighthouse, the common sense of the public led them to suppose this building would not be of long duration; and the following is an anecdote received to the same effect from so many persons that I can have no doubt of the truth of it.

"Mr. Winstanley being amongst his friends, previous to going off with his workmen on account of these reparations, the danger being intimated to him, and that one day or other the lighthouse would be entirely overset, he replied: 'He was so very well assured of the strength of his building he should only wish to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens, that he might see what effect it would have upon the structure.' It happened that Mr. Winstanley was but too amply gratified, for while he was there with his workmen and lightkeepers, that dreadful storm began which raged the most fiercely upon the 26th of November, 1703, in the night; and of all the accounts of the kind which history furnishes us with, we have none that exceeded this in Great Britain, or was more injurious or extensive in its devastation.

"The next morning, November 27th, when the violence of the storm was so much abated that it could be seen whether the lighthouse had suffered by it, nothing appeared standing but, upon a nearer inspection, some of the large irons whereby the work was fixed upon the rock; nor were any of the people, or any of the materials of the building ever found afterwards, save only part of an iron chair which got so fast jammed into the chink of the rock that it could never afterwards be disengaged till it was cut out in the year 1756. The above account is what I received from old people at Plymouth."

In the account of the storm, published by Defoe in 1704, it is stated: "It was very remarkable that, as we are informed, at the same time the lighthouse abovesaid was blown down, the model of it in Mr. Winstanley's house at Littlebury, in Essex, above two hundred miles from the lighthouse, fell down and was broke to pieces."

Passing by other remarkable storms since 1703 (of one of which a curious account is given, along with a map, entitled The Passage of the Hurricane from the Seaside at Bexhill in Sussex, to Newington Level, on the 20th of May, 1729) we may come to the year 1783, commemorated by Cowper in his "Task." This was a remarkable and portentous kind of year. During a large portion of the summer a fog prevailed in various parts of Europe, which gave the sun a dull red appearance, such as the fogs of winter sometimes produce. In the earlier part of the year occurred the succession of earthquakes which laid waste Calabria. In August and October there were some remarkable meteoric phenomena, which were seen all over Great Britain, as well as on the Continent. Some parts of England were visited by an untimely frost, in the month of June, as described by Sir John Cullum in the "Philosophical Transactions." Cowper thus alludes to these things in the second book of the "Task:"

"Sure there is need of social intercourse,
Benevolence, and peace and mutual aid,
Between the nations, in a world that seems

To toll the death-bell of its own decease,
And, by the voice of all the elements
To preach the general doom. When are the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?
When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?
Fires from beneath, and meteors from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the skies; and th' old
And crazy earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent, and foregone her usual rest."

Toward the end of July, beginning of August, and in the month of September, 1797, there was a succession of thunder and other storms, accompanied by violent rains, which fell all over Great Britain, and caused considerable damage. Again, under September 12, 1798, the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine says: "The storm of last night was as tremendous as any remembered by the oldest man living."

Another great storm, not the storm of 1703, occurred, or, rather its worst effects were experienced, on October 10, 1780. Generated probably in mid-Atlantic, not far from the equator, it was first felt in Barbadoes, where trees and houses were blown down. Captain Maury, in his Physical Geography of the Sea, gives a rather exaggerated account of the effects produced by this storm in the Barbadoes, apparently from memory, some of the details being like, but not quite the same as those actually recorded. He says: "The bark was blown from the trees, and the fruits of the earth were destroyed; the very bottom and depths of the sea were uprooted—forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried in the air like chaff." The bark of trees was removed, but it is believed rather through the effects of electrical action than by the power of the wind. Cannon, also, were driven along the batteries and flung over into the fosse, but not "carried in the air like chaff." At Martinique the storm overtook a French transport fleet, and entirely destroyed it. There were forty vessels, conveying 4,000 soldiers, and the Governor of Martinique reported their fate to the French Government in three words—"The vessels disappeared." Nine thousand persons perished at Martinique and 1,000 at St. Pierre, where not a house was left standing. St. Domingo, St. Vincent, St. Eustache and Porto Rico were next visited and devastated, while scarcely a single vessel near this part of the cyclone's track was afloat on October 11th. At Port Royal the Cathedral, seven churches and 1,400 houses were blown down, and 1,600 sick and wounded persons were buried beneath the ruins of the hospital. At the Bermudas, fifty British ships were driven ashore, two line-of-battle ships went down at sea, and 22,000 persons perished.

Perhaps the most remarkable effects of the storm in this portion of its course were those experienced in the Leeward Isles. The hurricane drove a twelve-pounder cannon a distance of 400 feet. Those who lived in the Government building took refuge in the central part, where circular walls, nearly a yard thick, seemed to afford promise of safety. But at half-past eleven the wind had broken down parts of these walls, and lifted off the roof. Terrified, they sought refuge in the cellarage, but before long the water had risen there to the height of more than a yard, and they were driven into the battery, where they placed themselves behind the heavier cannons, some of which were driven from their place by the force of the wind. When the day broke the country looked as if it had been blasted by fire; not a leaf, scarce even a branch, remained upon the trees.

As in great floods a common terror preserves peace among animals, which usually war upon each other, so during the Great Storm human passions were for the time quelled by the fiercer war of the elements. Among the ships destroyed at Martinique were two English war-ships. Twenty-five sailors who survived surrendered themselves prisoners to the Marquis of Bouille, the Governor of the island. But he sent them to St. Lucie, writing to the English Governor of that island that he "was unwilling to retain as prisoners men who had fallen into his hands during a disaster from which so many had suffered."

The Great Storm of 1780 must not be confounded with the storm remembered for so many years in Great Britain as the Great Storm. The latter occurred on November 26, 1703, and its worst effects were experienced not as usual in the tropics, but in Western Europe. The reader will remember Macaulay's reference to it in his essay on the "Life and Writings of Addison." In his famous poem, "The Campaign," Addison had compared Marlborough to an angel guiding the whirlwind. "We must point out," writes Macaulay, "one circumstance which appears to have escaped all critics. The extraordinary effect which this simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generation appeared inexplicable, is doubtless to be attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis—

"Such as, of late, o'er pale Britannia passed."

Addison spoke, not of a storm, but of the storm. "The great tempest of November, 1703, the only tempest which in our latitude has equaled the rage of a tropical hurricane, had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. No other tempest was ever in this country the occasion of a parliamentary address or a public fast. Whole fleets had been cast away. Large mansions had been blown down. One prelate had been buried beneath the ruins of his palace. London and Bristol had presented the appearance of cities just sacked. Hundreds of families were still in mourning. The prostrate trunks of large trees, and the ruins of houses still attested, in all the southern countries, the fury of the blast." He strangely omits to mention one of the most striking events connected with this terrible storm—the destruction of the Eddystone lighthouse.

It is probable that the Great Storm of 1703 owed its destructiveness to the narrow range over which its track extended. As a storm widens in extent it loses power, much as a river flows more sluggishly where its stream widens than where it has to make its way along a narrow channel. It is for this reason that certain regions suffer more from storms than others. Thus in the West Indies, that great storm-breeder, the Gulf Stream is at its narrowest. Here, therefore, the whirling storms, generated by the rush toward the channel of rare and warm air above the Gulf Stream attain their greatest intensity, and have worked most terrible destruction. The Great Storm of 1870 affords an illustration, but many others might be cited. Flammarian relates that "at Guadaloupe, on July 25, 1825, solidly constructed houses were demolished, and a new building belonging to the State, had one wing completely blown down. The wind had imparted such a rate of speed to the tiles that many of them penetrated through thick doors. A piece of deal 39 inches long 10 inches wide and nearly one inch thick, moved through the air so rapidly that it went right through a palm tree 18 inches in diameter. A piece of wood about 18 inches wide and 4 or 5 yards long, projected by the wind along a hard road, was driven a yard deep into the ground. A large iron railing in front of the Governor's palace was shattered to pieces. A quantity of the debris from Guadaloupe was carried to Montserrat, over an arm of the sea 50 miles wide. Three twenty-four-pounders were blown from one end of the battery to the other. The vessels which were in the harbor of Basseterre disappeared, and one of the captains, who had escaped said that his ship was lifted by the hurricane out of the sea, and was, so to speak, shipwrecked in the air. The last mentioned event is, however, 'rather a large order,' as our American cousins would say; probably that captain was too confused by the turmoil going on all around him when his ship was destroyed to note with strict scientific accuracy what took place. Ships have been carried by the force of a gale upon the crest of a high roller, and have acquired such velocity that they have been flung some distance beyond the range reached by the wave itself. Thus in 1861 an Antigua was carried out of the water to a point ten feet above the highest known tide. But nothing, we believe has ever yet happened to a ship, even during the fiercest hurricane which could properly be described in the words used by the Basseterre captain. His description probably bore the same relation to fact as Maury's account of 'great guns carried in the air like chaff.' Probably when a storm really blows great guns this way, it may lift ships out of the sea and shipwreck them in the air; but 'in such a' when 'we write a never.' "

A remarkable illustration of the terribly sudden nature of the disaster is afforded by the experience of Mr. Higgins, the Inspecting Postmaster at Noakolly. On the night of October 31st he was in his traveling barge, in a creek near Noakolly, about ten miles from the River Megna. He had gone to bed at eleven without any fear or anxiety whatever. His boatman had gone on shore, but four native servants were with him on board. Shortly before midnight he was awakened by a cry of "The waters are up!" Jumping up he looked out, and saw a high wave, with its crest top gleaming in the starlight; it seemed like a flash; in an instant his boats were rising on high; he fastened on a life-belt in a few moments; another wave came rolling on, and the barge capsized; he paddled around in the water all the rest of the night with the help of the life belt; the native servants clung to spars. Three were saved and one was lost. The water felt warm to the body, but the air was bitterly cold to the head or hands above the surface.

The total destruction of life probably surpassed any which has been produced in the same space of time since the world was peopled. Sir Richard Temple, after a personal inspection of the afflicted districts, came to the conclusion that not less than 215,000 persons lost their lives. He distributes the fatality as follows: Backergunge, with the island of Dakhan Shabazpore, possessing a population of 437,000, has lost about a fourth of that number; Noakolly, with a population of 403,000, has lost 90,000; and Chittagong, with a population of 222,000, has lost 20,000. So that, out of a total population of 1,062,000 persons, more than one-fifth have perished. To this terrible human mortality must be added a tremendous destruction of animal life, which, as Sir Richard Temple remarks, "though it may not be felt acutely at the present moment, will form a serious obstacle to agricultural operations by the survivors a few months hence." "Well may the Government of India," remarks the Bombay Gazette, "express the opinion that the calamity is scarcely paralleled in the annals of history." It will take many years before the afflicted districts will be able to recover from its effects, and it will be a landmark in the history of even this country of great calamities. The swiftness of the calamity must have been terrific, and one may almost gather from Sir Richard Temple's minute that the great waves literally flashed out over the land, and that simultaneously the vast destruction of life was completed. * * * When the sun rose next morning, it shone upon a desolate country and a shivering terror-stricken band of survivors, who were not yet able to realize what kind of a calamity it was that had overwhelmed them so suddenly in the darkness. Many had been snatched from imminent death in wonderful ways; some had been able to catch hold instinctively to a friendly piece of wood floating past them, and many had been swept into trees, where they were held tightly by the thorns and branches until the waters had subsided. Villagers were astonished with the appearance of the corpses of strangers in the midst of their villages, and it was not until the extent of the calamity became widely known that it was found there were few homesteads or villages that had not had dead bodies washed into them from a distance.

The cyclone is simply a whirlwind on a large scale. What we have said respecting the destructiveness of cyclones varying inversely with their range must not, of course, be understood to signify that a large cyclone is necessarily less destructive than a small one, or a small cyclone less destructive than a whirlwind. We there referred to the same cyclone. As a cyclone contracts it circles more swiftly, and becomes more destructive; as it expands it loses power. But it is the contraction of a large cyclone that produces the most terrible effects. A cyclone which is small when first formed can only become destructive by contracting till it is yet smaller, and then, of course, the range of its destructive action is limited to a narrow track. Some cyclones have been so small that when they have so narrowed as to work mischief their track has been a mere lane compared with the broad highways of destruction traversed by their larger brethren. Such are the cyclonic storms generated in the valley of the Mississippi. A large river may be compared to an ocean-current as a storm-breeder, but, being much narrower, the cyclonic storms generated by a river are much more limited in extent. "The track of these tornadoes," says Maury, "is called a 'windroad' because they make an avenue through the woods, straight along, as clear of trees as if the old denizens of the forest had been cleared away with an axe. I have seen these trees, three or four feet in diameter, torn up by the roots, and the top with its limbs lying next the hole whence the root came."

Fortunately, it happens not unfrequently that the chief fury of these whirlwinds is expended in the upper air. Indeed, very often, terrible storms are raging high up in the air, as can be seen by the behavior of the fleecy clouds, when it is calm or but a slight breeze blowing at the surface. The upper parts of forest trees have been torn off while the lower branches have scarcely moved, and houses placed on a hill have been wrecked while others in a valley scarce a hundred feet lower have not suffered at all. Jameson thus describes the progress of a storm in the valley of the Ohio: "I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. As I rose to my feet and looked toward the southwest, I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the smaller trees. It increased to an unexpected degree, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction toward the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Turning instinctively toward the direction from which the wind blew I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and, unable to stand against the blast, were falling into pieces. First the branches were broken off with a crackling noise, then went the upper parts of the massy trunks, and in many places whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm that, before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite to the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale, others suddenly snapped across, and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of twigs, branches, foliage, dust that moved through the air was whirling onward like a cloud of feathers, and on passing disclosed a wide space filled with broken trees, naked stumps and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about one-fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of snags and sawyers strewed in the sand and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataract of Niagara, and, as it howled along the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it were impossible to describe. The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches that had been brought from a great distance were seen following the blast as if drawn onward by some mysterious power. They even floated in the air for some hours after." After crossing the track of the storm to his own house, which stood close by, he found to his surprise "that there had been little wind in the neighborhood, although in the streets and gardens many twigs and branches had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise."

When whirlwinds such as these occur in more thickly peopled regions, effects as terrible as those produced by a cyclone are sometimes experienced. Thus on the 19th of August, 1845, a whirlwind occurred in the department of Seine Inferieur, which is remembered to this day in Normandy as if it had happened but yesterday. The barometer fell suddenly more than two inches. Very soon it was observed that along a certain track the sea at Havre was disturbed by a tempest, while outside the track the sea was relatively calm. The whirlwind soon reached the land. The large mill at Monville, in a valley near the railway between Deippe and Rouen, was suddenly blown down. It fell as if a hundred batteries had discharged their fire at once upon it. Hundreds of factory women were buried beneath the ruins. The few who escaped could not understand that in the midst of calm a hurricane had suddenly arisen. They believed for a while that the end of the world had arrived. Men were hurled over hedges; others were cut to pieces by the machinery which had been whirled about in the air; others, without being actually hurt, were so terrified that they died from the effects of the fright, in the course of a few days. Whole rooms and walls were turned upside down, so as to be no longer recognizable. At other points the buildings were literally pulverized and their site swept clean. Planks, measuring a yard long, five inches wide and nearly half an inch thick, archives and papers were carried to distances of 15 to 25 miles. Trees situated in the track of the storm were blown down and dried up. The extent of the ground thus devastated was as much as nine miles in length. Manifestly this was a case in which a whirlwind had descended and then arisen again, for the track increased from 30 yards in width at Cleres to about 300 yards near Monville, decreasing again to 100 yards near the Seine at Canteleu.

One of the most singular whirlwinds on record is that which devastated Chatenay, near Paris, in June, 1839. We are told by Flammarion that it "burnt up the trees that lay within its circumference, and uprooted those which were upon its line of passage; the former, in fact, were found with the side which was exposed to the storm completely scorched and burnt, whereas the opposite side remained fresh and green. Thousands of large trees were blown down, and lay all one way like wheat sheaves. An apple tree was carried over 200 yards onto a group of oaks and elms. Houses were gutted inside without being blown down. Several roofs were carried off as if they were kites."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GREAT TRAGEDY OF THE ALAMO.

As everything relating to this memorable siege must be interesting, I will insert a brief abstract from the journal of Almonte, and aid of Santa Anna, commencing with the 27th of February, three days subsequent to the date of Travis' first letter:

"Saturday, 27th.—Lieut. Menchard was sent with a party of men for corn, cattle and hogs, to the farms of Seguin and Flores. It was determined to cut off the water from the enemy on the side next to the old mill. There was little firing from either side during the day. The enemy worked hard all day to repair some entrenchments. In the afternoon the President was observed by the enemy and fired at. In the night a courier was dispatched to Mexico, informing the Governor of the taking of Bexar.

"28th.—News was received that a reinforcement of two hundred was coming to the enemy by the road from La Bahia. The cannonading was continued.

"29th.—In the afternoon the battalion of Allende took post at the east of the Alamo. The President reconnoitered. At midnight Gen. Sexma left the camp with the cavalry of Dolores and the infantry of Allende, to meet the enemy coming from La Bahia to the aid of the Alamo.

"March 1st.—Early in the morning Gen. Sezma wrote from the Mission de la Espadar, that there was no enemy, or trace of any, to be discovered. The cavalry and infantry returned to camp. At 12 o'clock the President went out to reconnoitre the mill-site to the northwest of the Alamo. Col. Ampudia was commissioned to construct more trenches. In the afternoon the enemy fired two 12-pound shots at the house of the President, one of which struck the house.

"2d.—Information was received that there was corn at the farm of Sequin, and Lieut. Menchard, with a party was sent for it. The President discovered in the afternoon a covered road within pistol shot of the Alamo, and posted the battalion of Ximenes there.

"3d.—The enemy fired a few cannon and musket shots at the city. I wrote to Mexico, directing my letters to be sent to Bexar—that before three months the campaign would be ended. The General-in-Chief went out to reconnoitre. A battery was erected on the north of the Alamo, within musket shot. Official dispatches were received from Urrea, announcing that he had routed the colonists of San Patricio, killing sixteen and taking twenty-one prisoners. The bells were rung. The battalions of Zapadores, Aldama and Toluca arrived. The enemy attempted a sally in the night at the sugar mill, but were repulsed by our advance.

"4th.—Commenced firing very early, which the enemy did not return. In the afternoon one or two shots were fired by them. A meeting of Generals and Colonels was held. After a long conference Cos, Castrillon and others were of the opinion that the Alamo should be assaulted after the arrival of two twelve-pounders, expected on the 7th inst. The President, Gen. Ramirez and I were of the opinion that the twelve-pounders should not be waited for, but the assault made. In this state things remained, the General not coming to any definite resolution."

The storming of the Alamo took place on the morning of the 6th, the second after the conference of the Mexican officers. The events of that memorable morning, on which was exhibited perhaps the most obstinate and determined valor ever known, have been but very partially related, since not an American belonging to the fort—except a woman, Mrs. Dickerson, and a negro man, Col. Travis' servant—was left to tell the tale. The account the most to be relied upon, and which is undoubtedly substantially correct, is given by a negro man, Ben, who, at the time of the siege, acted as cook for Santa Anna and Almonte. Ben had previously been a steward on board several American vessels—had been taken up at New York in 1835 by Almonte as body servant—had accompanied him in that capacity to Vera Cruz, and thence to Bexar. After the fall of the Alamo he was sent, with Mrs. Dickerson and Travis' servant, to the Texas camp at Gonzales, and subsequently became cook to General Houston.

"I," says a highly respectable officer of the General's staff, "had repeated conversations with Ben relative to the fall of the Alamo. He knew but little. He stated that Santa Anna and Almonte occupied the same house in the town of Bexar, and that he cooked for both; that, on the night previous to the storming of the fort, Santa Anna ordered him to have coffee ready for them all night; that both he and Almonte were conversing constantly, and did not go to bed; that they went out about midnight, and about two or three o'clock returned together to the house; that Santa Anna ordered coffee immediately, threatening to run him through the body if it was not instantly brought; that he served them with coffee; that Santa Anna appeared agitated, and that Almonte remarked 'It would cost them much;' that the reply was, 'It was of no importance what it cost, that it must be done.'

" 'After drinking coffee,' says Ben, 'they went out, and soon I saw rockets ascending in different directions, and shortly after I heard musketry and cannon, and by the flashes I could distinguish large bodies of Mexican troops under the walls of the Alamo. I was looking out of a window in the town, about five hundred yards from the Alamo, commanding a view of it. The report of the cannon, rifles and musketry was tremendous. It shortly died away, day broke upon the scene, and Santa Anna and Almonte returned, when the latter remarked that "another such victory would ruin them." They then directed me to go with them to the fort, and point out the bodies of Bowie and Travis—whom I had before known—which I did. The sight was most horrid.' "

On other authority we have it, that at day-bre[illegible]he morning of the 6th, the enemy surrounded the fort with their infantry, with the cavalry forming a circle outside, to prevent the escape of the Texans. The number of the enemy was at least 4,000, opposed to 140!

In the Alamo chapter of Titherington's Dramatic Scenes of American History there is this clear narration of the course of the Alamo fight:

On all sides but the north the attack was only a feint, and the Mexicans were repelled by a single volley from the garrison. But in that one quarter the division of General Castrillon, by sheer weight of numbers, and after two hours of desperate resistance against fearful odds, succeeded in forcing an entrance. Twice the Mexicans were driven back by the fire of the besieged, and twice their officers, saber in hand, forced them to return to the assault. At the third attack scaling ladders were placed against the walls. The defenders were firing as fast as they could load, and with deadly effect, but for every Mexican that fell there were a dozen to take his place. The ladders were replaced every time the Texans toppled them over. Men swarmed up them in irresistible numbers, and in spite of the furious fighting of the garrison, who used their rifles as clubs when they had no time to load them, the assailants forced their way over the wall.

The Texans, or those of them that were left alive, fell back into the mission building. They had pulled bags of dirt in its windows and doorways, and upon the roof, and behind these defenses they prepared to make their last stand. The Mexicans poured over the wall like a torrent, filled the courtyard and surged round the building on all sides. Col. Travis turned his one cannon upon them and fired a few telling shots before he was overwhelmed. At every door, and soon in every room, there was a desperate, merciless struggle. Quarter was neither asked nor given.

Chambers' Journal on the defense of the Alamo, continues: Even then, though only a dozen or two of the garrison remained alive, resistance was not at an end. They fought manfully to the last, for most of them had promised their dead leader never to surrender, and they meant to keep their word. The savage conquerers showed no mercy, even to the wounded. Bowie was lying in bed, suffering from sickness and injuries, when they broke in upon him with the intention of dispatching him then and there. But they caught a Tartar in the wiry little Colonel, who, even in his enfeebled condition, stretched four of his assailants dead on the floor before he was slaughtered. Crockett was one of the last to die. When they surrounded him he fought with his clubbed rifle. He and five others—all that remained of the Alamo defenders—stood back to back, and so fierce was their resistance they actually kept their assailants at bay until the Mexicans were glad to offer them quarter. They were led out from the fort and brought before Santa Anna. The Mexican leader regarded the heroes with looks of fierce exultation. They must have thought then, when it was too late, that it would have gone better with them if they had shared the fate of their comrades, rather than have fallen into the hands of this tyrant. Though the brave fellows had been promised quarter, they were led out from his presence, and massacred in cold blood. The brutal instincts of the conqueror were not satisfied until he had mutilated the bodies of the slain.

The Magazine of American History relates of the fall of the Alamo: When the hour came, the south guns of the Alamo were answering the batteries that fronted them, but the music was silent till the blast of the bugle was followed by the rushing tramp of soldiers. The guns of the fort opened upon the moving masses, and Santa Anna's bands struck up the assassin note, of deguello, or no quarter. But a few and not very effective discharges of cannon could be made from the works before the enemy were under them, and it was probably not till then that the worn and weary garrison was fully mustered. Castrillon's column arrived first at the foot of the wall, but was not the first to enter. The guns of the north, where Travis commanded in person, probably raked the breach, and this, or the fire of the riflemen brought the column to a disordered halt, and Colonel Duque, who commanded the battalion of Toluca fell dangerously wounded; but while this was occurring, the column from the west crossed the barrier on that side by escalade at a point north of the center; and as this checked resistance at the north, Castrillon shortly after passed the breach. It was probably while the enemy was thus pouring into the large area that Travis fell at his post, for his body, with a single shot in the forehead, was found beside the gun at the northwest angle. The outer walls and batteries, all except one gun, of which I will speak, were now abandoned by the defenders. In the meantime, Cos had again proved unlucky. His column was repulsed from the chapel, and his troops fell back in disorder behind the old stone stable and huts that stood south of the southwest angle. There they were soon rallied and led into the large area by General Amador. I am not certain as to his point of entrance, but he probably followed the escalade of the column from the West.

This all passed within a few moments after the bugle sounded. The garrison when driven from the thinly manned outer defenses, whose early loss was inevitable, took refuge in the building before described, but mainly in the long barrack, and it was not till then, when they became more concentrated and covered within that the main struggle began. They were more concentrated as to space, not as to unity of command, for there was no communicating between buildings nor in all cases between rooms. There was little need of command, however, to men who had no choice left but to fall where they stood before the weight of numbers. There was now no retreating from point to point, and each group of defenders had to fight and die in the den where it was brought to bay. From the doors, windows and loopholes of the several rooms around the area the crack of the rifle and the hiss of the bullet came thick and fast; as fast the enemy fell and recoiled in his fierce efforts to charge. The gun beside which Travis fell was now turned against the buildings, as were also some others, and shot after shot was sent crashing through the doors and barricades of the several rooms. Each ball was followed by a storm of musketry and a charge, and thus room after room was carried at the point of the bayonet, when all within them died fighting to the last. The struggle was made up of a number of separate and desperate combats, often hand to hand, between the squads of the garrison and bodies of the enemy. The bloodiest spot about the fort was the long barrack and the ground in front of it, where the enemy fell in heaps.

Before the action reached this stage, the turning of Travis' gun by the assailants was briefly imitated by a group of the defenders. "A small piece on a high platform," as it was described to me by General Bradburn, was wheeled by those who manned it against the large area after the enemy entered it. Some of the Mexican officers thought it did more execution than any gun which fired outward; but after two effective discharges, it was silenced, when the last of its cannoneers fell under a shower of bullets. I cannot locate this gun with certainty, but it was probably the twelve-pound cannonade which fired over the center of the west wall from a high commanding position. The smallness assigned to it perhaps referred only to its length. According to Mr. Ruiz, then the Alcalde of San Antonio, who, after this action, was required to point out the slain leaders to Santa Anna, the body of Crockett was found in the west battery just referred to, and we may infer that he either commanded that point or was stationed there as a sharpshooter. The common fate overtook Bowie in his bed in one of the rooms of the low barrack, when he probably had but a few days of life left in him, yet he had enough remaining, it is said, to shoot down with his pistols more than one of his assailants before he was butchered on his couch. If he had sufficient strength and consciousness left to do it, we may safely assume that it was done.

The chapel, which was the last point taken, was carried by a coup de main after the fire of the other buildings was silenced. Once the enemy in possession of the large area, the guns of the south could be turned to fire into the door of the church, only from fifty to an hundred yards off, and that was probably the route of attack. The inmates of this last stronghold, like the rest, fought to the last, and continued to fire down from the upper works after the enemy occupied the floor. A Mexican officer told of seeing one of his soldiers shot in the crown of the head during this melee. Toward the close of the struggle Lieutenant Dickerson, with his child in his arms, or, as some accounts say, tied to his back, leaped from the east embrasure of the chapel, and both were shot in the act. Of those he left behind him, the bayonet soon gleaned what the bullet had left, and in the upper part of that edifice the last defender must have fallen. The morning breeze which received his parting breath probably still fanned his flag above that factic, for I doubt not he fell ere it was pulled down by the victors.

The Alamo had fallen; but the impression it left on the invader was the forerunner of San Jacinto. It is a fact not often remembered, that Travis and his band fell under the Mexican Federal flag of 1824, instead of the Lone Star of Texas, although independence, unknown to them, had been declared by the new convention four days before at Washington on the Brazos. They died for a Republic of whose existence they never knew.

Bancroft's History of the Pacific States tells of Houston's reception of the news of the Alamo.

News of the slaughter at the Alamo reached Gonzales on the day of Houston's arrival, and orders were sent forthwith to Fannin, instructing him to fall back to Guadalupe Victoria, and place it in a state of defense. On the 12th Mrs. Dickenson reached the place and confirmed the mournful tidings, adding many horrible details of the event. The inhabitants were panic stricken. There was hardly a household in the town that had not to mourn the loss of a father, a son, a brother or other relative. Not less than twenty widowed mothers bemoaned their husbands' deaths. The families of the citizens who had fallen abandoned themselves to grief and despair, and the inhabitants began to flee. The panic was contagious, and many who had assembled in arms returned to their homes to provide for the safety of those whom they had left behind. With no force capable of repelling the enemy, Houston decided to retreat, and having thrown his artillery, consisting of two brass 24-pounders, into the river, began his march just before midnight of the 12th. On his departure the town was set on fire and reduced to ashes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DISASTERS THAT ARE MEMORABLE.

Of the Johnstown disaster the Spectator of June 8, 1889, says:

In the awful calamity of May 31st, in the valley of Conemaugh, the greatest calamity, we believe, which has suddenly fallen on white men since the earthquake of Lisbon destroyed thirty thousand persons, the ultimate cause was clearly a climatic condition wholly beyond human control. The dam of the great reservoir above Johnstown, a tank holding millions of tons of water, was constructed by human hands, and may have been in an unsound condition—the evidence telegraphed on that point looks very bad indeed—but the reason why it broke was a fall of rain on the Alleghanies, wholly beyond calculation or arrest, a fall which swelled every river in the region till the water could not pass under the bridges, and which probably far exceeded in aggregate volume the contents of the reservoir. The mass of water imprisoned in that receptacle rose and rose with the new accessions from the clouds and from the mountains, till its weight was unendurable, and when the masonry of the great dam, seven hundred feet in length and a hundred feet high, was "driven open like a pair of lock-gates," the unbroken mass, with its head reared twenty feet into the air, and throwing out clouds of spray which blinded the spectators, marched—for that is the only word for a passage which took sixty minutes, through and over the "cities" and villages of the Conemaugh Valley, as if they were non-existent. A few buildings stood, six, for instance, in Johnstown, a town of twenty thousand people; but the mass of houses were of wood, and were swept away like logs, their inmates screaming within them. An eyewitness writes of the richer quarter of Johnstown that it became a piece of waste ground: "There is nothing to indicate that it has ever been anything else than what it is—as clear of debris and wreckage as though there had never been a building on it. In reality it was the central and busiest part of Johnstown. Buildings, both dwellings and stores, covered it thickly. Its streets were paved, and its sidewalks were of substantial stone. It had street car lines, gas and electric light, and all the other improvements of a substantial city of fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants. The iron bridges which spanned the streams, and the buildings were of substantial character. Not a brick remains, not a stone, not a stick of timber. In all this territory there are not even mounds to show where the wreckage might be covered with a layer of mud. They are gone—every building—every street, every sidewalk, pavement, street railway—everything else that covered the surface of the earth has vanished as though it had never been there. The ground is swept as clean as though some mighty scraper had been dragged over it again and again. Not even the lines of the streets can be remotely traced. 'I have visited Johnstown a dozen times a year,' said a business man to-day. 'I knew it thoroughly, but I haven't the least idea what part of it this is. I can't even tell the direction the streets used to run.'"

As the stream was moving at twenty miles an hour the very beasts could not and did not escape; flight for any human being at a distance from a hillock was impossible; and we greatly fear the official estimate of the dead is far within the truth, and that even the private estimate of the Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania, fifteen thousand, may be considerably exceeded. It is certain that the slaughter of laborers throughout the valley has been so great that the dead cannot get buried, and that, in fear of a pestilence, spread not so much by the stench of the corpses as by their effect on drinking water, the Governor of the State has ordered a regiment of militia to assist in the painful task. To add to the horror of the tragedy, a considerable portion of those destroyed, perhaps a sixth, were not drowned or struck senseless, but burned alive, hundreds of wooden shanties having been welded by the stream into a huge raft, sixty acres in area, which stopped against one of the bridges, unluckily too well built to give way, and, catching fire, burned on steadily for hours, under the eyes of powerless spectators. Amid such a scene the destruction of property seems not to matter; but a fine of eight millions sterling levied by nature on a moment on a population of fifty-eight thousand, must mean for thousands of the survivors ruin which anywhere but in America would be hopeless, and even in America will take out much of the happiness from life during a generation.

The scale of the calamity is, of course, not Asiatic. It is nothing when compared with the destruction of the Island of Shahbaxpore, at the mouth of the Ganges, in 1876, when a quarter of a million of human beings perished in a night; or with the famine in the two Chinese provinces, which starved nine millions of people; or with the famine in Orissa, which swept away a third of the people; or with the horrible flood of last year in Honan, where the Yellow river in a few hours drowned, it is believed, more than two millions of peasant men and women. The scale, however, for Europe is very large; and when the fate of white men is concerned, it is the scale of Europe we unconsciously employ. We can individualize them, and actually feel with the unhappy man who, after twice lifting mother and wife out of the water, was struck by a piece of wreckage, and so died; or with the German who, with twenty-nine relatives at 5 p. m., knew at 7 p. m. that he was alone in the world. This European scale, which has a profound effect upon European thought, is, of course, the result of centuries during which men have noted the moderateness of all catastrophes, a moderateness so nearly unbroken, that a philosopher like Gothe held the earthquake of Lisbon, which destroyed probably 10 per cent of those drowned at Shahbaxpore, an adequate reason for doubting the goodness or existence of God.

It has been noticed with a certain superstition that two great men, Cromwell and Napoleon, died in the midst of storms, and monarchists have held that they passed away in the midst of manifestations that Nature was displeased with them. We quote the Leisure Hour of 1878:

Few storms in English history have become more memorable than that which attended the death of Cromwell. Nearly every contemporary historian mentions this great tempest, and all who do so endeavor to draw some augury therefrom. In the MS. diary of a sturdy old Royalist we find written, "Cromwell, ye great rebel, went to ye divele in a tempest"; and Bulstrode avers that the rein of the prince of the air showed his power, thinking it not fit that one should depart out of this world quietly who had made "such a combustion, trouble and misery in it." But there are others who held that "Nature sympathized herein with the death-throes of a great Master in Israel." All saw a connection between the storm and the death, however they might interpret its meaning; and such a connection, in the case of Napoleon to be noted hereafter, there certainly was.

When atmospheric conditions of great depression exist the enfeebled vital powers are easily brought to an end. All the writers who allude to this storm bear testimony to its violence. Clarendon calls it "the greatest storm of wind that had ever been known, * * * which overthrew churches and houses and made great wrecks at sea." Its effects were felt not only all over England, but in France and in Flanders and in other parts of Europe, so that the people trembled at its fury, and the coasts were strewn with wrecks and the bodies of the drowned. Echard likewise terms it "the most tremendous storm that had ever been known," and Bulstrode speaks of the trees in St. James' Park being torn up by the roots, and of shipwrecks and disasters all over the country. The coincidence of the storm with the Protector's death made so deep and solemn an impression upon men's minds that one wonders at the uncertainty which attends its exact date. Cromwell died on the 3d of September, his "fortunate day," the anniversary of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester. Was that the day of the great storm? Authorities widely differ. Blustrode speaks of the storm as being in the night of the second, or morning of the third. Clarendon states that it raged for some time before and after Cromwell's death. Echard, agreeing rather with Bulstrode, says that it ushered in the fatal third. Hume makes the storm immediately succeed the death. And after a careful examination of all the records of the time, Carlyle has the tempest break forth on the 30th of August, and apparently implies that it had ceased before September 3d, and that it was in calm and not in storm that the great Oliver's days were actually ended.

And it is a strange coincidence that the last days of the great Napoleon were also attended by tempestuous weather. May is the windy season at St. Helena; and in May, 1821, the weather was, to quote the language of Thiers, "terrible." The storms swept in violent gusts over the rocky island, and tore up the trees, including the fallen Emperor's favorite, in the gardens around Longwood. Such was the 4th of May; but on the 5th, when Napoleon passed away, all was bright and serene. A second coincidence this, even more striking, with the circumstances attending the death of Cromwell. If our version of Carlyle be right, the storm passed like "life's fitful fever," and the calm of nature sympathized with the calm of death.

But again the connection of incident has made us overlook the order of time. "The fore-mentioned storms were very furious, but not to be compared with the formidable one in 1703, either in violence, extent or desolation caused thereby." Such are the words in which DeFoe commences his vivid account of "The Great Storm" of November 26th, 1703, which still remains without an equal among the tempests that have ravaged these shores. We have no records of any storm which rivals in rude force and vigorous description this notable narrative of DeFoe's. But even with the aid of his graphic pen we find it hard to realize the widespread havoc wrought. "The storm," again to quote DeFoe, "carried a direct line clear over the continent of

Europe, traversed England, France, Germany, the Baltic sea; and passing the northern continent of Sweden, Finland, Muscovy and part of Tartary, lost itself in the Northern Ocean, among vast mountains of ice and huge drifts of snow." The accounts given show that the violence of the storm was felt over the whole south and west of England, the Midland counties, and as far north as Hull. A hundred churches were stripped of their leaden roofs; a score of steeples were blown down; a thousand houses laid in ruins. Tens of thousands of trees were uprooted; multitudes of sheep and cattle were drowned by the succeeding flood; 123 persons were killed by the falling of dwellings; hundreds more were maimed. This was on land. At sea the effects were still more sadly disastrous. The harbors were full of shipping. Three hundred merchant vessels, at the lowest computation, were lost, with all their crews. Twelve men-of-war were wrecked; and so the loss of life on the waterwas brought up to the terrible total of 8,000. Only a partial attempt could be made to compute the pecuniary loss sustained by the nation; but as London alone suffered to the extent of 2,000,000 pounds, the aggregate could not have been far short of 5,000,000 pounds sterling. The storm of 1703 was therefore a far more serious calamity than the fire of 1666. Every element of terror was added to the raging of the tempest. Many imagined they felt the earth quake; "the air was seen full of meteors and vaporous fires, and in some places both thunderings and unusual flashes of lightning;" waterspouts traversed several districts; floods overspread the low-lying lands in the south and west; and as the fatal 26th had been preceded by fourteen days' terrible weather, so storm never ceased to succeed storm for a week afterwards.

On the morning of the 27th, London was "a dreadful spectacle indeed." The roofs were stripped to such an extent that all the tiles within fifty miles sufficed to repair but a small part of the damage, and the prices of tiles advanced five and sixfold. Hence hundreds of houses remained all the winter uncovered, and hundreds more, including Christ's Hospital and the Temple, had a temporary roofing of deal-boards. Of all the ships in the Thames, but four held to their moorings; the rest were "huddled together and drove on shore, heads and sterns, one upon another, in such a manner as anyone would have imagined impossible." Five hundred wherries were sunk. Forty persons were killed and two hundred maimed. One of the most marvelous escapes was that of a waterman lying asleep in the cabin of a barge near Blackfriars. The barge was driven through London Bridge, in those days a dangerous passage at any time, "and went of itself into Tower Dock, and lay safe on shore. The man never waked nor heard the storm till it was day, and to his great astonishment, found himself safe!"

Harper's Book of Facts contains a compilation, by Joseph W. Willsey, of the tornadoes that have done mischief in the United States. It shows the frequency with which tempests have been destructive energies in our country. The Book of Facts contains a great deal of history, packed intelligibly into small space.

Northfield, Conn., June 19, 1794; progress rapid.
Hancock, Ga., April 4, 1804; intense darkness.
Sunapee, N. H., September 9, 1821.
Warner, N. H.; very destructive.
Kingston, Miss., May 7, 1832; great loss of property.
Adams County, Miss., May 7, 1840; 317 persons killed;

100 wounded; loss, $1,260,000. June 16, 1842; 500 persons killed.

Louisville, Ky., August 27, 1854; 25 persons killed; 67 wounded; very destructive.

Jefferson and Cook Counties, Ill., May 22, 1855; 4 persons killed; very destructive.

Montevallo, Ala., November 22, 1874; 10 persons killed; 30 wounded; 100 buildings destroyed.

New Erie, Pa., July 26, 1875; 134 persons killed; loss, $500,000.

Saline County, Kas., June 6, 1876; 11 persons killed; many wounded; loss, $30,000.

Pensaukee, Wis., July 7, 1877; 8 persons killed; loss, $300,000.

Iowa County, Wis., May 23, 1878; 30 persons killed.

Ray County, Mo., June 1, 1878; 13 persons killed; 70 injured; 100 buildings destroyed.

New Haven County, Conn., August 9, 1878; 34 persons killed; 28 injured; 160 buildings destroyed; loss, $2,000,000.

Walterborough, S. C., April 16, 1879; 16 persons killed; 50 buildings destroyed.

Kansas (several tornadoes), May 30, 1879; great loss of life.

Goodhue County, Minn., July 3, 1879; 9 persons killed; 30 injured.

Barry, Stone, Webster and Christian Counties, Mo., April 18, 1880; 100 persons killed; 600 injured; 200 buildings destroyed; loss, $1,000,000.

White County, Ark., April 18, 1880; 10 persons killed; 20 wounded.

Taylorville, Ill., April 24, 1880; 6 persons killed; 20 injured; 25 buildings destroyed.

Noxubee County, Miss., April 25, 1880; 22 persons killed; 72 injured; 55 buildings destroyed; loss, $100,000.

Fannin County, Tex., May 28, 1880; 40 persons killed; 83 injured; 49 buildings destroyed.

Pottawatomie County, Ia., June 10, 1880; 20 persons killed; 35 buildings destroyed.

De Soto County, Miss., April 12, 1881; 10 persons killed; 27 buildings destroyed.

Osage County, Kas., June 12, 1881; 5 persons killed; 22 injured; 50 buildings destroyed; loss, $150,000.

New Ulm, Minn., July 15, 1881; 5 persons killed; 53 injured; 247 buildings destroyed; loss, $300,000.

Henry and Saline Counties, Mo., April 18, 1882; 8 persons killed; 150 injured; 51 buildings destroyed; loss, $150,000.

Grinnell, Ia., June 17, 1882; 100 persons killed; 300 injured; 260 buildings destroyed; loss, $1,000,000.

Emmetsburg, Ia., June 24, 1882; 100 persons killed.

Kemper, Copiah, Simpson, Newton and Lauderdale, Miss., April 22, 1883; 51 persons killed; 200 injured; 100 buildings destroyed; loss, $300,000.

Racine, Wis., May 18, 1883; 16 persons killed; 100 injured; 52 buildings destroyed; loss, $175,000.

Dodge and Olmstead Counties, Minn., August 21, 1883; 26 persons killed; 80 injured; 400 buildings destroyed; loss, $700,000.

Izard, Sharp and Clay Counties, Ark., November 21; 5 persons killed; 162 injured; 60 buildings destroyed; loss, $300,000.

Illinois, Kentucky, Mississippi, Georgia, Tennessee, Virginia, North and South Carolina, February 9, 1884; 800 persons killed; 2,500 injured; 10,000 buildings destroyed; unparalleled series of tornadoes, there being over sixty of them scattered over the territory after 10 a. m. on that day.

Richmond and Harnett Counties, N. C., February 19, 1844; 18 persons killed; 125 injured; 55 buildings destroyed.

Miner, Lake and Minnehaha Counties, Dakota, July 28, 1844; 15 persons killed; 18 injured; 100 buildings destroyed.

Rock, Hennepin, Ramsey and Washington Counties, Minn., September 9, 1844; 6 persons killed; 75 injured; 350 buildings destroyed; loss, $4,000,000.

St. Croix, Polk, Chippewa and Price Counties, Wis., September 9, 1844.

Camden County, N. J., August 3, 1885; 6 persons killed; 100 injured; 500 buildings destroyed; loss, $500,000.

Fayette County, O., September 8, 1885; 6 persons killed; 100 injured; 300 buildings destroyed; loss, $500,000.

Dallas, Perry and Bibbs Counties, Ala., November 6, 1885; 13 persons killed; 50 injured.

Benton and Stearns Counties, Minn., April 14, 1886; 74 persons killed; 136 injured; 128 buildings destroyed; loss, $385,000.

Green and Huron Counties, O.; 20 killed and 100 houses destroyed at Xenia; May 12, 1886; 57 persons killed; 85 buildings destroyed; loss, $1,300,000.

Prescott County, Kas., April 21, 1887; 20 persons killed;

237 injured; 330 buildings destroyed; loss, $1,000,000.

Mount Vernon, Ill., February 15, 1888; 39 persons killed; 125 injured; town nearly destroyed.

Still Pond, Md., and vicinity of Delaware, August 22, 1888; 11 persons killed.

Reading and Pittsburg, Pa., January 9, 1889; 33 persons killed; suspension bridge for pedestrians and carriages wrecked at Niagara Falls.

In Missouri, Ohio and Kentucky, January 10, 1890; 18 persons killed.

Louisville, Ky., March 27, 1890; 76 persons killed; 200 injured; 900 buildings destroyed; cut a path 1,000 feet wide through the city; loss, $2,150,000.

South Lawrence, Mass., July 26, 1890; 9 persons killed; 40 injured; cut a path 200 feet wide through town; most disastrous ever recorded in the New England States.

Mount Carmel, Pa., June 26, 1891; 7 persons killed.

In Louisiana and Mississippi, July 6, 1891; 10 persons killed; 50 injured.

West Superior, Wis., July 16, 1891; many killed.

Wilmington, Kas., May 27, 1892; 25 persons killed; 100 injured.

In Minnesota, June 16, 1892; 50 persons killed; many injured and much property destroyed.

Carey, O., July 4, 1892; 50 buildings destroyed.

Red Bud, Ill., November 17, 1892; 46 buildings destroyed.

Savannah, Ga., and Charleston, S. C., and Southern coast, August 28, 1893; 1,000 persons killed; great destruction of property.

Gulf coast of Louisiana, October 2, 1893; 2,000 persons killed; great destruction of property.

Krukel, Williams County, O., May 17, 1894; 7 persons killed; 30 injured; 50 buildings destroyed; village quite destroyed.

Tacoma, Wash., June 4, 1894; 30 buildings destroyed; great damage to property.

Southern Minnesota and Central Iowa, September 22, 1894; 75 persons killed; many wounded; great destruction of property.

TYPHOONS AND HURRICANES.

In the China Sea hurricanes are known as typhoons. They are accompanied by rains, and increase the danger of exposed ships, because it is not possible to see the length of a steamer. We quote again from Harper's Book of Facts:

Some of the most disastrous typhoons and hurricanes of the past thirty years are as follows:

At Calcutta, India, followed by a storm wave over the delta of the Ganges; 45,000 lives lost and about 100 ships; October 5................	1864
Guadaloupe devastated; September 6...........	1865
In the Bahamas, at Nassau, New Providence, 60 to 70 lives lost, 600 buildings destroyed, many ships wrecked; October 1-2................	1866
In Islands of Antigua and St. Kitts; August 21....	1871
Near Madras, Hindustan; May 1..............	1872
"Nova Scotia Cyclone" on Atlantic coast, U. S.; 1,223 vessels destroyed; loss of life over 600; of property, $3,500,000; August 14-17.......	1873

At Macao, Hong Kong, etc.; September 22....... 1874

Indianola, Tex., nearly destroyed; 126 lives lost; property destroyed, $1,000,000; September 15. 1875

At Backergunge, accompanied by a storm wave covering the eastern edge of the delta of the Ganges with water from 10 to 50 feet deep; over 100,000 people perished; October 31............. 1876

At Buen Ayre and Curacoa, many lives lost; damage over $2,000,000; September 23.......... 1877

In Havana, Wilmington, N. C., Eastern Pennsylvania and New England; very destructive; October 21-24 1878

Along the Atlantic coast from Cape Lookout, N. C., to Eastport, Me.; over 100 large and 200 small vessels shipwrecked and great damage done to inland property; August 16-20.............. 1879

Nearly the whole of Jamaica devastated; over 12 lives lost and hundreds of buildings destroyed; August 17-18............................ 1880

At Charleston, S. C., and along the coast, 400 lives lost and hundreds of buildings; value of property destroyed, $1,500,000; August 23-28.... 1881

In Haifong, etc., China, about 300,000 lives lost; October 8............................ 1881

In England, great destruction of life and property, including about 130 wrecks; October 14-19... 1881

All vessels wrecked and nearly every house destroyed at Manzanilla; damage estimated, $500,000; October 27............................ 1881

In Kansas, 12 killed; April 7................. 1882

At McAllister, I. T., 120 lives lost; May 10...... 1882

At Galveston, Tex.; September 6............... 1882

Hurricane crosses Cuba, killing 40 persons and thousands of cattle; passes along the Atlantic coast, wrecking 70 vessels off Labrador; 100 lives lost; October 8-14	1882
At Manila, Philippine Islands; 60,000 families made homeless and 100 sailors drowned; October 20 and November 8	1882
Oronogo, Mo., demolished, May 13	1883
At Springfield, Mo.; November 5	1883
In Kentucky, 12 persons killed; March 24	1884
In Upper Austria and Hungary; August 7	1884
In New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio; September 28	1884
In Catania, Sicily, about 27 killed; damage, $1,000,000; October 7	1884
At Charleston, S. C., 21 lives lost; damage to property, $2,000,000; August 23-24	1885
At Kansas City, Mo.; May 11	1886
In Madrid, Spain, 32 killed, 620 injured; May 12	1886
Newbury, Ind., destroyed; August 15	1886
In Gulf of Mexico and 200 miles inland; 38 lives lost; Indianola, Tex., completely destroyed; loss, $5,000,000; August 19-20	1886
Great Britain, many lives lost; October 14-15	1886
Off coast of Australia, 550 pearl-fishers said to have perished; April 22	1887
On coast of Madagascar, 11 vessels wrecked, 20 lives lost; March 2	1888
In Cuba, estimated loss of life, 1,000; September 13	1888
At Muscat, Arabia, several hundred lives lost; July 9	1890
Near St. Paul, Minn, over 100 lives lost; July 13	1890
At Slomni, Russia, 19 killed; July 22	1890

Near Wilkesbarre, Pa., 200 houses wrecked, 15 lives lost; August 19.......................... 1890
On Lake Ilman, Russia, many lumber vessels lost with their crews; May 31................. 1891
At Martinique, all shipping in port wrecked, 340 lives lost; damage, $10,000,000; August 18... 1891
At Conneaut, O., 30 buildings destroyed; October 27 1891
Hurricane on and around Island of Mauritius, 1,200 lives lost; May 18........................ 1892
Cyclone sweeps the province of Ravigo, northern Italy; great loss of life and property; July 19. 1892
Hurricane occurs at Tonnaray, Madagascar, causing great loss of life; 10 vessels foundered in harbor; March 6......................... 1893
Severest wind storm on record on Lake Erie, many vessels and lives lost; May 17.............. 1893
Hurricane on the coast of Georgia and South Carolina, the Sea Islands devastated and many lives lost; August 28......................... 1893
Cyclone rages along coast of Florida, Georgia and South Carolina; October 12............... 1893
Great storm on the northwest coast of Europe, 237 lives lost, and many vessels off the coast of England and 165 fishermen off Jutland; November 20 1893
Terrific gale on Lake Michigan, 50 wrecks along the shore from Michigan City to Two Rivers, 25 lives lost; 20 schooners destroyed on the water front at Chicago, and 15 schooners and several steamers outside; May 16................. 1894

Hailstorms, like tornadoes, follow a path very narrow as compared with the distance traversed, often in parallel bands, between which rain, but no hail, falls. Some noteworthy hailstorms of which we have a record are as follows:

Near Chartres, France, hail fell on the marching army of Edward III.; horses and men suffered much from large hailstones	1339
Hailstorm passed from Tourine, France, to Belgium in two bands; one 5 miles wide and 500 long, the other 10 miles wide and 240 miles long. Property valued at $5,000,000 destroyed; July 13	1788
At Naina Tal, India, hailstones fell measuring from 9 to 13 inches in circumference and weighing a pound; May 11	1855
Hailstorm follows a path 45 to 60 miles wide from Bordeaux, France, to Belgium. In St. Quentin the fallen hail did not disappear for 4 days; May 9	1865
Hailstones as large as oranges fell in Yellowstone Valley July 30	1877
Great hail storm in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, Ohio and Dakota. At Yankton the hail was 9 to 12 inches deep; June 5	1879
Hailstones 7 inches in circumference fell at Lanesboro, Mass.; July 16	1879
Hailstones 6 to 10 inches in circumference fell in Wisconsin; July 26	1879
Near Whitehall, Ill., hailstones fell of the size of goose eggs, and drifts from 8 to 12 inches deep were found the day after the storm; June 2	1881

In Iowa, hailstones as large as a man's fist fell, and drifts were formed 2 to 3 feet deep; June 12..	1881
At Laredo, Tex., hailstones weighing one pound fell; June 8	1882
At Dubuque, Ia., hailstones fell of great size, the largest weighing 28 ounces; June 16.........	1882
In Lac and Audubon counties, Iowa, hailstones 13 inches in circumference were noted, and the hail drifted over the fence tops; August 7-8...	1883
Hail totally destroyed the crops in Walsh and Grand Fork counties, Dak.; June 26.............	1886
In Dakota and Minnesota hail destroyed 250,000 acres of wheat. At Grafton, Minn, hailstones fell as large as hens' eggs; July 24...........	1886
At Fort Yates, Dak., hailstones fell 3¼ inches in diameter, and having cylindrical protuberances on them; August 10.......................	1886
At Moradabad, India, over 230 natives were killed by a hailstorm; drifts 1 to 2 feet in depth formed and hailstones were of enormous size; April 30................................	1888

Cloudbursts or Waterspouts.—Two waterspouts fell on the Glatz mountains in Germany, and caused dreadful devastation to Hautenbach and many other villages; many persons perished; July 13, 1827. A waterspout at Glanflesk, near Killarney, Ireland, fell on a farm of John Macarthy, destroying farm houses and other buildings; 17 persons perished; August 4, 1831. The length of one seen near Calcutta, September 27, 1855, was estimated to be 1,000 feet. It lasted 10 minutes, and was absorbed upwards. One seen on September 24, 1856, burst into heavy rain. The town of Miskolez, Hungary, destroyed by a waterspout; great loss of life and property, August 30, 1878. A waterspout destroyed the town of Paso de Cuarenta, Mexico, and 170 lives were lost, May 8, 1885. Upwards of 100 persons were drowned by a cloud-burst on the Yang-tze river, China, February 4, 1890.

CLOUDBURSTS RECORDED IN THE UNITED STATES.

Near Pittsburg, Pa., July 25-26, 1874; 134 drowned; loss, $500,000.
Fort Sully, Dak., August 17, 1876.
Near Hayes City Kan., August 26, 1876.
Chalk Creek, Utah, August 31, 1876.
Colorado Desert, Col., September 12, 1877; 400 feet of railroad track destroyed.
Red Bluff, Cal., November 16, 1877.
Beaver Creek (90 miles south of Deadwood, Dak.), June 12, 1879; 11 drowned.
Seven Star Springs, Mo., June 11, 1881; 5 drowned.
Near Wickenburg, Ariz., August 6, 1881.
Central City, Col., August 8, 1881.
An Indian Settlement, Cal., July 2, 1882; destroyed.
Humboldt County, Nev., June 10, 1884.
Near Jefferson, Mont., June 22, 1884; 3 drowned.
Near Pike's Peak, Col., July 26, 1885; 2 drowned.

[illegible]

RATES $2.50 TO $4.00 PER DAY
AMERICAN PLAN.

THE TREMONT.

[illegible]

Galveston, Texas, Sept. 10th 1900.

By the authority invested in me, as Chairman of the Committee of Public Safety, of the City of Galveston, I, J.H. Hawley do hereby commission L.R.D.Fayling, as Commander in Chief of the military forces, and special deputies of Police with the rank of Major, and only subject to the orders of the undersigned, the Mayor, and The Chief of Police.

J.H. Hawley

Chairman Committee of Public Safety.

Major Fayling is hereby authorized to requisition any property that he may require for the use of his force, and his receipt will be honored by the City of Galveston, and any such property paid for by the city.

Approved by order of the Mayor

Chairman Com. Pub. Safety.

E Ketchum Chief of Police

To The Public.

Sept. 11, 1900.

The City of Galveston being under martial law and all good citizens being now enrolled in some branch of the public service, it becomes necessary to preserve the peace, that all arms in this city be placed in the hands of the Military.

All good citizens forbidden to carry arms except by written permission from the Mayor, Chief of police or the major commanding.

All good citizens are hereby commanded to deliver all arms and ammunition in the city and take Major Fayling's receipt.

Walter C. Jones,

MAYOR.

To the AdjutantGeneral of State of Texas,
Galveston, Texas.

Sir:-

Having been on active service, without sleep or food since last Saturday night 8 th. inst., I beg to be relieved of my present commission from the City Authorities, as Major of City Volunteers, until I can rest and become fit for some duty in the work of relief.

After 24 hours rest, I beg to tender my services in any capacity whatever, to do any kind of duty that may be of use.

I am, Sir,

Respectfully,

L. R. D. Fayling

Major of City Forces.

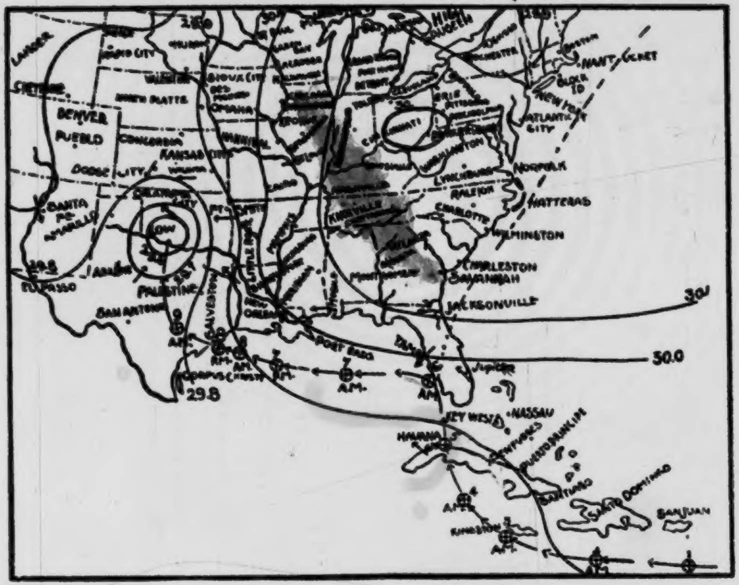
Your services have been most worthy. I cheerfully relieve you from duty –

Thos Scurry
Adjt Genl

Galveston, Sept 13th 1900.

I hereby certify that Major R. R. D. Fayling has turned over to the city authority all Guns, arms, [illegible], Horses, saddles & supplies ~~of~~ requisitioned by him or his men, according to the orders of the authorities over [illegible], during the past week. I receipt hereby for same

E. Ketchum
Chief of Police



OFFICIAL MAP OF THE HURRICANE'S PATH.